INDICATIONS.
FAIR TONIGHT AND SUNDAY.

The Fort Wayne Sentinel

The man who really hopes for the best has little time to dream of it.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—ALL THE NEWS OF THE WORLD.

ESTABLISHED 1833. SATURDAY EVENING, FORT WAYNE'S GREATEST NEWSPAPER JULY 30, 1910. 28 PAGES—5 CENTS.

SCORE OF NEGROES DIE IN RACE WAR

Palestine, Texas, Scene of Bloody Conflict in Which Some White Men Also Bite Dust.

WORST NOT YET OVER AND TROOPS HURRY

Houston, Texas, July 30.—Special dispatches from Palestine, Tex., today report a serious race riot at Slocum, Anderson county, a small town fifteen miles south of Palestine, late yesterday. Latest advices state that twenty negroes were killed and three white men badly wounded.

The trouble seems to have been precipitated in a controversy over a note a man named Alford had endorsed for a negro.

The negro when questioned as to the reason why he had not paid the note cursed Alford and said no white man could "do" him. Fighting between them began at once and others being drawn into the affair the trouble continued throughout Friday night.

Score of Negroes Slain.

Twenty negroes are reported to have been killed up to the present time and three white men, one named Jim Spurgis, have been badly wounded. Sheriff Black, with a large posse of citizens, heavily armed, has gone to Slocum. The situation is reported as very serious and the governor may be appealed to for militia to quell the rioting.

Many citizens not included in the posse left Palestine today and will aid the whites.

The negroes, it is said, are organized and there are two hundred armed negroes at Denison Springs, near Slocum, who are reported to have expressed the intention of cleaning out the entire white community.

Rangers Hasten to Scene.

Austin advices are that four rangers have been hastened to the scene of the race trouble in Anderson county and a company of militia has been placed under orders for prompt movement. The adjutant general received reports that early today ten negroes were dead and two white men had been killed and that the negroes were still arming and gathering for battle.

Late Palestine specials say it is known that 21 negroes are dead and one white man, a deputy sheriff of Houston county, of which Crockett is the county seat, killed.

Two hundred negroes are surrounded at Benson Springs and the whites are awaiting the arrival of reinforcements before opening fire or forcing them to surrender.

How Trouble Started.

The trouble started yesterday when James Alford, a white man, had an altercation with a negro regarding a protested note. This led to a general mix-up between the whites and negroes in which knives and pistols were freely used.

When a semblance of order was restored ten negroes were found dead and several more were wounded. It is believed others who were concealed by members of their race have since died. Three white men, whose names have not been learned, were seriously injured.

SALOONS ORDERED CLOSED.

Palestine, Texas, July 30.—District Judge Gardner ordered all saloons in this city to be closed today because of the race riot at Slocum, which is a small town near here.

HE RUNS UNAWARE INTO LAW'S LIMBO

Doc Crippen and His Lady Friend Have No Hint of the Truth.

ALL IS READY FOR SPRINGING OF TRAP

Inspector Dew of Scotland Yard Will Not Let His Man Escape.

Father Point, Que., July 30.—The following wireless message from the steamer Montrose, directed to the Associated Press, was received here this morning:

"July 30, (7 a. m.)—The Montrose is abeam of Heath Point.

"Regarding your wireless: Nothing of importance has happened yet. Stopped in dense fog off Belle Isle Thursday night. Suspects are more retiring than ever. No arrests have been made and they are still unsuspicious of observation.

"The weather is bright and clear.

(Signed. "LEW JONES,
Marconi Operator, Montrose."

CRIPPEN ON DECK.

Girl Spends the Day in Her Room, Says Wireless Dispatch.

Montreal, July 30.—Today's Star prints another wireless dispatch from Captain Kendall, of the Montrose, reading as follows:

"Steamship Montrose, July 30 (via Father Point.)—The supposed Crippen was on deck early looking at Belle Isle. He had a worried look and paced the deck. The supposed Miss Leneve was in her room all day. She wears a gloomy expression. We stopped in the fog last night. The suspects said they did not sleep. Miss Leneve does not smile or laugh. Both appear haggard. I will send another wireless tonight.

(Signed)
"KENDALL, Commander."

INSPECTOR DEW IS READY.

Will Not Take Ghost of Chance on Crippen Getting Away.

Father Point, Que., July 30.—Chief Inspector Dew, of Scotland Yard, threw off his reserve to some extent today as to his plans in tracing the Crippen suspects.

He remained in close communication with Chief McCarthy, of the Quebec police department, until late last night and again this morning the two men consulted on plans for the decisive stroke when the steamer Montrose arrives off Father Point.

Certain of His Prey.

To one of the press representatives who had been of personal service to him, Dew said:

"I am absolutely certain that the persons on board the Montrose are Dr. Crippen and the Leneve woman. The Laurentic was in touch with the Montrose on the way over and I received messages from Captain Kendall, which leaves no room for doubt about the identity of the suspects.

"Crippen and the woman will be greatly surprised when I step aboard of the Montrose and confront them, but my surprise will be just as great if the suspects turn out to be not the persons I expect."

Every movement suggests caution on his part against a possible failure of any detail of his well worked out program. An illustration of this was furnished when he telegraphed to Quebec to have a special pair of London handcuffs, a description of which he gave, purchased and held for him. "They are," said the inspector, "the only kind in which I would be willing to hold a prisoner for a long time."

Will Take No Chances.

The inspector's reference to holding a prisoner in handcuffs for a long time suggests that the English officer does not propose to take any chances with Crippen once he lays hold of him again.

Dew has more faith in steel bracelets than in the word of a suspect. He is still smarting under his earlier experience with the doctor.

Nearly a month ago the chief inspector of England's famous police department had a long talk with the man now sought and who was then under a cloud because of the mysterious disappearance of his wife, Belle Elmore, the American actress. At that time Crippen said with apparent frankness: "I suppose I had better tell the truth." He then made a detailed statement explaining that what he had previously said about his wife having died in California was "all lies" and so far as he knew, Belle Elmore was still among the living.

Fooled the Inspector.

On February 1, he had given a little party and through a trivial incident which occurred there was a quarrel and she said that she would leave him and never see him again. His wife had a habit of threatening to desert him, and the husband paid no attention to the remark.

He assumed that she had gone to Chicago to join a male acquaintance there.

Dew was impressed with the doctor's seeming candor, and instead of arresting the suspect, asked him to pledge his honor as a gentleman that he

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SPAIN IN UPROAR ON CHURCH ISSUE

Clerical Party is Militant and Welcomes Joining of Battle.

CRISIS IN REALM OF KING ALFONSO

Premier Canalejas Bound to Purpose to Modernize Spain.

Madrid, July 30.—Excitement exists in the capital and throughout Spain over the conflict with the vatican, which came to a head yesterday with the decision of Premier Canalejas to recall the Spanish ambassador to the vatican.

Both the governmental and clerical parties have accepted the challenge to battle and the situation, complicated by the intrusion of Don Jaime, the exiled pretender to the throne, may under existing conditions of ferment in Spain easily develop features as acute as those of last year. Already the government is taking precautionary measures and prohibiting demonstrations from which disorder might arise.

Clerical Element Aggressive.

The clerical element, which has often before won similar battles in Spain, shows no hesitation in entering upon the conflict and seems to have set its aim not upon minor concessions and a compromise acceptable to the holy see, but upon the downfall of Canalejas and his cabinet and the cancellation of the entire program of reform. The withdrawal of the imperial decree permitting non-Catholic organizations to display the insignia of public worship, which furnishes the ostensible cause for the conflict and for the severance of diplomatic relations, assumes secondary importance.

Premier's Program Large.

Premier Canalejas has fixed his eyes upon a modernization of Spain and the complete elimination of the clerical element as a factor in the government of the kingdom, and confident of the support of the cortes, which was elected in May, upon this issue, is determined to carry through his battle of the revision of the concordat of 1851, the registration and regulaion of religious orders, governmental control of public education and the recognition of absolute freedom of conscience.

Catholic Press Rejoice.

The Roman Catholic press of Spain makes no effort to conceal its joy over the decision of Premier Canalejas to recall Marquis De Ojeda, the Spanish ambassador to the vatican. The rupture with the vatican and the prospective fight with clericalism will, they predict, result in the downfall of the premier. The chartering of special trains and steamers to carry crowds of manifestants to San Sebastian, the summer capital, to make demonstrations before King Alfonso is advocated.

Premier Canalejas telegraphed the following statement to the press today, boldly taking up the challenge of Don Jaime, the Carlist pretender, of a revolution:

"We do not fear the threat of civil war. The king and the Spanish democracy support us."

Demonstrations in Madrid.

Demonstrations in Madrid commenced today with one in favor of the government when children from the public schools marched in procession before the statue of Mendizabel, a Spanish leader of the first half of the past century, and author of the anticlerical laws of 1835. On the other hand a committee of Roman Catholics from the Biscayan provinces telegraphed today to Cardinal Merry Del Val, papal secretary of state, that they are prepared to sacrifice their property and their lives for their religion.

Premier Canalejas in a statement today said that diplomatic relations had not yet been severed, though the Marquis DeOjeda had been recalled from Rome.

The organ of the government, Manana, declared today that the vatican will be deceived if it counts upon a Catholic uprising in the liberal press in favor of the vatican. It believes on the contrary that the hostilities will rally public opinion on the side of the government.

POSTOFFICE AT ALBION ROBBED

Burglars Loot Place and Get Away With $400 in Cash and Stamps.

PRIED SAFE OPEN WITH A CROW-BAR

Make Escape Hours Before Theft is Discovered, Leaving No Clue.

(Special to The Sentinel.)

Albion, Ind., July 30.—Thieves burglarized the Albion postoffice early today, securing approximately $400 and made their escape some hours before the robbery was discovered. They left no clue, and officers are wholly at sea in the case.

It is said that $250 of the sum was in cash and $150 in postage stamps, which Postmaster Guy Hardenbrook had stored in the office safe. The postoffice is located in the Stone building on the east side of the public square, and the robbery was discovered at 5 o'clock this morning by Michael Beck as he came down town.

Had Pried Safe Open.

Investigation showed that entrance had been gained by way of the front door, the glass in which had been shattered, making it possible to unlock the door handily by reaching through the aperture in the glass.

No explosive was used on the safe. The strong box was pried open by the use of a large pinch-bar which, with other tools the theieves had stolen from the Baltimore and Ohio railroad section house. The safe was one which had been in use for some years and it was supposed to have the approval of the postoffice department, but it evidently yielded easily to the efforts of the cracksmen.

While nobody saw the robbers, it is believed the job was accomplished about 2 o'clock this morning. Several persons residing in the vicinity say they heard noises at about that hour, but did not attach any particular importance to the fact until the robbery was disclosed today.

Took All in Sight.

The thieves cleaned the safe completely of its contents so far as cash and stamps were concerned. Postmaster Hardenbrook had not yet made his remittance for the previous day's business and the sum of cash on-hand was larger than is usually carried over night in the office. Before the stamp window of the office could open today it was necessary for the postmaster to draw on his reserve supply of stamps, which are kept in a safe deposit vault at one of the banks.

Postmaster Hardenbrook assumed charge of the office but a few weeks ago, and the robbery comes early in his official career. Sheriff Stanley was at once called into the case, and while he has as yet practically no clue upon which to work, telegrams have been sent to all surrounding towns asking that a look out be maintained for the criminals. Nothing is known here of either the number of men involved in the robbery, how they entered Albion or how they made their escape.

WIRES CHIEF ELLIOTT.

Sheriff Stanley Notifies Fort Wayne Police of Robbery.

Sheriff Perry J. Stanley, of Noble county, this morning wired Chief Elliott briefly concerning the robbery of the postoffice at Albion, and asked the Fort Wayne police to keep a look-out for suspects.

BARRED FROM THE CONTEST.

Motorcycle Champ Suspended and is Ineligible in Meet.

Salt Lake City, Utah, July 30.—F. H. Whitley, holder of the motorcycle championship of the United States, will not be permitted to compete in the annual championship races at Philadelphia next month. He was suspended from membership indefinitely last month by the officers of the Federation of American Motorcyclists.

Whitley appeared at the Salt Palace, a national cycling association track. Local representatives of the federation which are at outs with the association, consulted the eastern headquarters by telegraph and Whitley's suspension followed.

KENTUCKY FEUD IN ERUPTION.

Old French-Eversole Row Bids Fair to Be Renewed.

Jackson, Ky., July 30.—The French-Eversole feud of 1888 was on the verge of a renewed outbreak when Fulton French, of Winchester, and Harry Eversole, met for the first time in many years at a hotel here today. French was leader of his family and Eversole's father was head of his clan in the earlier fight. Eversole had been informed by his mother, widow of Joe Eversole, that French had tried to speak to her yesterday. This infuriated Eversole and when he met French on the porch of the hotel he drew a revolver and began firing. None of his six shots struck French and when the latter ran back to the porch after obtaining his pistol the assailant had fled.

Eversole was later arrested and held to the grand jury under $1,000 bond.

RUBE WADDELL VINDICATED.

St. Louis, July 30.—George Edward ("Rube") Waddell, pitcher of the St. Louis American league team, was reinstated today after he had successfully defended in police court the charge that he had violated the temperance pledge he signed a month ago. Waddell will pitch one of the games against Cleveland tomorrow.

ARREST WENDLING IN SAN FRANCISCO

Alleged Slayer of Little Alma Kellner in Louisville is Seized and Admits Identity.

HE DENIES HE KILLED THE LITTLE GIRL

San Francisco, July 30.—Cowering under the cabinet work of a kitchen sink, in a Third street lodging house, Joseph Wendling, charged with the murder of 8-year-old Alma Kellner, in Louisville, Ky., for whom the police of that city have searched for four months, was arrested today and while admitting his identity, stoutly maintained his innocence of the crime. He denies that he ever heard the name of Alma Kellner.

Arrest of Long Chase.

Wendling's arrest was the result of the long chase after him made by Captain of Detectives J. P. Carney, of Louisville. After a visit to New Orleans and Houston, Texas, Wendling finally arrived at Vallejo, thirty miles from this city and while he worked there under the name of Henry Jacquemin, electrician and engineer, Carney located him and set in motion the forces which finally placed the man in the hands of the police.

Unresisting; Admits Identity.

To the police today Wendling admitted his identity without question. He made no resistence when the detectives dragged him from his hiding place and almost immediately said that his real name was Joseph Wendling.

He said that he left Louisville on January 18, four months before the mutilated body of the child was found because of a quarrel with his brother-in-law, Louis Arnold, but he refused to say a word that would in any way connect him with the death of the child, although confronted with all the evidence held by the Louisville officers.

To an Associated Press reporter Wendling said he left Louisville because of fear of his brother-in-law, Louis Arnold, who followed him from France. Wendling said he was not married to the woman who is now his wife when they fled from France and Arnold had threatened to kill them both.

Wendling denied any connection with the murder of the girl in his talk with the district attorney and police. He described his wanderings since leaving Louisville, saying that he went to New Orleans, thence to Texas and finally to Vallejo, where Detective Carney, of Louisville, found his trail.

How Wendling Was Captured.

The capture was due to a tip given to the detectives by a note from some unknown person. It stated that he would be found at 343 Third street. That was three days ago and when the detectives went to the place they found a vacant lot. Adjoining this was a lodging house at 345 Third street. The place is conducted by a French woman.

The French woman insisted that no man answering to Wendling's descrip-

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CAPITOL OF THE NATION IS MOVED

President Shifts His Executive Offices at Beverly.

QUIT TOWN'S CENTER FOR SHORE POINT

Cancellation of All His Engagements to Speak Has Exception.

Beverly, Mass., July 30.—The White house executive offices were removed today from the Mason building, on Cabot street, to the Pickering house, on Lothrop street. The new quarters are directly on the shore, a fine grassy lawn leading down from the rear veranda to the waters' edge. The house overlooks Burgess Point, where the president's cottage is located.

Will Do His Work There.

It is expected the president will do most of his work in the future at the executive offices and it was largely for this reason that the move was made from the center of the city to the more secluded spot on the shore drive. A number of the executive clerks will sleep on the third floor of the new quarters. Secretary Norton also has a living room reserved for him.

President Arthur T. Hadley, of Yale, is due in Beverly this afternoon. It was expected that he would make known his decision as to whether he will head the railroad stock and bonds inquiry commission authorized at the last session of congress.

Will See Party Leaders.

President Taft did not include in the list of cancelled engagements announced last night a promise to speak before a meeting of national leaders in New York.

It was reported today that whatever the president may have to say affecting the fall campaign will be included in this speech. It is doubtful, however, if he will go outside of a statement of the accomplishments of his administration thus far. From this he will attempt to show that the republican party is endeavoring to live up to its platform pledges. Mr. Taft may have a few words to say about the tariff, which he believes to be the best tariff ever placed on the statute books.

WIDER WILL NOT EAT.

New York, July 30.—Erwin Wider, the cashier of the Russo-Chinese Bank agency, who was yesterday arrested and held in $25,000 bail, after confessing to defalcations aggregating more than $500,000, has not tasted food since he was locked up in the Tombs prison. He passed a sleepless night, according to the keepers, and appears to be on the verge of a physical collapse.

SIXTY TAKING EXAMS.

The examinations for licenses as teachers in the primary, intermediate and high school grades of the country schools are being held this afternoon in the Elektron building.

RAWN DENIED PART IN GREAT GRAFT RAKE-OFF

Friend of Dead Magnate Tells of Late Talk With Him.

Chicago, July 30.—Ira G. Rawn's answer to the charges that he participated in the frauds by which the Illinois Central railroad was swindled out of huge sums through crooked contracts for car repairs was made public today.

"Not for a thousand million years was I in this; my hands are clean," is the gist of Mr. Rawn's reply. The declaration, according to the Record Herald, was made to J. H. Maddy, special representative of the Erie railroad, and came in answer to a direct question from Mr. Maddy, who was an intimate friend and who had called upon Mr. Rawn in April when the scandal was being widely discussed. The conversation was told of by Mr. Maddy now on account of the verdict of the coroner's jury leaving open the question whether Mr. Rawn had committed suicide because of alleged connection with the car contract frauds, while vice president of the Illinois Central.

"I made the contracts," Mr. Rawn said during the conversation, "and they were fair and reasonable. The prices were as low as cost of materials and good work would require, and I supposed, of course, that the employes directly in charge of the work would protect the company's interests. They did not do it, and became corrupt, a condition that none of us could either foresee or expect. The same thing may happen on any road, but I feel very bad that these men deceived me. It was a terrible blow to my pride and reputation, but could not have been prevented under the existing circumstances."

LED BY SMALLEST KNIGHT.

Charles Nestel Will Head Pythian Delegation to Milwaukee.

Led by Charles Nestel, reputed to be the smallest Pythian Knight in the country, the local delegation of twelve members will leave early tomorrow morning over the Nickel Plate for Milwaukee, where the next week will be spent in attending the national Pythian convention. From Chicago the party will make the trip by boat. At the recent Elks' convention in Detroit Mr. Nestel received numerous honors because of his distinction of being the smallest Elk, and he will likely receive similar honors at Milwaukee.

MADE COADJUTOR BISHOP.

Pope Names Rev. Joseph Chartrand at Indianapolis.

Rome, July 30.—The pope today appointed Rev. Joseph Chartrand as co-adjutor-bishop to Bishop Chatard of the diocese of Indianapolis. Bishop Chartrand is now vicar-general of the diocese of Indianapolis.

BURGLARS DO WORK WITHIN SIGHT OF CROWD

Bold Job on a Cincinnati Jewelry Store Nets a Good Haul.

Cincinnati, O., July 30.—Almost within sight of the crowds passing on Vine street, burglars worked in the storeroom of the Richter & Phillips company, wholesale jewelers, Fifth and Vine streets, early last night, selected several thousand dollars' worth of loot, packed it up, lowered it by a rope into a brilliantly lighted alley, climbed down a ladder made of trunk straps and escaped hours before the police knew of the theft. The burglars had pasted handkerchiefs over the transom to deaden the noise when they broke the glass to effect an entrance. Mr. Richter states that the firm's loss will run into thousands of dollars.

STAGE ROBBERS ARE ROUTED BY SICK TENDERFOOT

Invalid from Pittsburg Opens Fire and the Bandits Flee.

Ouray, Col., July 30.—A stage coach holdup that had all the thrills of the most daring "stickups" of the early days of the wild west, but which failed of its object because of the courage of a sick tenderfoot from the far east was enacted in the hills near Ouray at dusk Thursday night.

The masked men, "armed to the teeth," assailed a party of eight men and ten women, easterners, returning from a picnic, and after bringing the stage to a standstill were preparing to empty their victims' pockets when Samuel McCurdy, a retired financier of Pittsburg, who is here in connection with his mining properties, opened fire on the robbers with an automatic revolver.

The robbers, overawed by the unexpected resistance from the tenderfoot, gave up the job and fled to the hills. It is believed the men had horses back in the mountains. When the frightened easterners arrived in Ouray the sheriff went to the scene, but could find no trace of the bandits.

"It was just an accident that I took that gun along with me," said McCurdy. "I had been here several days and failed to find any use for the weapon and I put it away, but Thursday something told me that I had better take the gun with me, and I placed it in my pocket. I had not the slightest thought of being caught in a holdup."

McCurdy, who is a director in the Textile National Bank of Philadelphia, and has big business interests in Pennsylvania, is in poor health. The other members of the picnic party were: George H. Barnhart, of New York, manager of the Wanakah Mining company of this city; George C. Roberts, of Buffalo, president of the Wanakah company and owner of big mining interests in this and other states; Mrs. W. B. L. Bartow, of Sch[illegible]more, Pa., wife of the vice [illegible] of the Wanakah company, and her family; C. F. Jordan, cashier of the M. and M. Bank of Ouray, and his wife and sister-in-law, and Miss Ida Owen, of Pittsburg.

UNIVERSALISTS' CONFFERENCE.

The annual ten-day conference of the Universalists on the island at Rome City will begin this year on August 25. The program for the conference has not yet been issued, but it is known that it will contain a number of addresses from prominent pastors and speakers.

SUBMARINE IS SAFE.

Annapolis, Md., July 30.—The submarine torpedo boat Cuttlefish, under the command of Lieut. Frederick V. McNair, which became disabled in Chesapeake bay last night and for a time caused some concern because of the meager reports of the trouble received, returned safely to Annapolis this afternoon.

RICHER IS CHARGED WITH DEATH OF COATS

The Coroner Finds He Inflicted Wounds That Killed Boy.

In making his finding in the death of Charles Coats, the little orphan boy whose short life was filled with untold suffering, Dr. A. J. Kesler says that the lad died as a direct result of the injuries inflicted by Moses Richer, the Amish farmer, who is now in jail waiting a trial on the charge of first degree murder.

Along with the verdict of the coroner is filed the statement signed by Judith Stiner Richer, the wife of the prisoner and the only living witness to the cruelties that were inflicted upon the boy. Delay in filing the verdict was occasioned by the fact that the coroner, with Dr. J. B. McEvoy, who made a post mortem examination of the body, went exhaustively into the marks found upon the body of the boy, of which there were some 500, and the report submitted by the coroner is founded upon one made to him by Dr. McEvoy.

There are three closely written sheets accompanying the verdict and these contain the facts that have already been given to the public through the newspapers. There is nothing in the statement of the wife that has not already been told and the filing of the verdict simply marks another step in weaving about Richer a web of testimony that will point him out as the most unusual criminal of the age. The finding in full is as follows:

I, A. J. Kesler, M. D., coroner of Allen county, in the state of Indiana, after having heard the evidence and examined the body, do find that Charley Coats came to his death by reason of cerebral hemorrhage and other injuries inflicted to body in a murderous attack by Moses Richer.

Given under my hand and seal this 30th day of July, 1910.

A. J. KESLER,
Coroner of Allen County.

MACEDONIANS AT WAR.

One Smashes a Bicycle on Which Another Had Run Into Him.

Two Macedonians in a novel stunt supplied amusement to spectators along Hanna street near the Base foundry at noon today. One of them, riding a bicycle, collided with another and knocked him to the pavement. The victim promptly clambered to his feet and smashed the bicycle while the rider was seeking a policeman to whom to tell his troubles.

THE WEATHER.

Washington, July 30.—Forecast for Indiana and Ohio: Fair tonight and Sunday; light to moderate northwest winds.

Lower Michigan: Fair tonight and Sunday; light to moderate northwest and west winds.

For Illinois: Fair tonight and Sunday; cooler in extreme south portion tonight.

BAD CHECKS TURN UP AND MORE ARE EXPECTED

Several Business Men Have Been Victimized for Small Sums.

Within the past few days several Fort Wayne business men have been victimized for sums ranging from $10 to $16 on bad checks which they have accepted, and it is regarded as altogether probable that still other cases will come to light shortly. It is said that among those who have been duped by the bad paper are E. J. Longfield, Morris Meyer, Tilmann & Son and one or two others.

The check which Mr. Longfield cashed was for $10, dated July 23 and drawn on the First National bank, payable to Ed Sisson and signed "C. A. Bash." Mr. Longfield says he advanced the cash for the paper to a young man who formerly worked for the Bash Fertilizer company, but who has since disappeared. There is no "C. A. Bash," and the check is clearly a forgery.

Minor Police Notes.

Patrolman Brown was called to 2122 Oakley street last night by reports of a prowler in the vicinity. He had fled before the officer arrived.

Ronald Bishop, 1609 West Main street, reports the loss of a pocketbook containing 25 cents in cash and a check for $100.

Patrolmen Peter Junk and Martin Madden have been assigned to special duty in plain clothes by Chief Elliott to "clean up" the mashers, questionable rooming houses and "dives." The two officers went on duty last night.

HE RUNS UNAWARE INTO LAW'S LIMBO

[Continued from Page One.]

would not leave London until the police inquiry into the mystery involving his wife was concluded. Crippen said he would remain in the city as long as he was wanted.

Found His Man Missing.

This was on July 8. The following day Dew wished to see his man again and was surprised to learn that he had left his Hilldrop Crescent residence with the evident intention of being gone some time. Twelve days later Crippen is supposed to have sailed from Antwerp on the steamer Montrose for Quebec. The time which he took in which to leave the other side is another exasperating element from the police standpoint, for in the meantime they had searched for him and his supposed companion high and low. At the same time criticism was directed at Scotland Yard in general and Dew in particular because the suspect had been permitted to slip through their fingers.

Crippen Will Not Get Away Again.

If the chief inspector gets his hands on Crippen again the latter is not likely to get away without taking his guardian with him. The two may be shackled together on the home trip. The steamer Montrose is ploughing its way slowly through the eastern end of the St. Lawrence river with the suspects, the inspector believes, still ignorant that they are under surveillance. The steamer is expected here about six o'clock tomorrow morning. She will reach Quebec tomorrow afternoon. When the pilot boat puts out from Father Point to place a river pilot on the Montrose, she will carry along Inspector Dew and the Canadian officials who will make the arrest in case Dew identifies the suspects as Crippen and Miss Leneve.

How Crippen is to Be Taken.

Here is the procedure decided upon: When the Montrose heaves to off here Dew, the Canadian officers, the pilot and the newspaper men will go out to meet her. It is believed that if Crippen is at all suspicious he will know that but one man, and that the pilot, should board the Montrose. Accordingly the steamer's officers have been instructed to watch the suspects every moment and avoid the possibility of an attempt at suicide when he realizes his position.

Dew probably will be the first to go aboard the Montrose, the officers of which have been instructed to have a large ladder lowered to the tender instead of the rope ladder used by the pilot. Dew will be followed by Chief McCarthy and he, in turn, by Detectives Denis and Gauvreau. One of the three latter will make the arrest when Dew points out his man.

Scotland Yard fears that Crippen will attempt suicide and Dew will try to take him by surprise.

"If Crippen is aboard, as we firmly believe, we expect to have him identified and in irons within ten minutes after we get aboard," said Dew today.

ADDITIONAL SOCIETY

Mrs. R. J. Lyons, of Washington boulevard east, has returned from a visit in Akron, O., with Mr. Lyons' mother.

Miss Eileen Malone, of 1319 Hanna street, has gone to Crestline, O., to spend the rest of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Bogart and daughter, Constance, will go to Auburn tomorrow to spend a few days with Mr. and Mrs. H. B. McCord.

Mrs. Anna M. Ferckel de Ventura and two sons, Masters Charles Ramon and William Kenneth, will leave soon for an extended eastern trip during which they will visit at New York, Boston and Manchester, N. H. At the latter city Mrs. Ventura will be joined by another son, Robert. They will go north to Mt. Washington and White Mountain resorts and on their way home in September will stop at Buffalo and Niagara. Mrs. Ventura is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ferckel, of this city, and the widow of the late S. Ventura, boxing and fencing master of this city, Atlanta, Ga., and Havana, Cuba.

Miss Dorothy McCauliff, of Chicago, is the guest of Miss Enid Johnson at the Johnson cottage at Lake James.

The monthly meeting of the Hermits was held last evening at the club rooms of the society, the Rice bungalow and ten new members were taken in. The officers of the Hermits are George Olmstead, president; Spencer Alden, vice president; Donald O'Rourke, recording secretary; Carl Rippe, financial secretary; Wayne Harrod, treasurer, and William Hunter, sergeant-at-arms.

THE DEATHS.

MELICK.

Marjorie Melick, 14 years of age, an inmate of the I. S. F. M. Y., died this morning after an illness from pneumonia.

Remains were shipped to Spencer, Ind., for burial on Monday.

FUNERAL NOTICES.

Knoder.—Funeral services for George Knoder will be held Monday morning at 9 o'clock from the Peltier undertaking parlors. The remains may be viewed by friends over Sunday.

Hollenbeck.—Funeral services for Mrs. Elizabeth Hollenbeck will be held Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock from the residence, 1907 Webster street, and at 2:30 from Emmaus Lutheran church.

Becker.—Funeral services for Robert Albert Becker will be held Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock from the residence, 2936 Smith street, Rev. T. F. Hahn, officiating.

BUILDING PERMITS ISSUED.

The list of building permits issued this week is as follows: J. J. Pichon, dwelling, Home avenue, $3,000; J. J. Peters, dwelling, John street, $2,500; Henry Mesing, dwelling, Lawton place, $1,900; F. P. Coppock & Sons, office building, end of Howell street, $500; Z. Snook, dwelling, Hoagland avenue and Taber street, $5,000; F. H. Boester & Son, addition to business room, 110 West Wayne, $2,000; City and Suburban Realty company, dwelling, Crescent avenue, $3,100; L. Springer, dwelling, Wilt street, $1,800; Charles Helmer, dwelling, Archer avenue, $1,800.

A "DUSTY" MARKET.

Shortly after 7 o'clock this morning a cloud of soot particles arose from the chimneys of the city hall and fell upon the vegetables and other eatables arrayed upon the market tables. There was a [illegible] commotion upon the market for some minutes while the farmers were covering their stands, protecting their supplies from the soot.

ATHLETIC CLUB MEETING.

The members of the St. Mary's Athletic club have been called together for the 2nd of August to discuss various matters for the welfare of the club next year. Among the many things to be done in preparation for the year are a number of improvements to the club's quarters and these will be decided upon at the meeting.

THE BIRTH RECORD.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Syndran, of Rudisill avenue, a son. Mr. and Mrs. Bert Pittenger and Mrs. Chas. Syndran are grandparents.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hilker 912 Eliza street—a son.

George F. Fogewell, of Lafayette township, also lost a barn by fire in the Tuesday night storm. His loss is estimated at $700.

CUTS WAY RAPIDLY BENEATH THE TRACKS

Contractor Trippeer Going Into City's Work With Vigor.

With a considerably augmented force of both men and teams, Contractor Trippeer is making rapid progress with the excavation for the Calhoun street subway beneath the Pennsylvania and Wabash railroad tracks, and his horses and wagons are now passing through the cut under the tracks. Today the contractor used the telephone to smaller towns in this vicinity to secure still more men and teams to go on the job Monday morning. It is believed Contractor Trippeer will attempt to pull down the $300 bonus offered by the street railway company for sufficient leeway for temporary tracks through the cut by August 7.

Moellering Gets Contract.

The board of public works has awarded to the Moellering Construction company the contract for the sidewalks and curbing on both sides of Spy Run avenue. The entire job is for 8,229 linear feet of sidewalks, one of the largest single sidewalk contracts ever awarded by the city. The walk is to be 5 feet 7 inches in width, and the work must be finished by October 15.

The Modern Engineering and Construction company was given the sidewalk contract on Wildwood avenue from South Wayne to Indiana avenue at 53¾ cents per linear foot. Suttenfield and Broadway walks were awarded to Contractor Menefee.

City Hall Notes.

Mayor Grice and Henry Hilgemann, of the board of public works, have gone to Rome City to spend Sunday.

The Wabash Railroad company has given the city assurances that it contemplates the use of its old station here only temporarily, and with this understanding Building Inspector Wyss will permit the structure to be elevated.

CITY BREVITIES.

Mrs. C. M. Corns, who has been ill for the past two weeks at her home in Huntertown, is still unable to be out.

Miss Jean Wels has returned home after a two months' visit with relatives in Northern Michigan.

Dr. T. C. Wyneken has returned from a tour of Yellowstone park. He has been absent four weeks.

Mrs. Geo. I. Cooper, who has been a patient at the Lutheran hospital, is recovering nicely.

W. H. Bohn and son, Gerald Bohn, of Terre Haute, have gone to Crooked lake for a few days' fishing trip.

Miss Lyon, sister of the priest at Sacred Heart academy, is suffering from a deep gash cut in her forehead when she collided with the sharp edge of an ice chest yesterday.

Miss Bertha Medsker has resigned as assistant in the C. B. Fitch insurance offices to become private secretary to S. E. Mulholland, of the Indiana Lighting company.

Clerk M. J. Dillon, of the Baltes hotel, is at Rome City for a brief stay.

Editor Anslem Fuelber, of the Abendpost, went to Clear lake today for a brief outing.

Degree of Honor, No. 29 and American Yeomen, No. 1405 have together rented Floral hall, in the Flick building and will move in at once. Degree of Honor will have its first meeting in the new home next Thursday.

A. C. Martin, employed as a timber cutter by the Perrine-Armstrong company, cut his foot severely with an ax while at work on the Robert Everett farm in Lafayette township yesterday.

The meeting of the Woman's Foreign Missionary society of Wayne Street M. E. church, which was to have been held at the home of Mrs John Parfitt on August 4, has been postponed to a later date, of which notice will be given.

The local lodge of Moose will be represented at the national convention at Baltimore from August 23 to 27 by F. A. Emrick, past dictator; Michael Belger, trustee; David Stout, secretary; Walter Kavanaugh, vice dictator; and A. Blakely and H. A. Wilson, delegates.

Want to rent a 5 or 6 room house in Lakeside; can take possession immediately or within the next thirty days. Address "Lakeside," care of Sentinel.

HOLD WAR COUNCIL OVER COLUMBUS CAR STRIKE

Situation Ominous and the Troops Will Perform Police Duty.

Columbus, July 30.—The fourth regiment of Columbus, the Eighth of Akron, and troop "B," of Columbus, were ordered out today on strike duty in Columbus. These are at the summer camp at Marietta and are scheduled to arrive on special trains before nightfall. Other troops may be ordered out later. The state emergency board is in session with the governor and will appropriate $60,000 to pay the soldiers and cover other expenses incident to the strike of street car men here.

The governor has consented to the patrolling of the streets by the troops.

In sharp contrast with the riotous conditions last night, following an attempt begun at 4:30 to operate cars, conditions were peaceful today with no signs of disorder. Worse disturbances are expected tonigh, however.

Adjutant General Weybrecht and General McMaken, in command of the troops, have considered the advisability of calling out the entire Ohio National Guard if it is found necessary.

Held in Readiness.

The First regiment, of Cincinnati, the only command of the first brigade not called out, has been notified to hold themselves in readiness for a call at any moment. The Fifth regiment of Cleveland has also been notified to be in readiness for a call.

No movement of troops had been made up to 9 o'clock to establish a military patrol over the city, although Adjutant General Weybrecht is quoted as saying that he will take such action today.

Hold Second Conference.

General McMaken and Colonel S. Howard, of the Sixth regiment, Colonel Bryant, of the Second regiment, and Colonel Catrow, of the Third regiment, and Major Duffy, adjutant general of the staff of General McMaken, and General Weybrecht and Mayor Marshall went to the private office of Governor Harmon about 10 o'clock for another conference with him. This was for the purpose of ascertaining whether or not he would consent to the troops patroling the streets and also as to whether or not he would give General McMaken complete control in the handling of the troops. The officers told the governor that unless they had such a free hand they would be unable to keep down trouble.

Troops have been placed on every prominent corner of the city, the governor having agreed to it.

The mayor has issued a proclamation nordering every one not having business off the streets tonight and soldiers will make arrests on sight if explanations are not satisfactory.

STRIKE BATTLE IN THE DARK.

Greensburg, Pa., July 30.—In a hand-to-hand battle last night, near the Export coal mines, ten miles from here, a striking coal miner was shot and killed and Geo. Davis, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., a member of troop "A," Pennsylvania state constabulary, was seriously wounded. Nearly a score of others received minor injuries.

The battle was fought out in the dark and was the result of the efforts of the law officers to arrest sharpshooters, said to be strike sympathizers.

The strike situation in the coal mines in this section is grave. At Irwin the members of the 1910-1911 foot ball team of the University of Pittsburg are acting as mine guards.

It is said the governor may be appealed to if the disorder of the last month is not stamped out.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

George C. Perkins, 24, farmer, and Laura H. Smith, 18.

Henry Elter, 54, moulder, and Mary Stoddard, 51.

CITY BREVITIES.

Miss Theresa Schwartz has taken a position with the Pettit Storage company.

In a letter to friends Hon. Newton Gilbert, vice-governor of the Phillipines, says he will return here for a visit next spring.

The I. O. O. F., building on the northeast corner of Calhoun and Wayne streets is to be repaired at a cost of $3,500. E. F. Liebman has been awarded the contracts on the work and will begin at once.

John S. Taylor, of Logansport, and Chas. E. Dent, of Anderson, both special deputies of the American Insurance union, were in the city last evening in attendance on the meeting given by the branch of the organization here.

HUSBAND SAID HE'D BREAK HER "SLATS"

Charge by Mrs. Wartenbe in Divorce Complaint —The Courts.

Charging among other things that her husband had threatened to "knock her head off," "throw her through the window" and "break her slats," Etta Grace Wartenbe filed suit in the superior court today to secure a divorce from William E. Wartenbe, the custody of seven children and allimony in the sum of $1,000.

The complaint, filed by Attorney H. Waveland Kerr, says the Wartenbes were married in March, 1892, and recites a long column of cruelty with which the wife charges the husband. Special Judge Morris issued an order under which the Wabash Railroad company is restrained from paying the defendant wages until the present action is heard and determined.

Another Seeks Freedom.

Goldie Mae Snyder brought an action fo rdivorce from Lewis D. Snyder in the superior court this afternoon, and Special Judge Morris issued a restraining order to present Snyder from molesting his wife. They were married at Mansfield, O., in March, 1905, and the allegations are of cruel treatment—among other things that the husband frequently carries a revolver, and that he declared that unless she ceased to have anything to do with her parents, and would come away with him he would "use the weapon on her." McAdams & Hartzell are attorneys for Mrs. Snyder.

Files Inquest Findings.

Coroner Kesler has filed his verdict in a number of recent cases as follows: George H. Koehlinger, death due to accidental fall from a beam to the barn floor; George Dixon, ran over by Wabash switch engine near Fairfield avenue; Josie Pichon, accidental drowning in St. Joseph river; Henry Paul Berger, death due to marasmus; Frank L. Giant, death due to gunshot wound in head, inflicted with suicidal intent; Nicola Timinculoff, drowned in St. Mary's river; Freelove Wirsche, cerebral apoplexy.

Other News in the Courts.

Maggie Ferguson has filed suit in the superior court for divorce from Albert O. Ferguson. P. B. Colerick is attorney for the plaintiff.

The case of John Cox vs. William Boedecker has been appealed from Justice Taney to the circuit court.

Sheriff Reichelderfer is in the eastern part of the county serving subpoenas for the second trial of the Herman Miller case. Judge R. K. Erwin, attorney for Miller, says much new and important evidence for the defense has developed since the former trial in which Miller was convicted.

Dr. John F. Gerke begins action against Battle Clark to recover $1,000 for services rendered in dressing the broken and flesh severed limbs of the plaintiff. William Freuchtenicht is attorney for the plaintiff.

CITY BREVITIES.

City Clerk Jefferies has returned from Madisonville, O., where he attended the funeral of his mother, Mrs. Sarah A. Jefferies.

The condition of Miss Margaret Morgan, who has been seriously ill for some days, is reported to be extremely critical. The patient is the young daughter of Dr. and Mrs. E. E. Morgan.

Sparks set fire to the shed on the property of E. Lange at 1016 Harrison street shortly after the noon hour today and caused a $5 damage. A gasoline stove explosion at the home of F. Haiber, 117 Huffman street, at 6:38 o'clock last evening, caused the fire department to be called, but there was no loss.

Keep your eyes on Everybody's Column. There's Bargains there. 6-19-tf

Your Want Ad Phone is

173

Call Us Up!

HE TAKES SLAP AT KAISER'S MOSSY DIPLOMACY

German Foreign Minister Takes Issue on the Madriz Note.

Berlin, July 30.—Baron Von Kiderlen-Wachter, the newly appointed secretary of state for foreign affairs, is quoted here today in a conversation upon Nicaraguan affairs in which he is credited with the following remarks:

"The antique Prussian habit of not recognizing a change in the government of a foreign state without an anxious examination of the legitimacy of the new government is little to my taste. I care just as little, however, for the practice of recognition by return post, followed since Prince Von Buelow took office and the saluting as 'good and great brother' of everyone attaining a presidency perhaps only for a fortnight."

The conversation grew out of a letter of Emperor William to President Madriz, recently published, in which the emperor addressed Dr. Madriz as "great and good friend," and the controversy as to whether any stand in opposition to the policy of the United States in Central America was thereby intended.

ARREST WENDLING IN SAN FRANCISCO

[Continued From Page One.]

tion had ever stayed there. A watch was maintained about the place, however, and this morning the detectives determined to search the house. Wendling was found hiding under the sink in the kitchen. He denied that he was the man but the mark of the bullet wound in the hand received while he was in the French army was discovered and investigation disclosed the ship tatooed on his body. When the officers spoke of these, Wendling broke down and admitted his identity.

Was Hot on the Trail.

Wendling has been sought for in this city for three weeks. He was trailed to Vallejo, a town thirty miles away, by Chief of Detectives J. P. Carney, of the Louisville department, after a chase that led across the continent. From the description furnished by Carney, Chief of Police Stamford, of Vallejo, recognized a man who had been living in Vallejo for several weeks but who had disappeared as soon as Carney arrived. Carney and Stamford took up the trail which led to this city and placed the case in the hands of the local department, Stamford remaining to aid in the chase while Carney returned to Louisville to follow other clews.

Many Traces; Man Elusive.

Many traces of Wendling's presence in the city were found by the officers but they could not lay hands upon the man himself. On Wednesday night a note was drawn about a house where the unsigned note received by Captain of Police Wall said Wendling would be found. The officers lay in wait all night but the man did not come. A local paper published the story of the case and the detectives feared that the suspect would escape but redoubled their guard of the exits of the city and kept up the hunt.

Today Detectives Ryan and Burke became convinced that the man was in the building or had been there recently. They determined to search the house and leaving guards at the doors started on a systematic exploration of every room which resulted in the capture of the man in the kitchen.

WANT POSITIVE IDENTIFICATION

Louisville, Ky., July 30.—While expressing satisfaction over the arrest of Wendling, Chief of Police Lindsey and the detective department are awaiting with anxiety the positive identification of the man. Frank Fehr, the millionaire brewer and uncle of the girl, was overjoyed at the news.

Alma Kellner, the eight year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kellner, disappeared from her home on the morning of December 8 last to attend mass at St. John's church, about three blocks away. She was last seen alive in the church by two women, who noticed Wendling, the janitor, peering into the church from the sacristy. Wendling gave up his position and disappeared in January. It was at first thought that the girl had been kidnapped and a search was instituted in parts of the United States and Canada. A plumber investigating a leak under the church found the mutilated remains of a girl which later were fully identified as being Alma Kellner.

Little Alma Kellner disappeared last Dec. 8, in Louisville. The last seen of her alive by any of her friends was when she was at prayer in the Catholic church where she worshiped. It was believed she had been kidnaped and for several weeks efforts were made to find her. Various clues, some of them promising, were followed, but all led to nothing. Her uncle, Frank Fehr, a wealthy brewer, of Louisville, spared no expense in pursuit of these clues and once or twice appeared on the verge of concluding negotiations with the supposed kidnapers.

Finally active efforts were apparently abandoned and a few weeks ago a plumber while at work in a small room in the basement of the church unearthed the remains of a little girl, terribly disfigured, mutilated and dismembered. She had been murdered and an attempt made to destroy the remains in the furnace of the church. The remains were finally completely identified as those of the missing Kellner girl. Joseph Wendling, the French janitor of the church, was at once suspected of the crime. He had been missing for several months, and his wife, who remained in Louisville, said he had returned to France. Suspects were arrested in various parts of the country and all turned out not to be Wendling when investigated. A few days ago it was stated that Wendling was under surveillance in San Francisco.

MADRIZ FILES PROTESTS.

Washington, D. C., July 30.—Attorneys representing the Madriz government in Nicaragua today filed protests with the departments of state, justice and Commerce and labor, against the sailing of the yacht Hornet, now at New Orleans, with a cargo of arms and ammunition supposed to be intended for use of the Estrada faction.

Grace and Beauty

Are the natural attributes of glasses that are PROPERLY FITTED.

The strain produced by misfitted, uncomfortable glasses will be reflected in your face.

That squint, the lines about the eyes and brow are the products of the SLIPPING, PINCHING eyeglass.

Glasses fitted by the ROGERS SYSTEM give no cause for thought or worry.

No charge for examination.

ROGERS
EYESIGHT SPECIALIST
ANTHONY HOTEL

TAKE A KODACK WITH YOU

The Jones Kodak Store

Will show you the full line, $1.00 to $111.00. Pictures finished.

Instructions Free
112 W. Wayne St.
Fort Wayne.

HEADACHES

Does the sun blind you—make your eyes ache and mar your outdoor pleasures?

DOES YOUR WORK LEAVE YOU TIRED, NERVOUS AND WORN OUT?

More than two-thirds of all headaches come

FROM THE EYES

We've made these troubles a study and guarantee our work.

NO CHARGE FOR EXAMINATION. MODERATE CHARGES FOR GLASSES IF NEEDED.

MEGGS
EYESIGHT SPECIALIST
LYRIC THEATER BUILDING
1012 CALHOUN ST.

Keep Cool

Summer's too hot to worry over any trifles.

If you have a small debt that is crowding you let us attend to it.

We will loan you on your household goods, piano, teams, fixtures or other personal property of value without removal.

If you owe a balance to any other loan firm or furniture store we will advance you the money to pay them off.

$1.20 per week for 50 weeks pays a $50.00 loan.

All amounts in proportion.

Reliable Private

Fort Wayne Loan Co.

Established 1896.
Room 2, 2d Floor, 705 Calhoun St.
Home Phone 833.
FORT WAYNE, INDIANA.

WHAT MONEY DOES MONEY MONEY IT COST?

That's a question you can settle for yourself. Don't stop, but see them all, get their rates and come to us.

WE INVITE COMPARISON

$5 TO $100

On furniture, pianos, etc. There's a difference when you borrow from us.

"SAVE THE DIFFERENCE."

PRIVATE. CONFIDENTIAL.

Mechanics' Loan Co.

1104 Calhoun St. Room 9.

Above Dehm's Millinery.

Home Phone 817.

SCENES ON THE TRACK AT RECENT GREAT HANDICAP RACE

SAM HILDRETH GETTING DALMATIAN READY FOR HANDICAP.

FINISH OF EMPIRE HANDICAP,—DALMATIAN WINNING.

OBJECTIVE POINT OF RIVAL RAILROAD BUILDERS IN OREGON.

TILLAMOOK BAY, OREGON

P.R. AND N. TUNNEL, HOBSONVILLE, OREGON

P.R. AND N. TRESTLE NEAR BAY CITY, OREGON

James J. Hill has apparently adopted the motto that what is good enough for the Harriman railroad interests suits him to perfection. When the Harriman interests decided to top Central Oregon, Mr. Hill, notwithstanding many difficulties, got on the ground within five weeks, and now has about caught up with his rivals in the great Deschutes Valley. No sooner had the Harriman interests decided to start construction across Oregon from Ontario to Coos Bay at right angle to the Deschutes railway than Mr. Hill commenced a parallel line from Boise, Idaho, to Coos Bay, Ore.

All this time the Harriman interests had a card up their sleeve to tap the great undeveloped region of northwestern Oregon, covering four counties of about twenty thousand square miles, or one-fifth the area of the state. Under the name of the Pacific Railway and Navigation company with a board of directors not included in the Harriman roster, a line to Tillamook Bay came out of a clear sky and shovels began to toss dirt. Mr. Hill appreciated this little joke, and took a card from his own sleeve. The United Railways company, an electric line, jumped out a box, with a board of directors of its own. Gaining by experience this time, Mr. Hill was on his way to Tillamook in less than a month, beating his Deschutes record by fifteen days. Steadily his army of laborers and heaps of material increased so that now his men are in a neck and neck race with those of the Harriman lines.

The Harriman Tillamook line is under construction by the Pacific Railroad and Navigation company, of which E. E. Lytle, of Portland, is president. The line commences at Hillsboro, twelve miles west of Portland, on the Southern Pacific railway. It will be approximately one hundred miles long, its tracks alone costing $40,000 a mile, or $4,000,000, without stations, wharves or terminals, which will ultimately cost more than the route itself. A mountain range between Portland and Tillamook has to be negotiated, so that two years may be required to complete the road, notwithstanding that several thousand men are at work.

TESTED AND PROVEN

There is a Heap of Solace in Being Able to Depend Upon a Well-Earned Reputation.

For months Fort Wayne readers have seen the constant expression of praise for Doan's Kidney Pills, and read about the good work they have done in this locality. Not another remedy ever produced such convincing proof of merit.

Mrs. Mary Gerdes, 901 Archer St., Fort Wayne, Ind., says: "I was afflicted with kidney complaint for nine years and my condition was so poor that I could hardly attend to my housework. My back ached constantly and was so weak that I could not stoop. Being advised to try Doan's Kidney Pills, I got a box at Meyer Bros. Co.'s drug store and they proved to be just what I needed. In a few days the backache was relieved and before long I was restored to good health. I am always pleased to give Doan's Kidney Pills my endorsement." (Statement given December 4, 1908.)

CONFIRMED PROOF.

On June 30, 1910, Mrs. Gerdes said: "Since I publicly recommended Doan's Kidney Pills, I have had little or no trouble from my kidneys. I will always hold a high opinion of this remedy."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

NYAL'S HOT SPRINGS BLOOD REMEDY

There is absolutely no necessity of your suffering the pain and discomforts accompanying blood disorders.

Such annoying ailments as boils, pimples, salt rheum, eczema and all skin diseases are the result of impure blood. By cleansing the blood you free yourself from any of these troubles.

We have, in Nyal's Hot Springs Blood Remedy, a treatment that we personally recommend to thoroughly cleanse the blood and make it right in every way, enrich it and strengthen it.

You will be on the safe side by taking Nyal's Hot Springs Blood Remedy if the system is weakened—strengthen it by enriching the blood and protect yourself against the invasion of disease. You are not taking a "patent"—but a prescription medicine—a remedy we can vouch for because we know the formula, know the results obtained and know that it will do as represented.

Remember that we heartily endorse this preparation.

One Dollar for a large bottle.

Ask the Nyal Druggists.

D. & N. Pharmacy, 624 Calhoun St.
Loesch Drug Store, Cor. Barr and Wayne Sts.
Meinzen Drug Store, 1129 Maumee Ave.
Hutzell's Drug Store, 1402 West Main St.
Jacob Bill's Drug Store, 1401 E. Creighton Ave.
Clapesattle Drug Store, 2514 Broadway.
Zimmerman's Drug Store, 1312 Broadway.
Hoham's Drug Store, 1706 Calhoun St.

J. C. Peltier
UNDERTAKER
Both Phones No. 25
117 WEST WAYNE ST.

LIVE STOCK
Insured against death from any cause.
NO ASSESSMENTS.
Federspiel & Shorey, The Insurance Men
628 Calhoun St. Phone 611.

NEWS OF FORT WAYNE'S NEIGHBORS

SERVED TOO LATE TO CATCH HIS AUTO

Whitley County Man Served With Writ at Marion in Divorce Proceedings.

Marion, Ind., July 30.—Alfred N. Nickey, owner of an eighty-acre farm in Whitley county and the possessor of considerable personal property, including a five-passenger automobile, was found yesterday filling a humble position in the shipping department of the Malleable Iron works by Deputy Sheriff Bert Fowler. The purpose of Mr. Fowler's search for Nickey was that he might serve notice of a restraining order in a divorce suit brought by his wife, Mildred Nickey, in the Whitley circuit court. Nickey said with a smile that he would consult his attorneys, Lindsay & DeVault.

It would seem that the restraining order against Nickey came a little bit late to catch the automobile which was disposed of Monday to the Grant County Realty company and is now undergoing repairs for the use of that concern. The restraining order enumerates that the defendant owns horses, machinery, growing crops and an automobile.

While the divorce complaint was not sent with the restraining order it is regarded that Mrs. Nickey has charged abandonment and cruel treatment. It is known they have not lived together agreeably for some time. They have no children and have been married about eighteen years. It is probable that Mrs. Nickey is seeking considerable alimony.

It is said the family is prominent in the part of the state in which they reside and that their domestic troubles have caused a great deal of surprise and concern among their most intimate friends.

MISSING MAN FOUND.

Huntington County Farmer Who Strangely Left Home.

Marion, Ind., July 30.—Fred Sparks, a well known and prosperous farmer of Rockcreek township, Huntington county, was picked up at Fourth and Washington street at 2:30 o'clock Friday afternoon by Officer McFadden and brought to the police station to await the investigation of Chief of Police Phillips. Sparks left his home, seven miles northeast of Warren, Sunday afternoon and since that time he has not been seen or heard from by his relatives. He is about 40 years of age and owner of a fine farm of 160 acres in Huntington county. The Huntington daily papers carried long stories of Spark's disappearance from his home and the police in several cities have been searching for him. It is said he has been suffering from a mental delusion. He told Chief of Police Phillips he spent Thursday night in Van Buren.

SPECIAL ELECTION

Held at South Whitley to Fill Vacancies in Office.

South Whitley, Ind., July 30.—F. E. Fox and Walter Martin, the town treasurer and clerk of South Whitley have each handed in their resignations and the same have been accepted by the town board. Mr. Fox will remove to Grand Rapids, Mich., and Mr. Martin feels his other duties are too heavy for him to longer hold the office. A special election has been called for August 23. So far the only candidate who has been mentioned is John E. Ginder, republican, to fill the vacancy created by Martin's resignation.

OLD SOLDIER DEAD AT AGE OF 80 YEARS

Rev. A. C. McCarter, a Well Known Methodist, Died at Home Near Warsaw.

Warsaw, Ind., July 30.—Rev. A. C. McCarter, who had been confined to his bed follinw ga stroke of paralysis sustained last January, passed away at his home just west of Warsaw yesterday. For years he had served the Methodist church as a local preacher an dwas widely known throughout this part of the state. Although Rev. McCarter has been unable to leave his bed since the middle of January, his condition had not bee regarded as critical and he seemed no worse until about 3 o'clock on Thursday morning, when a change in his condition was noted. From that time until his death he gradually became weaker.

Rev. A. C. McCarter had made his home on the farm just west of Warsaw for many years, being well known by the people of Warsaw and Kosciusko county in general. For a number of years he was a justice of the peace. He was past 80 years of age and besides the wife leaves five children.

He was a veteran of the Civil war, having been a member of the Twelth Indiana Volunteer Infantry. He was a member of Kosciusko Post G. A. R. of Warsaw.

THE MILLS AT GARRETT.

Peat Moss is Making an Excellent Quality of Paper.

Garrett, Ind., July 30.—The moss to be used in the manufacturing of paper and which is located near the Garrett Paper mills has proven to be all right and of good quality. About sixty per cent of the moss is used in manufacturing paper and gives the paper a good quality. Some experienced workmen arrived at the factory Wednesday and Thursday night the double shift of employes was inaugurated. The plant has been running about 15 hours per day but from now on the machinery will be kept in operation 24 hours, this being made possible by the double shift.

PIERCETON MAN DEAD.

William McNamarra, Well Known in Business Circles.

Pierceton, Ind., July 30.—William McNamarra, one of the aged and well known business men of Pierceton, died at his home in that place Thursday evening about 9 o'clock, after an illness extending over several years. He was about 75 years of age and had been a resident of Pierceton for fully fifty years, and was one of the men who put life and energy into that town and made a good trading point out of it. He was a stock and grain buyer for many years and was also engaged in the mercantile line for twenty years, and conducted a general store. He was thrifty and leaves quite an estate consisting of Pierceton property and a large farm near here.

He is survived by his wife, a daughter, Ada, and two sons, Arthur and Ross, all of whom are residents of Pierceton.

The funeral will take place Sunday afternoon, and will be conducted under the auspices of the Knights Templars of Warsaw, Columbia City and Fort Wayne. The Blue lodges of Pierceton and surrounding towns will form an escort. The deceased was a member of the Warsaw Commandery No. 10, and was a member of the Blue lodge at Pierceton.

CHAPMAN'S SUMMER HOME

Sold to South Bend Presbyterian Pastor for $7,000.

Warsaw, Ind., July 30.—"Bungalow Villa," the handsome summer home of Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, which was sold to Dr. C. M. Swingle, of Chicago, a few months ago, was this week transferred to Dr. Henry Webb Johnson, of South Bend, for a consideration of $7,000. With the home Dr. Johnson secured eight acres of land adjoining. Dr. Johnson is pastor of the First Presbyterian church at South Bend and president of the Winona board of directors. He is also a member of the board of directors of the Winona Interurban Railway company and is a man well known in Warsaw and Winona, having been connected with the assembly association since it was organized about fifteen years ago. Dr. Johnson will call the place "Forest Hill."

SEEK OPTION ELECTION.

"Wets" Will Petition for One in Wabash County.

Wabash, Ind., July 30.—A local option election will be held in Wabash county December 29. The petition will be circulated by the "wets" for an election on that date. It is said that the "drys" are already up in arms. In North Manchester, the action of the "wets" will be anticipated by a mass meeting called to meet in the college chapel, Sunday afternoon. The option contest in Wabash county will be of unusual interest from the fact that the "wets" will be on the offensive, whereas at the ... ago they were on ... will be the first instance ... that the "drys" will be ... for defensive tactics.

MET SERIOUS ACCIDE...

Larwill, Ind., July 3... Schoby, the son-in-law of ... Mindnich, of Richland town... and a half miles southwest of ... was caught in a mowing mac... day morning and his left ... nearly severed just above t... The young man was finishing ... small strip of timothy on a ... tract when the machine clogg...

Foley's Kidney Remedy will... case of kidney and bladder t... beyond the reach of medic... medicine can do more. Drele...

Big Assets

Four hundred thousand people take a CASCARET every night—and *rise* up in the morning and call them blessed. If you don't belong to this great crowd of CASCARET takers you are missing the greatest asset of your life. 910

CASCARETS 10c a box for a week's treatment, all druggists. Biggest seller in the world. Million boxes a month.

Keep Baby Healthy in Summer

It is easier to keep some children in health in winter than in summer. And yet it is very important that the child should be strong and well during the hot weather. In the first place, a very little ill is liable to develop into a large one in summer because of the germs in milk, water and many kinds of food. You should be especially careful not to allow your children to become irregular in their stools during the heated term. The best relief you can give it, and the surest permanent cure, is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, the guaranteed laxative-tonic. It is exactly suited to the needs of children because it is gentle and mild in action, absolutely pure and free from narcotics, pleasant to take, and yet does its work promptly and efficiently. Thousands of mothers keep it constantly in the house against emergencies, and as a bottle costs only 50 cents or $1.00, and can be conveniently obtained of any druggist, no family should be without it. If you are one who has never tried Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin and would like to do so before buying it in the regular way, you can obtain a FREE BOTTLE by sending your address to

USE DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN

DR. W. B. CALDWELL, 400 Caldwell Bldg., Monticello, Ill.

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ALL Our Fine Straw Hats 1/4 Off

PANAMAS 1-4 OFF

$2.00 and $2.50 Soft and Plaited Shirts.....$1
$1.50 Soft and Plaited Shirts.....
All our 50c Fancy Neckwear.....
All our $1.00 and $1.50 Fancy Neckwear.....
35c and 50c Silk Lisle Hose.....27c; 4 for $1
25c Hose.....18c; 3 for
50c Wayne Knit Black Silk Lisle Hose; special..

Trunks, Steamers D. T.

20 PER CENT. DISCOUNT

The above offerings are not odds and ends jobs bought specially for a sale, but our cl... straight stock of summer haberdashery.

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With a long description of our tools and hardw... Enough is said when we tell you that the best ... chanics and builders buy theirs here. T... wouldn't unless there was good reason for it.

If we can satisfy them, we surely ought t... able to please you. Suppose you come in and ... us a chance.

C. C. SCHLATTER & CO...

COR. COLUMBIA AND CLINTON STS.

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IF YOU ARE AILING, CONSULT ME, I WILL CURE YOU.

DR. MORELAN...

Expert Specialist

For many years I have been curing diseases of men, and ... cess has been such that I can guarantee my patients a lasti... If you are in need of treatment, you should not hesitate t... me. My treatment will cure you and my guarantee prote... If you have been unsuccessfully treated, you should make o... effort to regain your health. My long experience and ... methods of treatment, aided by my superior office equipm... ables me to do everything that is necessary for my patients ... them in a shorter time than any other specialist.

Whatever may have caused your trouble, you do not wan... fer the full penalty exacted by Nature. You do not want you... wrecked, your happiness destroyed and your life filled with ... and suffering, when with a little effort you can avoid it. U... advanced methods of treatment a cure is a certainty. I CUR... WHAT I CURE STAYS CURED.

I treat, cure promptly, safely and thoroughly at the lo... Piles, Rupture, Catarrh, Debilitated Nerves, Loss of Streng... ered Vitality, Varicose Veins or Enlargement, Blood Poison... and Bladder Diseases and all diseases and weaknesses and t... plications. CONSULTATION AND ADVICE FREE. Write ... Cannot Call.

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Fort Wayne Sentinel

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XXI.. ... .NO. 313

OUR TELEPHONES.

ial Rooms.....680
ing Rooms 173

SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1910.

TONIGHT.

ements—Vaudeville at the Airdome and Robison Park theaters; tion pictures at Star, Casino, ppodrome, Pearl, Fairy and iety.
ellaneous—Pythian Sisters; Old ort, Lodge Carmen.

USING COMMON SENSE.

ernor Marshall in this state and nor Harmon in Ohio have both appealed to within a few days more or less like circumstances ops to meet alleged strike emergies. Instead of sending a body of ational guard to South Bend in er to the appeal of the Grand railway officials Governor Marsent the commanding officer of tate troops. General McKee has on the ground for several days which there has been no dishat the South Bend police dept was unable to deal with. The the railroad that it could not its trains because of the mobs de to appear ridiculous and the r put it up to the railroad to its train schedule if it could. re had been disorder and riotwth Bend is not to be denied. ... time was ...ual state of law is a preposterous claim. olumbus two regiments of the national guard were hurried in nse to an appeal by the local aucies. Governor Harmon hastened ie scene to find that the state s were expected to go out and l the street railway lines and rwise do police duty. At once he d that proposal and announced the municipal authorities must exhaust their means to protect t railway traffic and preserve orgenerally. Should the situation beyond ordinary means of control governor promised to use the 's arm to keep the peace, protect erty and permit the customary of business and traffic.

in these two instances it may re than suspected that both shrewdly saw an ulterior in the call for troops. In ase did personal investigaolish immediate need of the litary arm. Nothing can so e the public notion of a strike riot as the participation of hat creates a sentiment and themselves have a disheartt on strikers, specially where as been no accompaniment e. Governor Marshall and Harmon acted with common demanding to be "shown." pecially true in the case of Marshall. He is quoted as at it was "cheaper to keep l McKee at South Bend at six- dollars a day than a body of s at a thousand dollars a day." it is singular that with the ar- of General McKee on the ground us disorders promptly ceased during his entire sojourn in South there has been no recurrence of rouble which was represented to overnor as justifying military inition.

Winnetka coroner's jury de- to say that Monon President committed suicide, but ventured so far as to find that "he came to ath by a bullet from his own r fired by his own hand." Alto- the death of Mr. Ira G. Rawn as mysterious as the recent this city of Mr. Samuel Augsupon whom it was for a time gentlemen in a little affair ng around a saloon bar had violent reprisal. Mr. Augst will be remembered, was ing in the rear of a saloon head crushed. It was proved e hand at least admitted that een walloped over the head , but a jury was unable to hich of two gentlemen had nost and so to avoid posistressing error let both tlemen go. The Winnetka qual consideration, has deinvolve the suppositious unpleasant suspicions and opposed to imputing the e car magnate to the colored former coachman or chauffeur or something or other of the deceased mogul of the Monon. Also it appears that an item of some $90,000 or $100,000 of accident insurance policies which Mr. Rawn's becoming a deceased has converted into promising claims moved the jury to create latitude for collection by refusing to brand the death as a case of suicide. In consequence it is permitted the family to prove that Mr. Rawn was the victim of a most untoward mishap.

For the present the river bank beautiful has supplanted in the enthusiasm and energies of our leaders of civic enterprise the general scheme of a city beautiful and there is manifest the growth of a very lively sentiment in favor of improving the appearance of the watercourses through Fort Wayne. There is perhaps more immediate reason to inaugurate the city beautiful program in this way than to start upon some other features of the plan. To begin with, there are considerations of public health to be put foremost and cleaning the watercourses and beautifying their banks means much for the public health. It is a movement that ought to enlist the hearty sympathy and ready support of every citizen. While handsome is as handsome does, keep in mind that clean watercourses and clean river banks can do wonders. Fort Wayne's rivers have abundant natural beauty and instead of being open sewers of filth and double lines of garbage dumps, at once a menace to health and a sorrow to the gaze, they should be our chiefest ornaments.

It would be in nothing amiss if the New York authorities were to comb into those broker shops with which the embezzling bank cashier Wider found it so easy to do business. The marketing of half a million dollars of securities and the losing of the proceeds at the stock gambling game looks as though somebody must have known where the stuff was coming from and how to get it. Wider should not be a solitary goat.

President Taft has abandoned all his plans for trips west and south this fall. It must be a crisis of grave sort that could compel such a sacrifice. The president long in one place will be an unwonted spectacle.

And the assurance comes that Doc Crippen doesn't know a thing about it. Seems almost a shame to turn the trick.

COMMISSION GOVERNMENT COMMITTEE

(Contributed.)

The members of the committee on commission government met with the president of the Commercial club on Thursday afternoon at the club house, on Harrison street. The committee reported to Mr. Randall that it had been determined to visit Des Moines, Iowa, and two or three other cities in the northwest that have all adopted the commission form of government, that they might verify the wonderful plans that are being made by the citizens of such cities, and as to the better conditions that prevail therein since this more business like method of attending to the city's business has been inaugurated in their various cities. That all of the committee, except Mr. Thieme, who is now in Europe, expect to attend the meeting of the National League of American Municipalities, which is to be held in St. Paul and Minneapolis on the 23rd, 24th, 25th and 26th of August.

It was reported by the secretary that Mayor Grice had informed him that the city administration would also be represented at that meeting. That he hoped to be able to go himself, as it was undoubtedly true that the most advanced ideas of not only managing the city's affairs, but the means or methods of improving the city would be up for the most critical reports and criticisms.

While nearly all western cities are pushing to the front, it is undoubtedly true that Des Moines, because of the liberal spirit the citizens have displayed, and the fact that they are inaugurating a new system of government, has placed that city in the rays of the lime light. It is claimed by Des Moines that it has saved over $180,000 during the past year in the improvements made and the management of its affairs. That it has aroused greater general interest among its citizens and city affairs than ever before existed in its history. That the voluntary contributions of its inhabitants is nearly a million dollars and it has spent it in building a convention hall, Y. M. C. A. building, churches, bridges, parking the river front, etc., and that this liberality has become so contagious and has yielded such results that everybody is anxious to do more this year than was done last. Thirty thousand dollars was placed in the hands of a committee to be used in advertising the city during the period of three years, and it was not put up in the way of subscriptions, but the actual cash was put in the hands of the committee.

Why cannot Fort Wayne emulate the examples of these wide-awake cities? There is no western city of the like size or under one hundred thousand people that can show as desirable location and as cheap rates of freight as Fort Wayne can. There is no city under one hundred thousand that can gather the materials given out of which all manners of products can be made cheaper than Fort Wayne can.

STRANDED HIGH AND DRY.

Naval Vessel Ashore and Coast Resorters Drive Around Her.

Barnstable, Mass., July 30.—The naval supply steamer Solace, ran so far upon the Yarmouth bar yesterday in seeking other vessels of the North Atlantic Squadron at anchor in Cape Cod bay that at low tide this forenoon, summer residents amused themselves by driving round the stranded vessel. The accident occurred during a dense fog.

The position of the Solace, while an easy one, in soft sand, makes it difficult for large salving vessels to approach, and it may be some time before she is again afloat.

MR. CARLISLE IS BETTER.

Ex-Secretary is Recovering from Recent Illness.

New York, July 30.—Former Secretary of the Treasury John G. Carlisle, who was taken ill recently with an attack of acute indigestion which, on account of his advanced age, was considered serious, was resting easily this morning at his hotel here and was in no immediate danger, his physician said.

Mr. Carlisle passed through an acute phase of the attack early last evening, but rallied during the night. Today, although Mr. Carlisle remained very weak, his medical attendants expressed encouragement at the resistance he was displaying.

WELL KNOWN FORT WAYNE CITIZENS COMMEND RIVER IMPROVEMENT IDEA.

President Worden and Secreary Hanna in circulating the petitions to be submitted to the city administration and city council for an appropriation for improvement purposes have met with universal commendation from those who have been asked to sign the papers.

C. A. Dunkelberg, of the Bowser works, remarked to the committee that he considers the movement one of the most important ever undertaken by the city. "It absolutely meets with my sympathy and I hope it will meet with success. It is a progressive movement of the first importance to every man woman and child in Fort Wayne and it affects the people in every part of the city alike. It is of equal benefit to all because it will improve living conditions. I hope the enterprise will be pushed with all possible effort."

Van B. Perrine said: "I am stuck on the scheme and think it worthy of the support of every citizen. It is a great plan and will work out in a great way. Its benefits will be enjoyed by all alike, but it will particularly help those who have not the means to make summer trips during the hot weather, as it will bring the conditions of outdoor recreation home to all who cannot get away. Count me for the plan."

O. N. Guildin said: "It is a movement in the right direction and should be prosecuted speedily to a successful conclusion. If we will provide the public support for improvements of our waterways our city will be greatly benefited and in that all will share. This improvement will give our growing city a new beauty and will help to swell the population with a consequent increase of the values of property. The scheme is not, however, altogether utilitarian. It has an aesthetic value of positive quality which will be felt in the life of everybody. We are thirty years behind the cities of Europe and we should now no longer delay in this grand work of developing the water courses."

Edward White said: "I am enthusiastic for the improvement. I happened to be in Madison, Wis., not long ago and wa samazed to find what a small city like Madison, less than half the size of Fort Wayne, can do. The people there raise by voluntary subscription every year a large sum which is spent in making Madison a garden spot. I found that one-third of the lrge total was in sums of $5 or less. The people of Madison are very proud of what they have accomplished and they have a right to be. We can do as well and should lose no time getting at it."

Frank E. Stouder said: "Me for the improvement. I met with a priest from Madison, Wis., and he was so full of enthusiasm for the civic movement there that I don't see why we don't get at it and make Fort Wayne another beauty spot. We have the opportunity and the resources and we have nobody to blame but ourselves for not doing so."

Charles A. Wilding said: "I think the proposed improvement of our river banks so that they shall flourish like gardens is one of the most desirable and commendable of public enterprises. It is truly a municipal expenditure that is justified from every point of view. Wonders can be accomplished for our splendid city in this way, not only to beautify it but to make it a more healthful and desirable place to be born in, live in and die in than it is even now. I hope the movement will be pushed to a swift and certain conclusion."

E. M. Wilson said: "I am in the heartiest sympathy with the movement. We want Fort Wayne to be the most beautiful place on earth not only because we live here, but so that it may be attractive to those seeking new homes. We have before us the example of other cities not so large as Fort Wayne and we must not lag in the background when Fortune has favored us with possibilities of beauty that we have hitherto neglected. I am for the movement most sincerely."

Judge W. J. Vesey said: "I am certainly for the improvement of our city in every way and the water courses give us a splendid opportunity to transform some ugly places into gardens of great beauty. I hope our city officers will get busy with this proposition without delay and let us live thoroughly up to our opportunities. These are so apparent that they carry with them to every thinking citizen a positive responsibility to help this most worthy cause along."

Hugh G. Keegan: "We have been talking a long time about improving Fort Wayne and adding beauty to it and now it is time to act. I am heartily in favor of the proposition and hope that before another year very much beside agitation may be accomplished. We have the rivers right at our doors but we have not availed ourselves of the possibilities offered us as yet. We have a duty to perform as a people and I hope those in authority will not stop until this ideal has been realized."

Fred B. Shoaff said: "I am in thorough accord with the movement. It will benefit everybody and will make Fort Wayne grow more rapidly than ever before. It is time we were giving concrete expression to our ideals."

Col. D. N. Foster said: "The time has come when we should proceed with this work so that Fort Wayne may benefit from the ideals which have been ours so long. The city of San Diego, Cal., which is only half our size has been accomplishing wonders. By purchase and otherwise that city has acquired twenty miles of ocean shore and has a park of 3,500 acres. The people there are determined to make their city one of the world famous places and San Diego will have sometime a half million population. We can do much in attracting the right kind of growth to Fort Wayne by making it a beautiful place to live in. We have come to a time when people demand beautiful surroundings as well as those of comfort. Let us push this work."

Louis Fox said: "This movement to beautify Fort Wayne of course meets with my sympathy and support. I have found many things in European travel which I have wished we could realize in Fort Wayne and now I believe that the time has come to push this enterprise. We are fortunate in living in a city which has so many miles of water front but from the way we have neglected our opportunity in the past it would hardly be suspected that we had such a chance. We should not delay the improvement any longer."

Judge Owen N. Heaton said: "Nothing would please me more than to see Fort Wayne blossom as a rose in the way of improvement of our river banks. These should be made attractive to all our people and I believe this movement will meet with the approval of all our people. If both banks of our three streams were made one continuous park the benefit would be general to all and the expense could be distributed over a period of years so that the cost would not be heavy or burdensome. Thousands of children could find a place near at home to play, where they could breathe good air and grow up in health and strength with a greater love for their home city and a devotion to their state and country than has ever been dreamed of. I am for the improvement."

Merchants to Take It Up.

The agitation for the improvement of the rivers and drives of the city will receive a big boost on next Monday night when the Retail Merchants' association will take up the matter as a body, discuss its various features and appoint committees for each ward to keep alive the coals which are being kindled.

Following a visit from President G. H. Heine, and Secretary Harry F. Kennerk, of the association, upon C. H. Worden and R. B. Hanna this morning, the two latter gentlemen agreed to appear before the association Monday night and give definite information as to the plans. The members of the association have in most cases, signed the petitions for an increase in the tax levy as individuals, but giving the matter the endorsement of the complete body will strengthen it materially.

The committees which it is the intention to appoint will be comprised of men active in the interests of their community and men who wield influence. They are to act as agents for the movement, keeping the residents in their vicinities apprised of what is being done and lending the movement aid wherever possible.

"HEADQUARTERS FOR TALKING MACHINES"

I make it a rule to carry in stock everything manufactured for both the EDISON and VICTOR machines.

GUY CONKLIN,
1008 Calhoun St. Phone 124.
Easy terms. 10-30-tf

AT THE MAJESTIC

* Next Friday and Saturday, Saturday Matinee—"Her Son." * Week of Aug. 7—The Himmeline Stock Co. *

"HER SON."

The Opening Attraction at the Majestic Theater Coming for Two Nights and Saturday Matinee.

The season at the Majestic theater will open most auspiciously on August 5th and 6th, when W. C. Fridley will present for the first time in this city the new play by Charles Bradley, entitled "Her Son."

This remarkable play was tried out for a single week in the late spring at the Majestic theater in Brooklyn and created a sensation such as the stage has not seen in many a day. Unfortunately it was impossible to extend the engagement beyond the single week alloted to it and as summer was then well under way Manager Fridley quite wisely decided to postpone making a complete production until the new season.

The present company has been assembled with the idea of securing the best possible people for each character, and the organization will be seen in practically none of the smaller cities this season. Indeed so far Fort Wayne and Chicago are the only two cities in which it has been booked, for it goes direct to Powers theater, in the latter city, and is expected to remain there for a long engagement.

The title, "Her Son" exactly fits the theme of the play. It is said to portray as vividly the sacrifices and lengths to which a devoted mother will go, as "Paid in Full" depicted its phase of New York life. Mother-love has always been a subject of the most intense interest to all right-minded people but outside the maudling sentiment of melodrama it is doubtful if the subject has ever been fully developed on the dramatic stage. In "Her Son," Mr. Bradley has shown a master-hand in his treatment of the subject.

It is never well to tell the story of a play in advance, for suspense is always a valuable factor and in "Her Son" some of the scenes positively gain from the fact that the audience does not know the denouement. It may be said, however, that one of the incidents of the story is based on an international sensation which filled the newspapers a few years ago, and another has its exact counterpart in pigeonholed papers in the district attorney's office.

Mr. Fridley has assembled a company of the highest standard. It includes such well known names as Miss Jenny Eustace, Miss Katherine Emmet, Miss Margaret Lawrence, Miss Margherita Sargent, Sydney Booth, William Riley Hatch, Hall McAllister and Arthur Behrens.

MAJESTIC THEATER NOTES.

At an early date Harry Doel Parker will present that greatest of rural comedies, "Our New Minister," by the authors of "The Old Homestead."

Mr. Parker who owns "Under Southern Skies," "Wildfire" and other meritorious attractions, has given "Our New Minister" an elaborate production with nearly all the original cast, a carload of scenery and electrical effects, and at popular prices.

Wilton Lackaye when asked recently whom he considered the representative and most highly gifted stage artist, unhesitatingly replied, "Mrs. Fisk." In Minnie Maddern's early play, "Featherbrain," Mr. Lackaye was her leading support but he has not since that time been associated with her.

AT ROBISON PARK

The musical features at Robison park this season have not been overly attractive and with a single exception have been confined to a twelve or sixteen piece band. A small band is an incident and not an attraction at a resort of the popularity of Robison park, by reason of the fact that no program of pretensions can be rendered effectively by so small a number of musicians, no matter how proficient they may be. That the Fort Wayne public is comprised of great music lovers has been attested by the large crowds that have attended the free concerts given weekly in the city parks by the Electro-Technic band. Tomorrow this popular organization will be heard in two concerts at the park, the first one commencing about 4 o'clock and the second at about 6:30 or a little later. It will really be one concert played in two parts. The band will consist of twenty-eight pieces and a select program has been arranged. It will contain popular as well as classical music, a humoresque or two, a pleasing waltz number, the ever popular Merry Widow selection and other numbers to suit every taste. "A Vision of Salome" is a particularly attractive number. Uncanny in conception, weird in composition and intensely dramatic throughout, it has already, although yet quite new, claimed a high place among the works of American composers. The complete program is as follows:

PROGRAM.
—Part I at 4 O'clock.—
1. March—Grandioso ..... Seitz
2. Waltz—Fortune Teller ..... Herbert
3. Overture—Norma ..... Bellini
4. Concert Mazurka—Reverie ..... Gay
5. Pot Pourl—Dear Old Germany..Ascher
6. Selection—Merry Widow, introducing the Cavalier's song and the famous waltzes .....Lehar
7. Song Medley—Remick's No. 7..Lampe
8. Descriptive—A Vision of Salome..... ..... Lampe

Synopsis—Salome repulsed by John the Baptist appears before King Herod at his birthday feast. Immensely pleased, Herod promises anything she may ask. Urged by her mother, she asks for the head of John. The request is reluctantly granted, and when the head is brought she caresses and kisses it in her frenzy. She attempts to dance again but is stricken with fear and overwhelmed. She prays for forgiveness and swoons upon the floor.

9. March—Festal ..... Roux

—Part II at 6:45.—
1. March—The Southerner.....Alexander
2. Waltz—Amorettentanz ..... Gungl
3. Selection—Martha..... Mosca-Tebaul
4. Popular Medley—Haviland's 1910.... ..... Halle
5. Morceau—May Flowers..... Losey
6. Selection—The Dollar Princess....Fall
7. March—American Republic .....Thiele

OSSIAN HAS A BLAZE.

Davis Stave Company's Warehouse is Destroyed by Fire.

Ossian, Ind., July 30.—The warehouse of the Davis Stave company, located along the Lake Erie and Western railroad tracks, was entirely destroyed by fire at midnight, entailing a loss of about $1,000. It is believed the blaze originated in a spark from a passing locomotive. By hard fighting the office building and elevator near it were saved from destruction.

Coming to the Airdome.

MISS LOUISE DUNBAR.

Miss Louise Dunbar will play an engagement at the Majestic Airdome next week, where she will appear with Frank Jones in a comedy sketch entitled "A Pair of Lunatics." Miss Dunbar recently closed her season in stock at Indianapolis, and the little dip that she is taking in vaudeville for the week is just to get back to the scenes of her former triumphs. With Mr. Jones and Miss Dunbar on the bill, all records at the summer theater will no doubt be broken. This week's bill, which closes tonight is made up of the following acts: The Kellys in an Australian whip act; the Doherty singers and dancers, and illustrated songs and moving pictures.

Majestic Airdome

TONIGHT AT 8 AND 9:15
AND EVERY NIGHT
THIS SUMMER.
Vaudeville, Moving Pictures and Illustrated Songs.
Come When You Like and Stay as Long as You Like.
Prices 10 Cents No Higher

European School of Music

—Director—
GEORGE BAILHE, Pianist, Successor to Mrs. Ruhland.
Fall Term Opens Sept. 1st
Information as to tuition (Piano, Vocal, Violin), by mail or personal application on Mondays.

Sentinel Want Ads. Pay.

The Majestic Theatre

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, AUG. 5-6.
SPECIAL MATINEE PRICES 25, 50, 75. BOXES, $1.00.
The Most Startling Story Told this Generation.

Her Son

A PLAY OF TODAY
BY
CHARLES BRADLEY
STAGED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MR. E. F. BOSTWICK

A DISTINGUISHED CAST INCLUDING

JANE EUSTICE	MARGARET LAWRENCE
KATHERINE EMMET	MARGHERITA SARGENT
SIDNEY BOOTH	WM. RILEY HATCH
HALL McALLISTER	JAMES BEHRENS

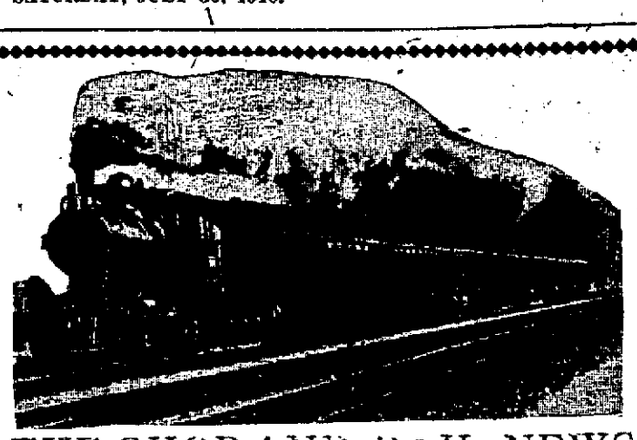
NOTE THE SALE OF SEATS OPENS Tuesday at 10 a. m.

PRICES 25-50-75-$1.00 AND $1.50.

TOMORROW Robison Park Afternoon & Evening

ELECTRO-TECHNIC BAND 26 Men. See Program Elsewhere

TOMORROW Robison Park Afternoon & Evening



THE SHOP AND RAIL NEWS

STEEL WORKERS WILL NOT STRIKE

Conference at Detroit Ends in an Amicable Settlement.

BOTH SIDES MADE SOME CONCESSIONS

Pennsy Athletic Committee Announces Tournament Program.

The prediction made by The Sentinel two or three weeks ago that there would be no labor troubles at the Fort Wayne Rolling mills this summer was verified by the announcement Friday night that the Western Bar Iron association, of which the local concern is a member, had reached an agreement with the iron workers. The news came in the shape of a telegram from the secretary of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers to E. G. Schwab, of 1314 West Jefferson street, who is a member of the wage committee. Settlement was made at the conference at Detroit yesterday and it was a compromise, each side making concessions. The steel workers had asked for a 10 per cent increase, but compromised on 3½ to 5½ per cent increase. The agreement was reached after three conferences but at no time were fears of serious trouble apprehended. The new agreement became effective July 1.

BEER ON THE PILOT.

Engineer Sam Kelker Makes Queer Discovery.

While engaged at Lima in oiling his engine, which was pulling Pennsylvania train No. 8 a few nights ago, Engineer Samuel S. Kelker saw a sack lying on the pilot and supposing it contained some tools belonging to Frank Kelker and Fred Eggeman, who were on the train doing some special work, he asked them about it and they disclaimed ownership. An investigation revealed the fact that the sack contained twelve bottles of beer and Mr. Kelker ordered the boys to set it off, which they did. As the train approached Lafayette, O., the engineer received a signal from the conductor to stop and when the train came to a standstill a man jumped off one of the cars, ran ahead and jumped on the pilot. Then he became excited and inquired what had become of a package he had placed there. When told that it had been set off at Lima, he became furious and declared he could "lick" the entire Pennsylvania force and was ready to do so if he was not at once reimbursed for the loss of his booze. Lafayette is a dry town and the beer was evidently for use in running a "blind tiger."

SHOP RUNNING AT ITS BEST.

Electric Works Unable to Keep Abreast of Demand.

Notwithstanding the fact that every department of the big plant has the largest force of workmen in its history and is running at full time, the Fort Wayne Electric works are not keeping pace with the demand for products. "We never had as much work on hand before," said one of the foremen this morning. "We will hail with delight the completion of the new addition, which when equipped will double our facilities and give us a chance to keep up with the sales department for a time at least," continued the foreman. The construction work on the big addition goes along rapidly. The Engineering company, which has the structural iron contract, has got their work along to a point where the masons and concrete workers will be able to commence on the office building next week.

GREAT ATHLETIC PROGRAM.

Pennsy Employes Make Several Open Events.

The ninth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania Company Employes' Athletic association will be the greatest event of its kind ever given in Fort Wayne. The committees held a meeting last night and completed the program of events, which contains a number of open contests in addition to an unusual interesting list open only to Pennsylvania employes. The free-for-all events include a five-mile motorcycle race, in which the participants will go in less than a mile a minute gate; a 100-yard running race, a 50-yard foot race for girls over 14 years of age, and possibly an automobile race. The soliciting committee reports the most successful work in the experience of the athletic association, none of the merchants refusing to donate. The tournament will take place at the Driving park Saturday, August 20.

NEW MEN AT 'LIGHTS.

Ralph Gillette has taken employment in the punch department of the Fort Wayne Electric works and J. Moser took employment with Foreman George Anderson in the receiving department. The latter was formerly employed at the Kerr Murray works.

HIRE MORE FIREMEN MONDAY.

Road Foreman of Engines C. R. Colmey will take on a few more firemen next Monday, which will probably end hiring new men for the season.

BRAKEMAN LOST A TOE.

Brakeman J. L. Lichte, of the G. R. & I., fell at Winchester yesterday in such manner that a car passed over one of his feet, crushing the great toe so badly that the attending surgeon had to amputate it.

SHOPS CLOSED TODAY.

Except the car department, the Pennsylvania shops were closed all of today, on account of the appropriation for shop expenses being exhausted. They were also closed last Saturday.

FINISHES BRIDGES TONIGHT.

The Wabash will complete the last of the four bridges over Calhoun street tonight and will early next week have the tracks elevated so as to run trains over all of them. Only two are in use now.

INVENTORY AT BOWSER PLANT.

Inventory is on at the plant of S. F. Bowser & Company and during its progress only the men necessary to do that work and to overhaul some of the machinery will be engaged. The works will resume operations next Thursday morning.

HAND CUT ON SHEETIRON.

Robert Boltz, employed in the punch department of the Fort Wayne Electric works, had his second finger of his right hand lacerated and the palm of the member cut yesterday by the sharp edge of a piece of sheetiron he was handling. The injury will disable him for several days.

MELVILLE BROOKS STILL LIVING

Melville Brooks, the Lima man, who was so badly injured in the automobile and train accident at Etna Green Thursday and later reported dead, is still living with fair prospects of recovering. He is at a hospital in Lima and the attending surgeon holds out hope that he will recover.

ELECTRO-TECHNIC AT PARK.

The Electro-Technic band will give two concerts at Robison park tomorrow, one in the evening and one in the afternoon. This will be the second of the series of concerts to be played at the parks of the Wabash Valley Traction company, the first being last Sunday at the Trail near Lafayette.

LAST OF NEW ENGINES COME.

This morning the Wabash received engine No. 2154 from the Detroit, Toledo and Ironton company, the last one of the sixteen purchased to be delivered. These engines are practically new and all of them were sent to the Moberly division, where power is most needed.

AUXILIARY ENTERTAINMENT.

The G. I. A. to the B. L. E. will have a social Thursday, August4, at the residence of Engineer and Mrs. Joseph Leeper, 513 East Creighton avenue. The social will be held in the afternoon and evening both and all of the members of Division 12 and the members of their families are cordially invited.

OPENED OFFICE TODAY.

The Pennsylvania opened its new division freight and Star Union Line office in the Anthony hotel building today. The office has two rooms and two entrances and is well equipped with office furniture. E. T. Wood, the division freight agent, went to Chicago at noon to spend Sunday with his family. He will soon bring his family here to reside.

FIREMAN HURT WHILE AT WORK

When Fireman R. M. Dignan, of the G. R. & I, put his hand out of the cab window and touched a building the engine was passing, a projecting nail caught the member and painfully cut it between the fingers. The train crew were switching at one of the towns along that railway when the accident happened. Although his injuries are not serious, Dignan will be disabled several days.

P. J. SINGLETON IN BAD WAY.

P. J. Singleton, former resident of Fort Wayne, who has been residing in Brooklyn, N. Y., three or four years, is still in a bad way physically and has not been able to work for many months. Mr. Singleton went to Brooklyn to take a position in the navy yards and sustained injuries which came near proving fatal about a year ago. He worked many years in the Wabash shops and served a term or two on the board of waterworks of the city.

WHITE-LEADING ENGINES.

An indication of the falling off of freight traffic on the Wabash is the increase in idle power, which is not so marked as it was the two or three preceding summers. Engines 2041 and 251, which have been turned out of the shops after being generally repaired, have been placed in "white lead" to await a revival of traffic. Engines 2163 and 810 have been repaired in the local shops and sent to the Moberly division to be put in service.

REPAIRED ELEVEN ENGINES.

Among the output of repaired engines from the Pennsylvania erecting shop during the week just closing was a big freight locomotive, No. 85, belonging to the Duluth and Minnesota Northern, which was damaged by hot boxes en route from the locomotive works. Others turned out after receiving general repairs were Nos. 67, 7029, 7280, 7376, 7393, 7499, 9102, 9260, 9316 and 9375.

DURNELL FAMILY REUNION.

The annual reunion of the Durnell family will be held at Ravenna, Ohio, Sunday, August 25. There are a number of the members of the family in Allen county, most of whom will attend the reunion. Included is Engineer M. H. Durnell, of the Pennsylvania, who has not yet failed to attend the gatherings. Last year 138 members of the family were at the reunion.

TURNED DOWN PROPOSITION.

The Lake Erie and Western has been compelled, on account of a shortage in equipment, to refuse a proposition to provide a special train of ten cars for the Modern Americans for an excursion to Indianapolis Sunday, August 21. This is quite a disappointment to the committee from that order which had the arrangements for the excursion in hand.

VAN WERT PLANS AN OUTING.

A good portion of the population of Van Wert will be temporarily transferred to Winona Wednesday, August 17, which will be "Van Wert Day" at Winona. Two trains have been engaged for the occasion. They will start from Van Wert and will take on excursionists at Convoy and Dixon. A number of the residents of Delphos and Middlepoint will join the Van Wert people, going there on interurban cars to take the train for Winona.

BRAKEMAN HEATH HURT.

Dr. Frank I. Dinnen was called to the Lake Shore yards Thursday evening to attend Brakeman W. M. Heath of the Lake Erie and Western, who was injured when a freight train he was riding and a switch engine collided. Mr. Heath was in the cupola of the caboose and when the collision occurred he was thrown to the floor, sustaining injuries to his right leg, which are not very serious. He was sent to his home in Muncie yesterday. None of the other members of the crew was hurt and the damage to property was not very great.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

A car load of wheels and axles for use in building steam shovels left the Bass shops today for Marion, Ohio.

A. L. Hadley, chief of the engineering department of the Electric works, has returned from a business trip to Madison, Wis.

Last night Bernard T. Steinacker, a Pennsylvania blacksmith, went to Chicago to spend a week or ten days with friends.

The Bowser Grays left at 2 o'clock this afternoon for Zanesville, where they are playing a game of ball with the team of that village.

Willard Knight, manager at the St. Louis office of the Fort Wayne Electric works, was in the city today on business with the officials and to visit relatives.

Electrician P. J. Sweeney, of the Pennsylvania, was called to Cleveland this morning to see his mother, who was said to be lying dangerously ill at her home.

The Baltimore and Ohio company has fifteen work trains engaged in improvements on the Western division of the system. Double tracking and elevating at Chicago are the occasions.

Gang Foreman Fred Stahl, of the Pennsylvania erecting shop, and his wife went into St. Joseph township this afternoon to spend Sunday with relatives.

F. G. Heller, clerk in the receiving department of the Electric works, and his wife went to Lake James this afternoon to spend Sunday with a friend.

Mr. Killey, of the Ralston Steel Car company, of Columbus, and Mr. Robinson, of the New York Central, car supply inspectors, inspected a number of wheels at the Bass foundry today.

One of the big steam hammers at the Bass blacksmith shop broke down yesterday afternoon and workmen will be at work continuously upon it in the hopes of getting it ready for operation Monday morning.

Machinist Herman Regel, of the Bass works, returned from Youngstown last night, where he spent a week repairing a steam plant. He went to Peru this morning to make some repairs on an engine.

Machinist John Singleton, of the Wabash, was presented with a son last night and he is the happiest man about the works today. A telegram carried the news of the advent of the little one to P. J. Singleton, the grandfather, at Brooklyn this morning.

C. L. Kimball and James E. Carman, of the Electric works, entered upon their vacation terms today. The former will spend the next week with friends at Penn Yan, N. Y., and Mr. Carman will spend the week at Rome City.

Blacksmith F. X. Miller will resume work at the Pennsylvania shops next Monday, having been sick a month. In the twenty years Mr. Miller has been employed at the Pennsylvania shops he will not appear at the pay car in August for the first time. He did not work a single day in July.

Charles Schmidt, clerk at the Pennsylvania shops, will resume that duty Monday. He has been east for ten days, enjoying his annual vacation. Machinist Robert Cran, who has been at Rome City for a week, will also report for work Monday.

President Joseph Ramsey, of the Ann Arbor, has notified the trainmen and firemen on that road that he will meet them in a conference over wage matters in a few days, in accordance with the petition sent by the men. No trouble is apprehended.

E. G. Hayden, traveling passenger agent of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul road in the Fort Wayne territory, says that the St. Paul will have the best track between Chicago and the Twin Cities when the improvements now in progress are completed. Contracts amounting to over $2,000,000 have been awarded and work started on the last three stretches of territory that will give the company a continuous double track between Chicago and Minneapolis.

THE MARKETS

GRAIN AND PROVISIONS.

Chicago Market.

Chicago, Ill., July 30.—July wheat, in which it has been quite generally believed that a corner existed, was sold down 5¾c a bushel today. A rebound of 4⅛c followed. Fluctuations both on the way up and down were violent, varying as much as 2 cents between trades. Transactions in the option were not on a large scale, but the variations in the price of the month were watched with much interest as this was the last day for delivery, and there had been talk that the officials of the board of trade might make a ruling which would render available for ocntracts 1,500,000 bushels of wheat now here in cars, but not technically in storage, according to ordinary regulations. The principal seller today was the concern said to be the chief short. One interpretation was that an attempt was being made to force the market lower so as to effect a more favorable settlement. Another explanation was that a settlement had already been arranged between the leading dealers in opposite sides and that the upset in price was the natural result. July wheat opened 2¼c to 3¼c down at $1.06 to $1.07, fell to $1.03½, rallied to $1.08 and reacted to $1.07. Other options started 5c lower to ⅛c higher with September ¾c down to ⅛c up at $1.02⅝ to $1.03. An advance followed to $1.03¾@1.03⅞.

Business was light and it did not take much to influence prices either way. The close was weak with July dropping 1¾ to 2¼c in the last fifteen minutes. The final figures were $1.05 to $1.05½, a net loss of 3⅝c to 4¼c. September finished at a net advance of ⅜c to ⅝c at $1.03¼ to $1.03⅜c.

Corn was strong on buying, due to fair weather and because offerings were light. September started ½c to 1c up at 63c to 63½c, touched 65⅝c and reacted to 63¼c.

Commission houses and shorts were purchasers of oats. September opened unchanged to ⅛c higher at 36⅝@37c, and rose to 37⅜c.

The trade was affected by a number of private reports of damage. The close was firm at 64@64¼c for September, a net gain of 1⅛@1⅝c.

Plenty of hogs made provisions easy. First sales were generally 5@7½c to 10c off with the September option at $21.00 for pork, $11.50@11.52½ for lard and $11.30 for ribs. July pork was an exception, showing an advance of 25c.

Range of Prices for the Day.

July 30.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.
Wheat—				
July	1.07	1.08½	1.03½	1.05½
Sept.	1.03	1.04	1.02¾	1.03⅜
Dec.	1.04¼	1.05⅛	1.04	1.04⅜
May	1.08	1.08¾	1.07½	1.08⅛
Corn—				
July	.63	.63	.62	.62
Sept.	.63½	.64¼	.62	.64⅛
Dec.	.61	.62¼	.60⅛	.62
May	.62⅜	.64	.61⅞	.63⅞
Oats—				
July	.39	.41	.38⅞	.40
Sept.	.37	.37⅞	.36⅞	.37⅜
Dec.	.38⅝	.38¾	.38	.38⅝
May	.40⅜	.41⅝	.40⅝	.41
Mess Pork, per bbl.—				
July	24.00	24.00	22.85	23.95
Sept.	21.60	21.62½	21.52	21.57½
Jan.	18.10	18.17½	18.10	18.15
Lard, per 100 lbs.—				
July	11.47½	11.65	11.47½	11.62½
Sept.	11.52½	11.57½	11.47½	11.55
Oct.	11.37½	11.42½	11.35	11.42½
Nov.	11.10	11.20	11.10	11.15
Short Ribs, per 100 lbs.—				
July	11.60	11.60	11.50	11.50
Sept.	11.30	11.35	11.25	11.32½
Oct.	10.85	10.95	10.85	10.92½
Jan.	9.17½	9.27½	9.17½	9.27½

Car Lot Receipts.

Wheat—Receipts today were 513 cars, with 419 of contract grade.

Corn—Receipts today were 301 cars, with 124 of contract grade.

Oats—Receipts today were 229 cars.

Total receipts of wheat at Chicago, Minneapolis and Duluth today were 706 cars, compared with 253 cars last week and 472 cars the corresponding day a year ago.

Chicago Cash Grain.

Chicago, Ill., July 30.—Cash prices: Wheat—No. 2 red, $1.03¼@1.03¾; No. 2 red, $1.03@1.04½; No. 3 red, $1.02@1.03¾; No. 1 hard, $1.03½@1.08; No. 2 hard, $1.03@1.04¾; No. 3 hard, $1.02@1.04; No. 1 northern, $1.24@1.25; No. 2 northern, $1.19@1.20; No. 3 spring, $1.15@1.17; durum, 94@1.00.

Corn—No. 2, 65@65½c; No. 2 white, 65¾@66¼c; No. 2 yellow, 65½@66c; No. 3, 63¾@64¼c; No. 3 white, 64½@65¼c; No. 3 yellow, 64½@65c; No. 4, 63½c; No. 4 white, 63@64c; No. 4 yellow, 62½@64c.

Oats—No. 2 white, new, 38@38½c; No. 2 white, 39@40c; No. 3 white, new, 37@37½c; No. 3 white, 38@39c; No. 4, 35½c; No. 4 white, new, 37@38¼c; standard, new, 38@38¼c; standard, 39@39½c.

Toledo Grain Prices.

Toledo, O., July 30.—Opening prices: Wheat—Cash, $1.03; September, $1.03½; December, $1.06¼; May, $1.08⅞@1.09¼.

Indianapolis Grain Prices.

Indianapolis, Ind., July 30.—Cash bids: Wheat—Market steady; red No. 2, $1.01; No. 3, 95c; July and August, $1.01; September, $1.00.

Corn—Market quiet.

Oats—Market quiet; No. 3 white, 36½c.

Hay—Market quiet.

New York Grain and Provisions.

New York, July 30. — Flour — Market quiet and without change.; spring patents, $5.75@6.15; winter straights, $4.50@4.65; winter patents, $4.75@5.10; spring clears, $4.35@4.60; winter extra No. 1, $3.75@3.90; winter extra No. 2, $3.50@3.65; Kansas straights, $4.85@5.15. Receipts today were 29,060 bbls.

Rye—Nominal.

Wheat—After opening a shade lower under cool weather and July weakness west, wheat steadied on covering of shorts and with strength in corn. September, $1.03@1.03½. Receipts today were 22,800 bu.

Corn was 2¼c, higher on covering of July shorts. July, 75@76c bu. Receipts today were 3,375 bu.

Beef—Market steady; mess, $15.00@16.00; family, $19.00@19.50; beef hams, $22.00@24.00.

Pork—Market quiet; mess, $25.50@26.00; family, $26.00@26.50; short clears, $24.00@25.75.

Lard—Market quiet; middle western, $11.70@11.80.

Sugar—Raw, market quiet; Muscovado 89 test, $3.86; centrifugal 96 test, $4.36; molasses sugar 89 test, $3.61; refined sugar, market steady; crushed, $5.85; granulated, $5.15; powdered, $5.25.

Petroleum—Market steady; refined, barrels, $7.65.

Coffee—Spot, market steady; No. 7 Rio, 8⅝c; No. 4 Santos, 9½@9⅝c.

Molasses—Market quiet; New Orleans, open kettle, 32@42c.

LIVE STOCK.

East Buffalo Market.

East Buffalo, N. Y., July 30.—Hogs—Receipts today were 3,200 head; shipments today were 2,470 head, all to New York; official shipments to New York yesterday were 2,000 head; market closing easy at the decline; mediums and heavies, $8.80@8.90; mixed, $8.90@9.00; yorkers, $8.25@9.30; light yorkers and pigs, $8.65@9.75; roughs, $7.35@7.50; stags, $6.00@6.50.

Sheep—Receipts today were 1,400 head; market steady for sheep and dull for lambs.

Cattle—Receipts today were 225 head; market dull.

Chicago Market.

Chicago, Ill., July 30.—Cattle—Receipts today were estimated at 600 head; market steady; heeves, $4.70@8.20; Texas steers, $3.50@5.50; western steers, $4.75@6.00; stockers and feeders, $4.00@6.25; cows and heifers, $2.50@6.35; calves, $6.50@8.75.

Hogs—Receipts today were estimated at 14,000 head; market 10c to 15c lower; light, $8.40@8.75; mixed, $8.00@8.55; heavy $7.70@8.40; roughs, $7.70@7.90; good to choice heavy, $7.90@8.40; pigs, $6.40@8.95; bulk of sales, $8.10@8.35.

Sheep—Receipts today were estimated at 4,000 head; market steady; natives, $2.70@4.50; western, $2.60@4.50; yearlings, $4.50@5.75; lambs, natives, $4.50@7.50; western, $4.75@7.60.

Indianapolis Market.

Indianapolis, Ind., July 30.—Receipts today were: Hogs, 6,000 head; cattle, 1,000 head; sheep, 300 head.

Veal Calves—Common to best, $6.00@9.00.

Hogs—Best heavies, $8.30@8.40; mediums and mixed, $8.35@8.70; good to choice lights, $8.70@8.80; common to good lights, $8.75@8.90; roughs, $7.60@7.75; best pigs, $8.75@8.90; bulk of sales, $8.30@8.80.

Pittsburg Market.

Pittsburg, Pa., July 30.—Cattle—Supply light; market steady.

Hogs—Receipts today were twenty-five double decks; market 30c to 50c lower; heavies, $8.50; mediums, $8.90@9.00; yorkers, $9.00@9.10; pigs, $9.35@9.45.

Sheep—Receipts today were fair; market slow.

PRODUCE AND POULTRY.

Chicago Market.

Chicago, Ill., July 30.—Cheese—Market steady; dinsies, 15¼@15½c; twins, 14¾@15c; young Americas, 15¼@15½c; long horns, 15¾c.

Potatoes — Market steady; choice to fancy, 70@72c; fair to good, 65@67c.

Poultry — Market easy; turkeys, 20c; fowls, 14c; springs, 17c.

Veal—Market steady; 60 to 80 lb. wts., 8@8½c; 60 to 85 lb. wts., 9@9½c; 85 to 110 lb. wts., 10@10½c.

New York Market.

New York, July 30.—Butter—Market firm; receipts today were 4,771 packages; creamery specials, 28¾@29c; creamery extras, 28@28½c; creamery thirds to firsts, 24@27c; state dairy common to finest, 22@27½c; process second to special, 23@25¼c; western factory, 22@23½c; western imitation creamery, 24@25c.

Cheese—Market steady; receipts, 2,162 boxes; state whole milk specials, 14¾@16c; do fancy, 14¼c; do average prime, 13¾@14c; do fair to good, 12½@13½c; do common, 9¼@11½c; skims, full to special, 2½@12c.

Eggs—Market irregular; receipts, 9,368 cases; state, Pennsylvania and nearby hennery white, 28@33c; do gathered white, 25@30c; do hennery brown, 25@27c; do gathered brown, 22@25c; fresh gathered extra firsts, 21@21½c; do firsts, 16@19c; do seconds, 16@17c.

Poultry—Alive, nominal, unchanged; dressed poultry, market quiet; western broilers, 17@18c; fowls, 17@18½c; turkeys, 16@19c.

OIL.

Toledo Market.

Toledo, O., July 30.—North Lima, 84c; South Lima and Indiana, 79c.

STOCKS AND BONDS.

The Day on Wall Street.

New York, July 30.—With the London stock exchange closed today the opening dealings here were very dull. Prices showed a sagging tendency. Sloss-Sheffield Steel fell 1¼ and Union Pacific, Louisville & Nashville and Amalgamated Copper ¾. There was a rise of ¾ in Utah Copper.

A break of 5¼ in Sloss-Sheffield Steel to below 50 again unsettled the market. Prices ran off easily before light offerings. Declines of a point or more became common in the most active stocks. Louisville & Nashville fell 2½. Illinois Central and American Car, Amalgamated Copper, American Smelting 2, Atchison, Reading and Chesapeake & Ohio 1¾. Union Pacific, Southern Pacific, Northern Pacific, Cotton Oil and Republic Steel 1½ and St. Paul, Great Northern preferred and United States Steel 1¼.

The market closed irregular and dull. Another sharp decline placed Chesapeake & Ohio 2¾ under last night's closing. Reading and General Electric 2½, Southern Pacific 2⅜, Denver & Rio Grande and Interborough Metropolitan preferred 2, Erie first preferred 1⅝ and Missouri Pacific and Rock Island 1½. The break in Sloss-Sheffield was responsible for renewed uneasiness for the maintenance of the dividend.

Sloss-Sheffield sold as low as 48½. Prices rallied from the lowest but the demand was light.

THE MONEY MARKET.

New York, July 30.—Prime mercantile paper, 5½@6 per cent.

Sterling exchange, easy, with actual business in bankers' bills at 483.25@483.30 for sixty day bills, and at 485.15@485.20 for demand.

Commercial bills, 482½@483.

Bar silver, 53¼; Mexican dollars, 44.

Government bonds, steady.

Railroad bonds, irregular.

Money on call, nominal.

Time loans, easier; sixty days, 3@3¼ per cent; ninety days, 4 per cent; six months, 5 per cent.

NEW YORK STOCK MARKET.

Quotations Corrected Daily by H. C. Klenke, Commission Broker, No. 3 North American Building.

July 30.

Stocks.	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.
Amer. Loco.....	34	34	33	33
Amer. Smelter..	66	66½	64½	64⅞
Amal. Copper...	62	62	61¼	61½
Atchison	97¼	97¼	94½	94⅜
Anaconda.	38¾	38¾	38⅜	38⅜
Car Foundry ...	45	45	43	44
Brook. Rap. Tr.	74⅜	74⅜	73¾	73⅝
Balti. & Ohio...	109¼	109½	109¼	109⅜
Ches. & Ohio...	71¼	71¾	68¾	69½
Col. Fuel & Iron	26½	26½	26½	28½
Louis. & Nash..	136¾	135¼	135	135⅛
Missouri Pacific.	51¼	51½	49¾	49¾
New York Cent.	110	110¼	109¾	109¾
Pennsylvania ..	127¼	127¼	126½	126⅞
Press. Steel Car	20½	20½	20	20
Reading	136¼	136¼	134	134¾
Rock Island	29½	29½	28	28⅝
Rock Island pfd.	60	60	60	60
St. Paul	121¾	121¾	120	120
Southern Ry....	22	22	21¾	21¾
Southern Pac....	111	111	108⅞	109⅜
Texas Pacific...	25½	25⅜	25½	25½
Union Pacific...	159⅝	159¾	158⅜	158½
U. S. Steel	67⅜	67⅜	66¾	66⅝
U. S. Steel pfd.	115½	115½	115¼	115½
Wabash pfd.....	33	33	32¾	32¾

NEW YORK BANK STATEMENT.

New York, July 30.—The statement of clearing house banks for the week shows that te bankhs hold $48,511,925 more than the requirements of the 25 per cent reserve rule. This is an increase of $8,198,500 in the proportionate cash reserve as compared with last week. The statement follows:

Loans, $1,191,400,200; increase, $8,940,700.

Deposits, $1,207,882,700; increase, $22,877,600.

Circulation, $48,446,500; decrease, $120,300.

Legal tenders, $72,865,700; increase, $2,348,700.

Specie, $277,616,900; increase, $17,569,200.

Reserve, $350,482,600; increase, $18,917,900.

Reserve required, $301,70,675; increase, $5,719,400.

Surplus, $48,511,925; increase, $8,198,500.

Ex-United States deposits, $45,921,625; increase, $5,193,475.

The percentage of actual reserve of the clearing house banks was 28.92.

The statement of banks and trust companies of Greater New York not reporting to the clearing house shows:

Loans, $1,114,491,200; decrease, $21,104,100.

Specie, $122,160,800; decrease, $1,392,200.

Legal tenders, $21,786,500; decrease, $200,700.

Total deposits, $1,228,459,300; decrease, $4,344,300.

FORT WAYNE MARKET.

Wholesale Prices.

Wheat—$1.00 bu.
Corn—60@65c bu.
Oats—38c bu.
Barley—55c bu.
Rye—65c bu.

BUTTER, EGGS AND POULTRY.

[Corrected by Geo. H. Crouse & Co.]

Fancy Elgin creamery, tub, 29c lb.; fancy Elgin prints, 30c lb.
Process butter, 26c.
Country butter, 19@25c lb.
Eggs—Fresh gathered extras, 15@16c doz; gathered, 17c doz.
Fancy comb honey, 12@14c lb.
Potatoes—20c bu.
Beans, $2.35@2.40 bu.
Chickens—12@13c lb.
Ducks, 12@13c lb.
Turkeys, 15@15c lb.
Onions, 50c and $1.00 bu.
Cream cheese, 17c lb; brick cheese, 17c lb; Swiss cheese, 20c lb; Limburger cheese, 18c lb; long horn cheese, 17c lb.

RETAIL STREET MARKET.

Eggs—Fresh gathered extras, 18@20c.
Fancy Elgin creamery; tub, 34c lb; Elgin prints, 36c lb.
Process butter 30c lb.
Country butter, 26@30c lb.
Butterine, 14@20c lb.
Country fresh eggs, 19@20c doz.
Lard (country), 12@14c lb.
Fancy comb honey 15@16c lb.
Potatoes, 20@40c bu.
Ducks, 16c lb.
Turkeys, 20c lb.
Beans, 10c qt.
Chickens, 14@15c lb.
Cabbage, 50@60c doz.

MILL QUOTATIONS.

Quotations of Maynower Mills—Winter wheat, straight, $5.00@5.40; graham flour, $4.40@4.80; rye flour, $4.20@4.80; pumpernickle, $4.40@4.80 ton; bran, $22.00 ton; shorts, $22.00 ton; chop feed, $24.00 ton; middlings, $22.00 ton; cornmeal, fine, $1.00@1.70 cwt; cracked corn, $1.60@1.60 cwt; cornmeal, coarse, $1.50@1.60 cwt; screenings, No. 1, 70@80c bu; No. 2, 60@65c bu; rye, 65c bu; flaxseed, $2.00 bu; corn, 60@85c bu; oats, 35c bu; wheat, $1.00 bu; barley, 55c bu; rye, 65c bu.

C. Tressett & Sons Quotations—
Winter wheat, straight.....$5.00@5.40
Winter wheat, patents.....$5.60@6.20
Spring wheat, patents .....$5.20@5.80
Graham flour .....$4.60@5.00
Rye flour .....$4.20@4.60
Pumpernickle .....$4.00@4.20
Bran, per ton $23.00
Shorts, per ton $23.00
Middlings, per ton $24.00
Screenings, per bu., 65c; per ton....$22.00
Chop feed, per ton.....$32.00
Cornmeal, fine, per cwt.....$1.40
Cracked corn, per cwt.....$1.60
Cornmeal, coarse, per cwt.....$1.50
Street bid on corn, per bu.....60@65c
Street bid on oats, per bu.....35c
Street bid on rye, per bu 65c
Street bid on barley, per bu.....55c

HIDES, SEEDS, ETC.

Quotations by S. Bash & Co.—Cured hides, 9½c; green hides, 8c; cured calf hides, 14½c; green calf hides, 12c; horse hides, $3.50; red cloverseed, per bu, $5.50@6.00; wool, unwashed and merchantable, 21c; wool, burry, black cotted and fine, 16c lb.

Quotations of Weil Brothers & Co.—Cured hides, X0½@10c lb; No. 1 horse hides, $3.50@3.75; No. 1 green calf hides, 13c lb; No. 1 green hides, 8c; tallow, 6½@7c; country mixed rags, 50@85c cwt; No. 1 rubber, 9½@10c lb; cut arctics, 7½c lb; light copper, 10c lb; heavy copper, 11@12c lb; heavy red brass, 10c lb; light brass, 6c lb; tinfoil, 23@25c lb; wool, No. 1, 21c lb; rejection, 16c lb.

CITY SCALES—RETAIL PRICES.

Hay—New, $10.00@15.00 ton; old, $14.00@17.00 ton.
Corn—60@70c bu.
Oats—40@45c bu.

COMMISSION HOUSE PRICES.

[Quotations of Geo. H. Crouse & Co.]

Chickens, 10c lb; dressed chickens, 15c lb; ducks, 12c lb; turkeys, 13@18c lb; country butter, 15@20c lb; process butter, 26c lb; eggs, fresh gathered extras, 16c; dirties, 15c; new potatoes, 30@40c bu; honey, 12c lb; packing butter, 12c lb; creamery butter, 30@34c lb; onions, 50@70c bu.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

(Corrected by Leikauf & Co.)

Hogs—Best heavy, 180 to 200 lbs., $8.50; mediums, 150 to 180 lbs., $8.35; lights, 120 to 140 lbs., $8.00; roughs, $7.00.

Steers—Good to choice, $5.00@5.75; mediums, $4.25@4.50.

Heifers—Good to choice, $3.50@4.00; mediums, $4.00@4.25.

Bulls—Good to choice, $3.50@4.50.

Cows—Good to choice, $3.50@4.65.

Calves—Good to choice, $8.50@7.25; mediums, $5.75@6.00.

NORTHEAST INDIANA PRICES

(Corrected Daily by Thos. R. Riddle.)

No. 2 red wheat, new, per bu.....$	.94
No. 2 white wheat, new, per bu....	.92
Standard white oats, new, per bu..	.31
Yellow shelled corn, per bu.....	.58
White shelled corn, per bu.....	.58
Mixed shelled corn, per bu.....	.56
Yellow ear corn, per cwt.....	.55
White ear corn, per cwt.....	.55
Mixed ear corn, per cwt.....	.52
No. 2 rye, new, per bu.....	.65
No. 2 barley, new, per bu.....	
No. 1 timothy hay (baled) new ...	9.5
No. 1 clover mixed hay (baled) new	7.5
No. 1 clover hay (baled) new.....	6.5
Mow hay, $1.25 less.	
Grade discounts—No. 2, $1.25; No. 3, $2.50.	
Prime red cloverseed, new.....	8
Prime Alsike seed, new	7.

A Discount

Until eleven o'clock tonight. Better come in and pick up some of our great values.

Next week we begin unpacking and marking the new fall goods

PATTERSON-FLETCHER CO.

"BRISTOW LIES," SAYS ALDRICH

Rhode Island Senator for First Time Hits Back at Insurgents.

Providence, R. I., July 30.—For the first time since he has been under bombardment by Bristow, of Kansas, and other insurgent senators, Nelson W. Aldrich has hit back.

"That man Bristow is telling a pack of lies on me," he said. "He has told so many lies—he manufactured them so rapidly—that I wouldn't know where to begin should I take notice of him and enter denials."

"If the charges had been made upon the floor of the senate the case might be different," was suggested.

With a sardonic smile that ran into a chuckle the Rhode Island senator responded:

"Yes—yes, you notice they don't talk about me that way on the floor of the senate."

NOT AUTHORIZED TO RECRUIT.

General Tomas Seems to Be a Spurious Patriot.

New Orleans, July 30.—If there is any such person as General Victor Tomas, authorized to recruit soldiers at Chickamauga Park, for the service with the insurrectionists in Nicaragua, General Richard Sussman, representative of Estrada in New Orleans, does not know the man.

"The Estrada government making no attempt to muster for in the United States,' says Gen Sussman. "I am not acquainted with anyone by the name of General Victor Tomas, and if anyone has been delegated by General Estrada to seek forces in this country he should most certainly have been advised of it. I have received no information to this effect."

HIS BOAT WAS STOLEN.

Charles Garver has reported to the sheriff that his blue boat was stolen last night from the Maumee river below the Walton avenue bridge. Somebody broke the lock and floated off with the craft last night.

Efficacious.

Friend—What! You don't mean to say that you saved the lives of those freezing men by mental treatment?

Explorer—Yes, indeed. We persuaded them that they were watching one of the early season's ball games.—Puck.

The Real Thing.

Fair nature is the sweetest bard of all
Once take a walk with her you'll no doubt it.
There is more poetry in spring's glad
Than all the stuff the poets sing
it.

—Brooklyn

Automobile Doings.

"We're going to have a great time on our next trip," said the hub rim.

"How do you know?" asked the tire.

"I heard one of the tires say we're getting ready for a blowout."—Indianapolis Republican.

A Protected Inheritance.

"Where does she get her complexion?"

"From her mother, and her father pays to keep it in repair."—Cleveland Leader.

The Divorce.

"What disposition is made of the children of the couple?"

"They will spend six months with the servants of each parent."—Puck.

DIAMONDS

You can buy a Diamond on weekly or monthly payments on a small payment down. Wartell, Cut Rate Jeweler, 1318 Calhoun St.

There is absolutely no reason why any person desiring a sum of money for any purpose at any time should go without it when we are making loans so conveniently and at such reas

SOCIETY

The general topic of conversation these midsummer days is the summer trip one has just taken or is about to start upon. Society with her gowns, hats, embroideries and bridge games has taken a back seat and is priming itself for the full campaign. August has been chosen by a number of brides as the best month in which to marry and there will be several large church weddings during the month.

* * *

Mrs. E. A. Dykeman, of Eby avenue, announces the engagement of her daughter, Miss Beulah Connett, to Omar A. Kenyon, of Birmingham, Ala. Miss Connett is a bright and attractive young woman who is employed as a stenographer for the Knott-Varnam company. Mr. Kenyon is a linecotype operator.

* * *

Mrs. Catherine Cahill, of East Jefferson street, announces the engagement of her daughter, Ave Marie, to Jacob C. Lauer, son of Gregory Lauer, of 806 Maumee avenue. Miss Cahill is one of the most interesting young women in St. Mary's parish and is as pleasing and likable as she is capable and accomplished. Mr. Lauer is a member of a well known firm of carpenters and is an excellent young man with many friends. The bans of matrimony for Miss Cahill and Mr. Lauer will be published tomorrow morning in St. Mary's Catholic church. The wedding will take place on Tuesday, August 16.

* * *

Mrs. Sam Wolf and daughter, Dorothy, are visiting relatives in Ligonier.

Mrs. Clara B. Bendure went to Bellevue, Ohio, today to visit her aunt, Mrs. C. F. Ziegler, for a while.

Mrs. Jennie Bauer and Miss Linda Bauer have returned from a visit at Wolf Lake.

Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Heim, of Hoagland avenue, will leave Sunday morning for an outing at Michigan points.

Miss Mary Boag, who has been visiting for the past four weeks at Macon, has returned home.

Mrs. J. W. Phippen, of Watertown, N. Y., is visiting Mrs. Nettie King, of Avilla avenue.

Miss Rosella Schwartz, of 612 Washington boulevard east, is at Rome City visiting friends for a few days.

Miss Katherine Potthoff, who was the guest of Mrs. C. Hitzeman, has returned to Logansport.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Diebold have gone to Lake George for a two weeks' outing.

Mrs. Catherine Summers, of Douglas avenue, and Mrs. Clem Weber have returned from a visit in Chicago.

Mrs. William Dodson and her sister, Miss Mary Shrimpton, of West Main street, have gone to Clear lake to remain several days.

Mrs. David Martin, of Chicago, and Master Oakley Foster, of Pierceton, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Stockbridge.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Stier and the Misses Traub are going to Lake James tomorrow, where they have a cottage for a month.

Miss Parry and Miss Jessie Parry, of Washington boulevard west, have gone to Mansfield, Ohio, for a visit with relatives.

The Misses Fox, of McClellan street, have taken a cottage at Lake Maxinkuckee for the month of August and will spend their holidays there.

Mrs. Lew V. Ulrey has returned from a trip of a month's time, during which she visited Chicago, the great lakes and friends in Cincinnati.

Miss Etta Jackson, of West Wayne street, has gone to the lakes in the northern part of the state for a month's vacation.

The members of the Monday Night Pedro club enjoyed their annual picnic supper along the dike in Lakeside last evening.

Miss Maude A. Haag, of Van Buren street, will leave tomorrow for Louisville, Ky., to visit for two weeks with Mr. and Mrs. George Depner, former residents of this city.

Miss Maude M. Wilson, of 124 Washington boulevard east, has gone to Indianapolis where she will join friends and with them go to Aatlantic City for a month.

Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Hulburd, of Lakeside, have returned from a two weeks' stay in St. Paul, Minn. Their son, Fred, has gone to Cleveland to spend the month of August.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Bond and daughter, Lois, left this morning for Colorado, where with a party of ladies and gentlemen they will camp in the mountains for a month.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wisehart and son, Eugene, have gone to Cleveland and Akron, O., for a few days. They will make the trip home in an automobile.

There was a gathering of relatives at the home of John C. Pfeiffer, corner of Wells and Archer streets, on Wednesday, in celebration of Mr. Pfeiffer's eighty-ninth birth anniversary.

Miss Augie Chapin, of West Wayne street, is going to Beach Haven, N. J., next week to join her sister, Miss Elizabeth Chapin, for a two or three weeks trip.

Miss Arta Numbers, of Austin, Texas, arrived in the city today to visit her sister, Mrs. George W. Beers. She was accompanied by a niece, Miss Mildred Numbers, of Philadelphia, who has been visiting in Austin.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Throckmorton, of Hoagland avenue, went to Lake James today, where they will be guests for several weeks of Mrs. Throckmorton's father, J. B. Pierson, who has a cottage at the resort.

Mr. and Mrs. John Terry and daughter, Miss Lena Terry, and grandson, Paul T. Sheplar, are going to Lake James to spend the coming two weeks. Miss Anna Danehy will be with them one week.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Kynaston, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Reiter, Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Obenchain and daughter, Beryl, Miss Garnet Smitley and Miss Kate Bauer formed a party who went to Silver lake today for an outing.

Miss Ola Marks entertained the half dozen young women who form the South Side Sewing Bee yesterday afternoon at a garden sewing party in honor of Mrs. Jud Overmyer, who is spending a few days in the city.

The girls of the W. T. W. club will spend the coming week at Rome City in the Restmore cottage. The members of the club are Misses Mary Echrich, Catherine Gunkel, Cecelia Metzler, Norah Klotz, Frances Christen and Vera Nipper.

The Willing Workers' Aid society will hold a meeting next Tuesday at Park place, with Mrs. A. T. Lipes, corner of DeWald and Miner streets. Mrs. Lipes will be assisted by Mrs. Jasper Metzner, Mrs. Grace Allen, Mrs. Teagarden, Mrs. H. S. Gates and Mrs. William Smith.

Charles F. Taylor and his daughter, Mrs. Wallace Worsley, and son, leave today for Decatur, Ill., where they will join Mr. Worsley, who is on his way to New York from a western trip. Mr. Taylor will accompany Mr. and Mrs. Worsley to New York and may remain there some time.

Mr. and Mrs. M. B. V. Archbold and Judge and Mrs. R. K. Erwin celebrated the birthday anniversary of Mr. Archbold and Judge Erwin last evening by taking dinner at the hotel Anthony. It is a custom of the two families to spend the natal anniversary together as the gentlemen are of the same age.

Misses Gertrude and Josephine Campbell, of Avilla, and their guests, Miss Isabella Shaw, of Mattoon, Ill., and Miss Van Nessa McDowell, of Forest, Ill., are in the city to remain over Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Campbell, of Wildwood avenue. Mr. and Mrs. Donald Campbell and Miss Arele Mitchell, of Kendallville, will join the party tomorrow.

Mrs. Jud Overmyer and children are guests for a short time of Mrs. Ida Overmyer. Miss Grace Fitch, who had been visiting her sister, Mrs. Jud Overmyer, in Wampun, Pa., came with them. The family will not return to Pennsylvania, as Mr. Overmyeh has accepted a responsible position in Alpena, Mich., and will soon take his family there to live.

Misses Mary and Margaret Cunningham, of Masterson avenue, will leave tomorrow for a trip of some weeks, which will include visits in Boston, Mass., New York and other eastern points. On their return home the ladies will take a boat from New York to Old Point Comfort, where they will make a short stay.

Mrs. S. E. Hamlett, of 305 West Main street, entertained the ladies of the Ne Plus Ultra club last Tuesday afternoon. Progressive pedro was played. Punch was served during the afternoon and at the close of the game delicious refreshments contributed still further o the guests' pleasure. The club will have a picnic at Robison park on August 9.

Mrs. M. A. Mason returns home today from a ten weeks' trip in Europe. Mrs. Mason visited in Scotland, England, Holland, Belgium, France and Switzerland and in a party with sixty other Americans celebrated the Fourth of July in Amsterdam. Mrs. Mason went abroad and came home with Mrs. Josie Warner and two daughters, of Bluffton. Mrs. Warner was a national delegate to the world's convention of the W. C. T. U.

A STEP IN SELF-GOVERNMENT FOR BRITISH INDIA.

INDIAS NEW LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL IN SESSION

By the passing of the Indian Councils act, 1909, the constitution of the governor general's legislative council has been materially modified. The act is entitled "An Act to Amend the Indian Councils acts, 1861 and 1892, and the Government of India act, 1833 (May 25, 1909)."

Section 1 provides that "The additional members of the councils for the purpose of making laws and regulations (hereinafter referred to as legislative councils) of the governor general and of the governors of Fort Saint George and Bombay and the members of the legislative councils already constituted or which may hereafter be constituted of the several lieutenant governors of provinces, instead of being all nominated by the governor general, governor or lieutenant governor, in manner provided by the Indian councils acts, 1861 and 1892, shall include members so nominated and also members elected in accordance with regulations made under this act." Lord Minto is here shown presiding.

OUR CULINARY DEPARTMENT

MENUS AND RECIPES FOR HOUSEKEEPER'S DAILY USE

SATURDAY, JULY 30,

Breakfast.

Fruit.
Cereal with Cream.
Broiled Tripe.
Potato Cakes.
Baking Powder Biscuit.
Coffee.

Lunch.

Scotch Eggs. Tomato Sauce.
Black Currant and Apple Tarts.
Iced Tea.

Dinner.

Orange Cocktail.
Braised Ox Tongue.
Piquant Sauce.
Baked Potatoes.
Mashed Turnips.
Beet Salad. Prune Jelly.
Lady Fingers. Iced Coffee.

RECIPES.

Prune Jelly.

Four tablespoonfuls of powdered gelatine, one pound of prunes, a quarter pound of sugar, grated rind of one lemon, two inches of cinnamon stick, one pint of water, two ounces of brandy, one wineglassful of cherry brandy, half a pint of whipping cream. Wash the prunes and allow them to soak for two hours in the cold water; then put both into a saucepan, add grated lemon rind, cinnamon and sugar. Stew till tender, then strain off liquid and rub prunes through a sieve. Crack the stones, blanch the kernels and add them to the pulp. Put liquid from the prunes into a saucepan, add to it the brandy and gelatine, then dissolve carefully over the fire. Strain this into the pulp and stir occasionally until almost cold. Rinse out a ring mold with cold water and decorate it with the almonds, blanched and shred, fill up with prune mixture and set aside in cool place until firm, then turn out and serve with whipped and flavored cream in the center. Decorate with chopped pistachio nuts and a few preserved cherries.

Lady Fingers.

Beat together for ten minutes five eggs and one cupful of powdered sugar; if then very creamy and light stir in carefully one and one-half cupfuls of sifted pastry flour and one teaspoonful of lemon juice. Put through a pastry bag on papered and greased pans. Dust with powdered sugar and bake in a moderate oven.

ARISTOCRATIC NIMROD RETURNS.

DUKE FERDINAND DE MONTPENSIER.

New York, July 30.—The Duc de Montpensier, who has just returned to New York from a shooting trip in Mexico, is devoting part of his time here to the preparation of moving pictures of his travels and exploits. He let it be known that he has been acquiring skill in the use of the lariat. He has attained some distinction as a matador in a Spanish arena.

"I'm not content to kill the bulls that others have caught," he said yesterday at the Hotel Knickerbocker. "I want to learn to catch them for myself. That is one of the reasons I go to Mexico. Whenever I visit a country I live the life of the people there. I love life in the open and I love to shoot big game. I hate the life of large cities."

The French rover has journeyed far and wide. His favorite place is a French colony in Indo-China.

"There are jungles there," he said "with temples two thousand years old set down among them. They are very beautiful in their desertion."

Asked as to his opinion of American women as compared to those of England and France, he said:

"Seen in large numbers, in shops, restaurants and the streets, American women are much prettier. Still you think beauty here is in quantity, not quality.

WISE WORDS
A Physician on Food.

A physician out in Oregon has views about food. He says:

"I have always believed that the duty of the physician does not cease with treating the sick, but that we owe it to humanity to teach them how to protect their health, especially by hygienic and dietetic laws.

"With such a feeling as to my duty I take great pleasure in saying to the public that in my own experience and also from personal observation I have found no food to equal Grape-Nuts and that I find there is almost no limit to the great benefit this food will bring when used in all cases of sickness and convalescence.

"It is my experience that no physical condition forbids the use of Grape-Nuts. To persons in health there is nothing so nourishing and acceptable to the stomach, especially at breakfast to start the machinery of the human system on the day's work. In cases of indigestion I know that a complete breakfast can be made of Grape-Nuts and cream and I think it is necessary not to overload the stomach at the morning meal. I also know the great value of Grape-Nuts when the stomach is too weak to digest other food.

"This is written after an experience of more than 20 years' treating all manner of chronic and acute diseases, and the letter is writen voluntarily on my part without any request for it."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Fashion Hint From Paris.

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White tussor costume.

A FEW SHORT WEEKS.

Mr. J. S. Bartell, Edwardsville, Ill., writes: "A few months ago my kidneys became congested. I had severe backache and pain across the kidneys and hips. Foley Kidney Pills promptly cured my backache and corrected the action of my kidneys. This was brought about after my using them for only a few short weeks and I can cheerfully recommend them." Dreier Bros.

St. Vincent's annual picnic will be held at Academy grove, Wednesday, August 3. Come and have a good time. 27-30-1

All our Wall Paper discounted 20 to 50% during July.
7-16-sat-tf. KEIL & KEIL.

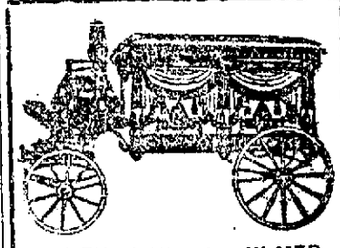
Concert, Electro-Technic band, Robison park, Sunday. 24 pieces.

Fred Peters and Harry Deem have gone to Rome City.

A New Lot
—Of—
Photographic Supplies
Such as Paper, Plates and Films, at
LEHMAN BOOK & NEWS CO.
128 E. Berry St.

THE MORNING WATCH
Don't permit that aching tooth to keep you awake. Come to us. If it needs pulling we will pull it. If it needs filling we will fill it. It won't cost much either in money or worry.
Plates $8.00-$10.00.
Teeth Cleaned, $1.00.
DR. MOMMER.
814 Calhoun St., over Star Shoe Store

DR. RUSH OSTEOPATH. THE REGISTERED
Graduate From Several Schools.
TWELFTH YEAR IN FORT WAYNE
Suites 49, 50, 51, Pixley-Long Bldg.
Diseases Cured. Examination Free.
Home Phone 589. Residence 2218.
"Cured me with his wonderful scientific treatment."—Mrs. G. Childers, Garrett, Ind.
TAKE NOTICE and pay what you owe Dr. Rush, or have the money ready when Ralph calls on you with the statement as business requires quick action.



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UNDERTAKERS & EMBALMERS
OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.
Albert H. Scheumann, Assistant.
339 E. LEWIS ST.
Office 'Phone No. 900; residence, 6186 and 1210.

This is the Hottest Week of the Year

When the weather bureau predicted that this week was to be the hottest of the year, they hit it about right.

Bake Day Will Make It Much Hotter

The best you can do is to be as cool as you can. Do nothing that will make it hotter. Give up baking for one thing and spend your regular baking hours on the porch or at the parks.

Perfection Bread Is Refreshing as Rain

If you have always eaten your own bread, thinking you could not buy bread as good as you bake, "Perfection" will be a delightful surprise to you.

At all dealers.

Perfection Biscuit Company.

Our Line of Watches, Gold Jewelry, Sterling Silverware and Rich Cut Glass

Is selected with great care and many of the designs are exclusive.

We will esteem it a pleasure to show you and have you compare quality and price.

Trenkley & Koerber
816 CALHOUN ST.

Try The Sentinel Want Ads.

A Page of Interest to Women

With Little Care Can Keep Porch Furniture Neat

Paint and Varnish, Properly Applied, Improve Both Its Appearance and Wear.

Porch furniture is expected to stand a very great deal of rough wear, and, generally speaking, it does pretty well. At the same time it gets shabby looking, of course, while it may really be kept in good condition by exercising a moderate amount of care.

At the outset, perhaps, I should say, for the benefit of those who have not yet tried it—that if you are going to paint or varnish shabby chairs or other articles of veranda furnishings, do so when they are put away in the fall, and give them all winter in which to get dry.

Most people give the coating in the spring or early summer and when the first warm, humid days come paint and varnish seem to give, with the result that gowns are often ruined, or, at all events, injured a good deal.

The paint and varnish not only improve the appearance, but also the wear of porch furniture, but the renovating must not be left too long.

The kinds of furniture for outdoor use in summer include willow, wicker, prairie grass and the different varieties of cane.

Again, quite a good deal of wooden furniture on the order of mission in very light weight is used out of doors nowadays. It certainly is very substantial and restful looking, too, whether in the wood browns or dull forest greens, while the addition of cushions covered with gay colors makes up a most attractive whole.

To keep mission wood in good order is very little trouble. True, it shows every speck of dust, but in these days of dustless dusters the furniture may be kept free by having one of these conveniences on hand. If sun or rain has created ravages the application of a well oiled rag will usually restore the wood to its original condition, allowing the oil to sink in and then rubbing with a clean rag.

Should the wood become actually dirty from just general use, soap and water may be applied with excellent results. When dry the furniture is ready for the oiling.

Chairs and tables manufactured from prairie grass and known as crex furniture, is very attractive, but it has a great way of catching the dust. A stiff brush will dislodge it in the crevices and a damp cloth is better for removing it when brought to the surface.

The parts of chairs under the seats and the lower parts of tables catch and also retain the dust very easily, so that every day is none too often to give attention to the dusting.

The finish applied to the crex furniture is exceedingly durable and if kept free from dust, will last almost indefinitely.

Willow furniture, though not so substantial as the crex, requires very little daily care, but when it begins to look a little dark and soiled, each article should be thoroughly washed in a solution of salt and water, used hot, in the proportion of a handful of salt to a pail of water. Afterward, rinse in lukewarm water to remove all trace of the salt, then leave in the sun to dry. Unless the salt is thoroughly washed off, it will "give" in damp weather, and will not only make the chair uncomfortable, but the salt will attract and hold every particle of dust that may be flying around. These many seem very trivial details, but it is easy to clean furniture and in the end find the "last state worse than the first."

The cane seats of chairs are apt to sag with constant use, and for tightening purposes there is nothing better than the application of plenty of hot water—the hotter the better. The chairs should be turned bottom upward and the water applied from the under part of the seat, back or foot rest as required. Salt and water will freshen the cane work, as well as it does the willow ware. The splint wood chairs can be washed with soap and warm water safely, and after a good drying in the sun will be seen to have greatly improved.

The frames of chairs for outdoor use are of only simple woods, and so may be washed off with lukewarm water and a good white soap, which will keep them in good condition. The plain, unstained woods are not so easily kept clean as those that are varnished.

ELISABETH LEE.

LIVING MODELS WILL TEACH WOMEN HOW TO DRESS WELL.

THE SWAN HAT.

THE PEACOCK HAT.

THE ROBIN HAT.

New York, July 30.—If you really want to know what is the right thing in style, or rather what is going to be the right thing just as soon as you have time to recover from your vacation and are beginning to realize that hot chocolate and Tom and Jerries are as expensive as ice cream and highballs drop into Madison Square Garden any day or night between August 10 and 20.

You'll surely see some style there for it is then that the third annual International Wearing Apparel, Style and Fabric Show is to take place, and the costumes, millinery and other things shown are guaranteed to be the best, ever, and so varied that the national debt limit would be tripled if individual accounts that will do the hurdle effect after it were to be added.

At the show there is going to be all sorts of things exhibited by the wholesale firms of this country, France Germany and England. Walking costumes that no one ever could walk in and keep their balance, lounging costumes that would explode if lounged in, and theater costumes that would make the audience forget all about the stage to look at them are to be there and, best of all, they are to be worn by living models, who will tell the women anxious to acquire the same habit just how to wear them and look as if they felt comfortable.

One of the greatest exhibits is to be the millinery department. Here all the latest phases of the disease are shown. The Chantecler, that was talked about so much, will look like a modest little headpiece when it gets lined up beside the other hats that have an altitude that would make an aviator jealous and magnitude that would make an expansionist joyous, a variety of color that would make an impressionistic water color artist bow to and an exhibit of feathers, beaks and plumes that would turn the head of any ornithologist if he tried to classify them.

First of all there is the peacock hat. It is of a pale peacock blue, to be worn with a combination Princess-Empire gown of the same color, but trimmed with yellow. This hat is built on the principles that the peacocks are related to the pouter pigeons and looks like one of the push balls used in the gymnasiums. Towering high above it are half a dozen of the longest peacock plumes that can be bought. The owner never rides in a street car, for this is a classy hat, and anyway she could not get inside.

Next in size is the swan hat, to be built on either red or brown principles with a sort of gothic effect toward the port bow and a list to starboard. A perspective shows it to be built on a model that is a sort of hybrid between a yawl and a barge, but with a slight resemblance to the catboat in the peak and something of the yawl amidships. On it is placed a stuffed swan with its neck either arched or dislocated until it has the look of a dying hen in a pessimistic mood.

The robin hat, built on heroic lines, which attempts to show a robin the size of an ostrich, with his head hanging low from the freeboard and the tail upstanding, is another thing that will be noticed, and when the robin ornament is seen with a yellow walking gown trimmed with black, strong men will ask in fear and admit that they can have just one more before the last train. Besides these hats there are to be owl hats, heron hats, crow hats, bat hats, duck hats and a multitude of deer hats. There will be more than a hundred living models, and there will be—well, it will be worth while seeing, and it doesn't matter if you are interested in anything from the grown up in the wearing apparel line or from shoes to aigrettes, you will be satisfied.

Among the living models will be many of the most famed in America including the Misses Catherine Collins, Alice Joyce, Anna Neilson, Mabel Normand, Lulu Gorey, Ray Gilmore, Jane Grover and May Madden. There will also be a number of French, German and English models, but the European living exhibits have such unpronounceable names that the press agents refused to try to tell anything about them. Harry S. Cochran, who is the manager of the show, will also be present and can be seen at any time, day or night, during its duration.

Improve Eyelids by Daily Attention

Daily attention to eyelids will not only make them prettier, but may prevent puffiness, not uncommon and extremely unbecoming.

This care consists in using a soft cloth (an old piece of linen is best) dipped into hot, not warm, water and swabbing the eyes for a couple of minutes each morning. There should be enough water in the cloth to keep a constant dripping. Such a quantity acts to flush the halls and soak the lids and will remove any crusts from the latter. Such crusts frequently form during the night. They should never be forced off. They will always disappear under soaking, although more time may be required when they are obstinate.

After a gentle but thorough wiping with an old, fresh towel, the eyes must be given a bath in boracic acid water. To make this bath as much of the powder as will go on the end of a pocket knife is put into a gill of warm water. Several minutes will elapse before the powder dissolves, but water absorbs it finally. Then, with some of this water in an eyeglass, hold glass over eye for several seconds. This treatment is painless and is hygienically cleansing. It serves to brighten the eyes as well as to keep the lids in a healthy condition.

If the eyes smart during the day the irritation should be allayed at once or the lids will swell. The boracic water just given is healing, or there is a camphor water eye wash, to be bought at all druggists, which should be kept in the house always. It is harmless and efficacious for simple eye strain. When the irritation is extreme two small pieces of linen may be wet thoroughly with the camphor water wash. Then, if the patient can lie down for half an hour, keeping one of the cloths over each eye, great relief will be felt on arising.

If crusts form on the edges of the lids, as sometimes happens when eyes are not strong, soaking in hot water must be resorted to immediately.

EVENING WRAP OF CHIFFON.

Exquisitely lovely is this French evening wrap of pale pink chiffon, embroidered in self tone and bordered all around with hand made Irish crochet lace. The embroidery is done through two layers of chiffon, a slightly deeper pink forming the under layer and showing through the outer layer of palest rose tint. The hat is a Gage summer model of white crin, trimmed with a pink velvet band and a pale pink feather aigrette.

RUG COAT FOR STEAMER WEAR.

PHOTO BY JOHL FEDER.

Very smart steamer and motor wraps are being made now from the big wool rugs or "shawls" which are intended for steamer use, and which have a reverse side in bold plaid or checked design. The plaid side goes underneath, but sections of the pattern shown, as indicated in revers, cuffs and pocket flaps. Some of these wraps are in loose, cape-like style; others, like the one pictured, have the lines of a smartly tailored topcoat.

LOTIONS THAT CURE SKIN IRRITATIONS CAUSED BY HEAT.

Grease of Any Kind, Cold Cream, Vaseline or Cocoa Butter Rubbed on the Affected Flesh Will Relieve the Unpleasantness—Bicarbonate of Soda Gently Applied Will Soothe and Cool It—Nettle Rash or Prickly Heat Should Be Treated Externally in This Way.

By MARGARET MIXTER.

Simple are some of the lotions to be used when hot weather causes irritation of the skin. Sometimes such itching is a result principally of nervousness, which, strange to say, expresses itself in this way. In such cases grease is an excellent remedy and any emollient acts like a charm. For example, cold cream, vaseline or cocoa butter rubbed in after bathing will often result in the disappearance of the trouble.

When heated blood acts as the original irritating agent, bi-carbonate of soda is excellent. As much of the powder as will dissolve in a given quantity of water is mixed. In other words, a saturated solution. This is mopped on with a soft cloth, leaving a sediment when dry. Soda is cooling. The mopping may be repeated as often as desired. If the spots irritated are under tight bands of clothing the pressure must be relieved whenever possible for such construction makes the blood settle in the affected region and increases the aggravation.

Nettle rash, or prickly heat, is but an extreme condition from the same cause, and whatever will cool the blood will aid in allaying the itching, which is almost intolerable. Heavy foods should be avoided, meat being abandoned from the daily diet, substituting instead fish, eggs and milk. Violent exercise is to be avoided, and as much as possible a person should keep from being in the sun. Any material, such as flannel, which would be irritating, must not be worn next to the skin, and the surface should frequently be bathed or anointed with a soothing and cooling preparation. One which is healing is made from four ounces of lime water and one-half ounce of levigated calamine. This is to be shaken before applying to the skin with a soft muslin. The liquid dries on.

A powder for the same purpose is more convenient to carry when traveling. Such is made from one-half ounce each of subnitrate of bismuth and carbonate of zinc.

Cream of tartar is a simple drink, cooling in its effect upon the blood. A teaspoonful of the powder is dissolved in half a pint of cold water, and the drink is sipped slowly. It must not be used immoderately or it may injure the stomach. A glassful during the evening is harmless to many persons.

Freshness of the skin is an essential if any local irritation is to be allayed. Bathing must be done frequently, thus washing off immediately the natural exudations, which, in the conditions just mentioned, increase the trouble. If bathing is frequent these have no chance to remain.

BLACK "BEBE" HAT.

The prettiest girl on the vaudeville stage," say the programs announcing Miss Bessie Wynn's dainty singing and dancing act, but though the photograph shows the little actress' charming face, it cannot give an idea of her sympathetic voice or manner. Miss Wynn wears in this picture her graceful "bebe" hat of airy black net, puffed and pleated over a little mob cap of embroidery and lace—a hat designed by herself and eminently well suited to her dark beauty.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

It is hard for a young mother who has not yet overcome the wayward tendencies of her own youthful nature to realize the influence she exerts over her little ones. She is constantly surrounded by critical imitators who copy her morals and manners.

As the mother is, so are her sons and daughters. If a family of children are blessed with an intelligent mother, who is dainty and refined in her manner, and does not consider it necessary to be one woman in the drawing room and an entirely different person in her everyday life, but who is a true mother and always a tender, charming woman, she will invariably see her habits of speech and perfect manners repeated in her children, says Woman's Life.

Great, rough men, and noisy, busy boys will always tone down their voices and step quietly and try to be more mannerly when she stops to give them a kind word and a pleasant smile. For a true woman will never fail to say and do all the kind, pleasant things she can that will in any way help to lift up and cheer those whose lives are shaded with care and toil. The mother of today rules the world of tomorrow.

THE WOMAN WHO SCOLDS.

She may seem to gain her ends for a while (for at first one will do almost anything to avoid swallowing a bitter dose); but if she would stop to consider, she would soon discover that every day she has greater cause for scolding, or whining, or complaining, whichever method she adopts, and that as the months roll by an ever increasing amount is required to accomplish the same result.

The scolding woman never has things her own way without a vast expenditure of nervous strength—much more than the object to be gained is worth.

Why cannot she realize that, and adopt some pleasanter and more common sense method?

The calm woman will appear young when scolding women of her age are considered old, and she will always have an influence for good where they have no influence—Woman's Life.

Tungsten mining and milling near Boulder, Col., has received a great impetus lately owing to improved methods and better prices. The leading plant of the country, which is in that locality, is now electrically operated entirely and under the new order of things an unprecedented proportion of the tungsten is being recovered. The material is used in the manufacture of improved incandescent electric lamps and the demand for it is increasing daily.

GOVERNOR HARMON'S OPPONENT IN OHIO

WARREN G. HARDING

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

What the Sentinel Had to Say About Persons and Events Twenty-Five Years Ago.

Clarence Cook, editor of the Visitor, a juvenile publication, now blows into a $75 cornet.

Col. Jim Wilkinson will entertain the VanAmburgh circus people at the Hedekin house when they show here.

The grasshoppers have invaded this county, and out in Jackson township they are destroying everything in their path.

M. Frank & Co. display a representation of General Grant's Mt. McGregor cottage in their window. The dead hero's armchair stands on the veranda, and his portrait adorns the upper story.

Fifth Auditor D. S. Alexander, having been relieved at his own request, will locate in Buffalo, N. Y., where he goes into law partnership with a college classmate, Hon. J. A. Roberts. Mr. Alexander was formerly editor of the Gazette.

Capt. James B. White is at the head of a movement to build a $100,000 grain elevator in Fort Wayne. S. Bash & Co. now have an elevator, but there is room and need for more. Fort Wayne should attract the grain trade of northern Indiana.

The mission of R. W. T. DeWald to Jackson, Mich., in behalf of Co. L, Indiana Veteran Legion and Sion S. Bass Grand Army post, was successful. The Emmett Rifles company, that made such an excellent impression here last summer during the encampment, have consented to play "Robert Emmett" during their visit here in August, while taking part in the grand reunion.

Memorial services for General Grant will be held at both the Masonic Temple and the Academy of Music on Saturday, August 8, beginning at 2:30 p. m. Judge Allen Zollars will preside at the Temple and Mayor Charles F. Muhler at the Academy. The program committee has named the following sub-committees: On arrangements—Judge Allen Zollars, George H. Wilson, James M. Kane, D. N. Foster, R. S. Robertson. On Finance—George DeWald, C. Tressell and M. Frank. On Resolutions—Hon. J. K. Edgerton, Judge John Morris, Hon. F. P. Randall, C. R. Oakley and James E. Graham. On Speakers—George H. Wilson, Gottlieb Haller, J. W. Younge.

MAN SINKS IN FAINT UNDER GRILLING BY JUDGE

Ferdinand Bornekamp Injects Variety Into Big City Court Grist.

Just as Judge Mungovan in the city court this morning was delivering a withering grilling to Ferdinand Bornekamp, in court on a charge of deserting his children and failing to provide for his family, the accused man collapsed in a faint in the witness chair, adding a new variety of sensation to the overcrowded docket of the morning.

Bornekamp, limp and helpless, was carried into the lobby of the cell room, where he soon revived under the tender ministrations of the wife whom his conduct had provoked into filing an affidavit against him. The case was continued until August 6, and Bornekamp was allowed freedom under his own recognizance after the man had promised Judge Mungovan to "cut out" the drinking and to provide for his family. Bornekamp is a brick mason, earning $25 per week, but the testimony indicated that most of his money went for liquor and precious little of it ever reached the family treasury.

Held to Circuit Court.

Elroy Nelson, colored, was held to the circuit court under bonds of $500 on a charge of assault and battery. The case is one in which it is charged that on May 25 Nelson attacked Samuel Lyons on Calhoun street with a razor and slashed him in murderous fashion. Lyons has been confined to St. Joseph's hospital for several weeks as a result of his injuries, and it was not until today that he was able to appear in court. He positively identifies Nelson as his assailant, but the latter entered a plea of not guilty and insists that the cutting was done by another colored man who was with him at the time but who has since left the city.

The case against Martin Cramer, charged with deserting his children, was continued until Tuesday under bond of $300. Kramer's wife filed the affidavit against him.

Goes Back for More.

Louis Brewer, who already has a suspended sentence hanging over him in the circuit court, was sent back for more when Judge Mungovan held him under bond of $200 to the circuit court on a charge of stealing a bicycle. Brewer pleaded guilty. It was also shown that he had looted the cash register at the Timmis restaurant, where he was formerly employed.

Robert Hayes, charged by Dr. E. W. Dodez with the theft of a dog from the Dodez premises west of the city, was held to the juvenile court and was given in charge of the probation officer. The lad's explanation of the circumstances was that the dog had followed him and that when the animal got tired he picked it up and carried it. He was brought to the station last night by Dr. Dodez in his automobile.

Chili Parlors Under Fire.

"Do all the women of this type make a practice of loitering around that Chili parlor at Calhoun and Superior streets?" asked Judge Mungovan when Patrolman Junk took the witness stand to testify against Grace Palmer, May Ryan, Jessie Johnson and Marie Kraft, charged with specific immorality. The court indicated its belief that the place ought to be investigated. The women entered pleas of guilty and were each fined $5 and costs and sent to jail for ten days.

Harry Harris, Payne, Ohio, picked up by Patrolman Glenn Johnson, of the Nickel Plate staff, admitted that he had been drunk. He was given a fine of $5 and costs. He claimed his employer had sent him to Fort Wayne for a supply of liquor and he was en route to relieve the drought at Payne when he was taken into custody.

Other City Court Cases.

James Chamberlain was in court charged with having stolen a bicycle and secured an indefinite continuance. His mother was in court to plead for him.

The case against John Reardon, charged with incest, was continued until Saturday. It is said an effort is being made to furnish the $500 bond demanded in the case.

Upon motion of Assistant Prosecutor Hilgemann the case of assault and battery against Adolph Baehr was continued indefinitely. Since the filing of the charge by the wife divorce proceedings have been instituted.

All our Wall Paper discounted 20 to 50% during July.
7-16-sat-tf. KEIL & KEIL.

Morning Talk.

"I can't get those two explorers out of my mind."

"I suppose you're strong for one or the other?"

"No; I feel kindly toward both of them. Every time I look at the icy radiator in my office I think what an awful time they, too, had in the arctic regions."—Boston Herald.

The Early Drama.

"I suppose those fashionable ladies of old England wore masks at the theater in order to hide their blushes," "I fancy not," answered Miss Cayenne. "It was probably that they might assume to be blushing without fear of contradiction."—Washington Star.

Only Commercially.

She—Oh, Mr. Jipsby, they tell me you are a runner.

He—So I am.

She—I just adore athletics! Are you a Marathon runner?

He—No; a bank one.—Baltimore American.

A Suffragette.

She could not cook,
She could not bake,
She could not wield
A garden rake,
She could not sew,
She could not darn,
She could not knit
Socks out of yarn,
And she could not
A husband get,
So she became
A suffragette
And joined a club
Whose motto said,
"Till we can vote
We shall not wed."

—Houston Post.

ARCHDUKE JOHN SALVATOR, LONG MISSING, REPORTED IN NEW YORK.

Adventurous Austrian Noble, Reported Drowned in 1890, Was Here on Business Trip—Consulted Lawyer About South American Property—Under Name of John Orth Sailed from London with Morganatic Wife Twenty Years Ago.

New York, July 30.—Again the report appears that the versatile and adventuresome Archduke John Salvator, of Austria, who was supposed to have been drowned with his wife in a storm while rounding Cape Horn in 1890 while he was on his way to Chile, is alive. A man known as Baron de Otto, but supposed to be the long missing archduke, was in New York until May 20 last, when he left for Europe.

He came here on a business trip, accompanied by the Marquis de Cassaretti, to consult John P. Everett, a lawyer of No. 32 Liberty street, concerning certain property rights in one of the South American republics. He came here April 1 and stopped for a while at the Waldorf-Astoria. Later he, the marquis and the archduke's wife went to the Netherlands. The wife of the archduke was reported to have been a remarkably pretty woman some years his junior. She was exquisitely dressed.

Mr. Everett describes the baron as being one of the most accomplished linguists he ever met. He said he seemed to be familiar with the history of all the reigning families of Europe. He was fascinating, cultured and a great student.

"There was scarcely a subject," Mr. Everett said, "on which he could not talk intelligently."

Mr. Everett would not say whether the baron told him he was the archduke or not. He declared that his relations with the baron were confidential. He would not deny that the visitor said he was the missing archduke.

The story of the archduke's life outrivals fiction in strangeness and adventure. He is officially recorded in Austria as being dead, but many of his friends and the world at large believe him among the living. He renounced his title as an archduke, his right to succession to the throne, resigned his commission as a general in the army, almost precipitated a war between

Austria and Germany by the publication of a pamphlet, married an actress against the wishes and the efforts of his titled relatives, finally left for London and then purchased a boat and started for Chili. That trip ends the career of the archduke so far as the world today has any knowledge.

He made Emilie Stubel, an actress playing in Vienna, his morganatic wife. For a while they lived on his estate. Life was made unbearable for him by his relatives and others. Through it all his wife stood loyally by him, even when the larger portion of his wealth was gone. They went to London, where he formally married her, to make secure her wifehood. Under the name of John Orth he purchased a sailing craft, the Santa Margaretha. A boat supposed to be the Santa Margaretha was some time later reported a derelict off Cape Horn. This fact led to the presumption that he had been drowned.

SLY MR. PERKINS.

Winter Promises For a Summer by the Sea.

BROKEN UP BY CONDITIONS.

Entries In the Diary Made Null and Void by a Combination Which Had Not Been Foreseen—Now It's the Catskills Next Winter.

By M. QUAD.

[Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.]

"MR. PERKINS," said Mrs. Perkins as they sat together on the veranda of their house the other evening to see the sun make his setting, "I presume you have your diary in your pocket?"

"Always carry it, my dear," he replied.

"Then please turn to the month of December of last year—about the 10th, I think."

"Certainly, Mrs. P. December, eh? Here it is. About the 10th, you think? On the 10th I find this entry: 'I think I am going to have a boil on my neck. If I do I shall not blame my dear second wife.'"

"Then turn to the 11th or 12th."

"Certainly, my treasure. Ah, here we have something under the date of

FAMILY DOCTOR TELLS PERKINS HE'S CRAZY.

the 12th. Um—um! It reads, 'Have promised wifey that we will go to the seashore and stay for two months.' Is that the entry you have in mind?"

"It is, Mr. Perkins. Are we at the seashore? Have you said one single word about going there since that night?"

"If I have I don't recollect it."

"But of course you have some excuse handy? You know you always wriggle out of everything."

"My dear Mrs. Perkins," he said after drawing a long breath, "that word wriggle hurts my feelings. I am neither a snake, a worm nor an eel. I simply use philosophy to convince you that I have your best interests at heart. Advance your case and I will have my philosophy ready."

"That entry in your diary is my case."

"Then we will take it up at once. On the 12th of December we were having a howling old blizzard. The thermometer was 4 degrees below zero. The pump in the well was frozen up. We had just got news that our neighbor's dog on the one side and our neighbor's forty-five chickens on the other had been found in the cold embrace of death. Forty-five chickens and a dog, Mrs. P., and a bulldog at that."

"And what of it?"

"You were nervous and excited, my dear, and to get your mind in another channel I spoke of the seashore. The time was a long ways off. The husband doesn't live who won't promise his wife anything she may suggest six months ahead."

"Then you never meant that we should go!" she accusingly exclaimed.

Why He Promised the Seashore.

"I knew it depended on certain things. For instance, if I found a wallet with a thousand dollars in it in the road and Mr. Rockefeller didn't think his loss worth advertising for, why, then we would skip right along."

"Go on and wriggle. You have got a fine start!"

"Having looked for the wallet in vain, I thought of mortgaging our house and lot for the money. I think I should have done so had I not discovered that there were two mortgages on it already. Third mortgages are rarely taken, Mrs. P.—very rarely."

"Another fine wriggle!"

"Some men would have given up at this point, but you have a husband who never gives up. I said to myself that you should go to the seashore if I could possibly compass it. I tried to borrow $500 on my note of hand. The results were surprising. None of my friends had over 50 cents to spare. In this emergency I turned to lottery tickets. For thirty days I expected to draw the capital prize of $100,000. For the next thirty I'd have been glad to hit 15 cents."

"Let it go, Mr. Perkins, and don't waste breath!"

Wall Street With Usual Results.

"But, having opened the subject, we must follow it, my dear. After my failure to borrow money I took a shy at Wall street. Then Wall street took a shy at me. Same old story, Mrs. P. Stocks went down, and I went up. You may have noticed how perturbed I was for a few days?"

"No, I didn't," she replied. "If you lost $3 on Wall street you concealed it from me wonderfully well."

"But I was not yet at the end of my resources, Mrs. P. A determined man never is. I went to our family doctor and stated the case as strongly as I could. I even told him that you had gone into a decline and might not last six months."

"What did you want to tell him any such nonsense for?"

"I though he might advance us several hundred dollars in a lump sum and let me pay him back on the installment plan—a quarter a week. I was disappointed, however. He said that the sooner you died the sooner you would be among the angels."

"Mr. Perkins, I don't believe you are telling me the truth!"

"Gently, dear—gently. When I spoke about the seashore he used these words to me. They are graven on my memory and can never be ungraven: 'My dear man, are you crazy? Do you want to get rid of your wife before her time? Is there no human heart in your human breast? Take Mrs. P. to the seashore and you take her to her doom!'

"Those are his words, Mrs. Perkins, and when I asked for an explanation he said: 'Don't you know, Mr. Perkins, that Mrs. P. is fresh—too fresh, and that the seashore is salt—very salt. And can you not conceive of the results when a too fresh body is brought suddenly into contact with a too salt one? You are a murderer at heart to entertain the thought of taking your wife to the seashore!'"

"Next time I see the doctor I'm going to ask him if he said any such thing!" snapped Mrs. Perkins.

Deaths at Summer Resorts.

"I believed in him, of course," resumed the "wriggler." "But I thought it wouldn't do any hurt to have a little talk with Phillips, who was at the seashore last summer. I'm glad I did. He kindly permitted me to copy some statistics he had made, and here they are. Listen:

"'Number of persons who dropped dead in the water while bathing, 542.

"'Number who suddenly collapsed on the sands, 456.

"'Number found dead in their beds from too much ozone, 320.

"'Number who died in their husbands' arms, 946.

"'Number who barely reached to perish amidst familiar surroundings, 658.

"'Number of bereaved husbands in one week, 876.

"'Number of undertakers who amassed wealth in one season, 327.'

"There are the statistics, Mrs. Perkins, and when I say that after looking them over I made up my mind that we would go to the Catskills instead of the seashore I trust that you will lay your hand in mine and acknowledge that your interests are always and ever paramount with me."

"What? Are we to go to the Catskills?" she joyfully exclaimed.

"We are, my love—we are."

"You dear old darling! I'm sure I'd rather go there."

"I thought you would. We run no risk going to the mountains."

"Oh, it will be so nice! Can we start Monday?"

"Well, hardly, my love."

"Then when?"

"About the middle of January."

Mrs. Perkins rose up and gave him one awful look and then stalked into the house, and Mr. Perkins looked after her and then said to himself:

"Just like the rest of them! When they get what they want then they want something different!"

Nothing In a Name.

"Did you ever hear the story about the Irishman who was caught in a crap game raid with some Chinese?" said Captain Carroll of the local detective bureau. "It happened not so very long ago in the First precinct.

"The plain clothes men had been sent out to investigate a crap game somewhere in Market street. They brought in four Chinese and Mike Kelly, an Irishman. Of course they were all lined up in court the next morning in front of a roomful of spectators.

"'What's your name?' asked the judge of the first of the prisoners.

"'One Lung,' said the man.

"'One Lung, you're fined $10. And your name?'

"'Ong Foo.'

"The other three gave their names as Sing Ho, Wah He and Foo Gee. Each was fined $10. Then it came the Irishman's turn. He did not wait, but stepped up to the desk.

"'Your name?'

"'Oh, ——! Here's your ten dollars. Never mind the name.'"—Newark Star.

The Meanest Woman.

"We have often heard about the meanest man, but I think I know the meanest woman."

"What has she done?"

"She is trying to compel her husband to let his whiskers grow because his beard is so stiff that when he shaves it reminds her of her mother winding the clock when she used to live in the country and was dissatisfied with her lot."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Up to Date Cruise.

"Oh, Genevieve, say you'll drift with me down the stream of life in my little canoe!"

"Make it a motorboat, Willie, and I'll say yes."—Browning's Magazine.

The Village Blacksmith—1910.

Under the spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands,
The smith a mighty man is he,
For his shop is in other hands,
And before the door a pulling steed
Now oil and gas demands.

—Harper's Weekly.

SOME FIGURES THAT SHOW THE LIQUOR BUSINESS

Interesting Bulletin from Census Bureau Gives Statistics.

Washington, July 30.—Over $40,000,000 in the large cities of the United States goes to pay license fees.

The extent to which the drinking men help to pay the expense of government in the cities is indicated by a census report covering the finances of the country for the year 1908 in the cities having a population of 30,000 or more. There was at that time 158 of such cities, but the complete figures were available for only 151 of them and these figures showed that in those places the licensed drinking places paid an aggregate of $41,959,188. This was a gain of almost three million from the preceding year and of about eleven million over the year 1905. The increase was due to the large fees exacted by most of the cities.

Some Cities Go Dry.

Of the drinking places sanctioned by law there are no fewer than 60,131 and this is a decrease within three years of about four thousand. The falling off was due largely to the fact that a number of cities went "dry." Of the 158 places, 24 had become "no license" cities when the canvass was made. The change was most marked in the south Atlantic states, and least in the Rocky Mountain region.

The states claiming the largest number of saloons to the population were Texas, Wisconsin and New York, while Philadelphia, Massachusetts and Nebraska claimed the smallest number in proportion to the people to be supplied.

Galveston had one licensed bar to every 138 of her people; Milwaukee one to every 141 and Hoboken one to every 175. In Philadelphia, the freest of large cities, there was one drinking place to only every 758 people. Lincoln, Nebraska, had one to every 2,038.

Municipal Finances.

The report shows many other interesting facts concerning municipal finances, including the total receipts of the 158 cities in question, which for 1908 were $1,288,635,496. This figure was made up from tax receipts, borrowed money and refunds. Of the total amount $500,905,414 was borrowed.

Liquor licenses and taxes formed more than 13 per cent. of the general revenues in the cities of Ohio and more than 10 per cent. in the cities of California. New York city received $7,927,300, Chicago $7,252,687 and Philadelphia $1,068,459 from this source. The only other cities deriving more than $1,000,000 from liquor licenses were St. Louis, Boston, Cleveland, San Francisco and Cincinnati.

All our Wall Paper discounted 20 to 50% during July.
7-16-sat-tf. KEIL & KEIL.

Peddicord and Sigrist, A New Real Estate Firm.

Mr. J. S. Peddicord, who has been in the real estate business for some time with offices at 611-12 Shoaf building, has joined forces with Mr. H. W. Sigrist, the well known auctioneer of this city.

Mr. Peddicord is one of Fort Wayne's hustling young real estate men, and a member of the association, and while Mr. Sigrist has never been identified with the real estate business in this city, he has handled many properties in other localities, and especially in the south, where he was a member of one of the largest realty concerns in that part of the country. Mr. Sigrist has made a careful study of Fort Wayne real estate and believes that there is no other city where prospects for a continued steady and healthy growth in property values are so good as here.

The new firm will conduct a general real estate business, buying, selling and exchanging all kinds of properties, and also conduct a rental business and keep a good list of properties for the accomodation of persons who rent.

All our Wall Paper discounted 20 to 50% during July.
7-16-sat-tf. KEIL & KEIL.

WANTED—Good laborers for concrete and excavating; wages $2.25 per day. Inquire on job at Pennsylvania railroad crossing and Fairfield avenue. The Herman Tapp Construction Co.
7-26-tf

All our Wall Paper discounted 20 to 50% during July.
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IMPERSONATED ARMY OFFICER.

Young Civil Engineer Is Arrested in Los Angeles.

Los Angeles, Cal., July 30.—Hunter H. Carpenter, a young civil engineers of Roanoke, Va., who came here Thursday from San Francisco, was arrested last night, charged with having impersonated an army officer. The arrest was made by the federal authorities who received a complaint from James F. Gurley, an automobile dealer of San Francisco, who asserted that he gave Carpenter credit to the extent of seventy dollars in riding on the strength of the young man's representations that he was an army lieutenant, stationed at Fort D. A. Russell, Wyoming.

Carpenter is in the county jail in default of $1,000 bail and will be taken to San Francisco for trial.

TO-NIGHT Cascarets
THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP
10c 25c 50c Druggists

Elastic Trusses
FITTED and Guaranteed
W. O. Gross M. D. Cor. Barr-Washington Fort Wayne, Ind.

Interurban Time Tables.

Ft. Wayne & Wabash Valley Traction Company.

Effective May 15, 1910.

Fort Wayne to Huntington, Wabash, Peru, Logansport, Delphi, Lafayette, Indianapolis and all intermediate stations.

Trains leave Fort Wayne: 6:00 a. m., †7:10 a. m., 8:00 a. m., *9:10 a. m., 10:00 a. m., 12:00 m., *1:10 p. m., 2:00 p. m., †3:30 p. m., 4:30 p. m., *5:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 9:00 p. m. train runs only as far as Logansport; 11:20 p. m. train runs only as far as Huntington.

Trains not marked are locals to Lafayette.

†Limited trains to Lafayette.

Limited train 1:10 p. m. makes direct connection at Peru with Limited train for Lafayette.

*Limited trains to Indianapolis.

Limited train 7:10 a. m. makes direct connection at Peru with Limited train for Indianapolis.

Fort Wayne to Bluffton, Montpelier, Hartford City, Muncie Anderson, Indianapolis and all intermediate stations.

Limited trains leave Fort Wayne at 6:05 a. m., 8:05 a. m., 10:05 a. m., 2:05 p. m., 4:05 p. m., 6:05 p. m., 8:05 p. m., 10:05 p. m. train runs only as far as Muncie.

Local trains leave Fort Wayne at 7:05 a. m., 9:05 a. m., 11:05 a. m., 1:05 p. m., 3:05 p. m., 5:05 p. m., 7:05 p. m., 11:05 p. m. train runs only as far as Bluffton.

All local trains run only as far as Muncie.

For further information call Home phone 219; Bell phone 229.

Wabash Valley Route.

FT. WAYNE & SPRINGFIELD RY. CO.

Cars Leave Decatur	Cars Leave Fort ayne
5:50 A.M.	7:00 A.M.
7:00 A.M.	8:30 A.M.
8:30 A.M.	10:00 A.M.
10:00 A.M.	11:30 A.M.
11:30 A.M.	1:00 P.M.
1:00 P.M.	2:30 P.M.
2:30 P.M.	4:00 P.M.
4:00 P.M.	5:30 P.M.
5:30 P.M.	7:00 P.M.
7:00 P.M.	8:30 P.M.
9:30 P.M.	11:30 P.M.

THE TOLEDO & CHICAGO INTERURBAN RY. CO.

James D. Mortimer, Receiver.
OFFICIAL TIME TABLE.
In Effect May 15, 1910.

Leave Fort Wayne for Huntertown, Garrett, Auburn, Waterloo, Avilla and Kendallville: *6:04 †7:04, †8:04, *9:04, *10:04, †11:04 a. m.; †12:04, *1:04, *2:04, †3:04, †4:04, *5:04, *6:04, †7:04, †8:04, *9:04, *10:04, †11:04.

*Through trains to Kendallville.

†Through trains to Waterloo.

All trains connect at Garrett for points beyond.

For information regarding rates, etc., consult any agent or address

G. M. PATTERSON,
General Freight and Passenger Agent, Kendallville, Ind.

RAILROAD TIME CARDS

PENNSYLVANIA COMPANY.

In Effect November 7, 1909.

Eastbound.	
No. 6	5:05 A.M.
No. 18	7:00 A.M.
No. 36	12:10 P.M.
No. 16	1203 P.M.
No. 22	2:05 P.M.
No. 26	5:27 P.M.
No. 8	7:45 P.M.
No. 2	9:10 P.M.
No. 28	10:45 P.M.
No. 24	11:55 P.M.
Westbound.	
No. 25	3:25 A.M.
No. 15	4:00 A.M.
No. 5	4:55 A.M.
No. 29	5:56 A.M.
No. 37	7:00 A.M.
No. 39	11:10 A.M.
No. 23	12:05 P.M.
Second 23	12:10 P.M.
No. 19	4:30 P.M.
No. 11	6:30 P.M.
No. 9	4:10 P.M.

GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA RAILWAY

North Bound.	
2:20 A. M. Daily	Northland Limited
8:50 A. M. Daily	*To Grand Rapids
4:15 P. M. Daily	Except Sunday
1:00 P. M. Daily	Except Sunday
*Except Sunday north of Grand Rapids.	
South Bound.	
1:25 A. M. Daily	
*6:35 A. M. Daily	Except Sunday
*12:25 P. M. Daily	Except Sunday
7:15 P. M.	Sunday Only
6:50 P. M. Daily	From Grand Rapids

C. H. & D. RAILWAY.
From Wabash Station.

Depart.	Arrive.
No. 1-F..6:10 A.M.	No. 4-F..7:05 P.M.
No. 87-F..6:45 A.M.	No. 86-F..2:50 P.M.

Daily except Sunday.
Trains 1-F and 4-F Passenger.
Trains 86-F and 87-F Local Freights.

LAKE ERIE & WESTERN—BIG 4 ROUTE.

Southward Trains.	
No. 39—Indianapolis Express	7:15 A.M.
No. 37—Cincin. Mail and Ex	11:55 A.M.
No. 35—Express	5:00 P.M.
No. 43—Sunday Special	6:00 P.M.
Northward Trains.	
No. 42—Express, Daily..Ar.	11:00 A.M.
No. 38—Express ..Ar.	2:45 P.M.
No. 36—Mail and Ex..Ar.	10:25 P.M.

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

Trains South.	
No. 456—Express ..Ar.	10:35 A.M.
No. 410—Express ..Ar.	3:45 P.M.
No. 314—Ex. and Mail..Ar.	8:50 P.M.
No. 412—Sunday only ..Ar.	7:15 P.M.
No. 452—Sunday only ..Ar.	10:50 A.M.
No. 418—Sunday only..Ar.	10:55 P.M.
Trains North.	
No. 411—	7:55 A.M.
No. 461—Jackson, Daily	5:30 A.M.
No. 457—Express	11:30 A.M.
No. 459—Express	4:45 P.M.

NICKEL PLATE.

Departing time of trains from Ft. Wayne: East bound.

No. 6	2:35 A.M.
No. 2	3:10 P.M.
No. 4	8:05 P.M.
No. 30 (Local Freight)	7:35 A.M.
West Bound.	
No. 5	2:20 A.M.
No. 1	12:30 A.M.
No. 3	4:40 P.M.
No. 21 Local Freight)	7:00 A.M.

NEW TIME CARD.
WABASH RAILROAD

In Effect May 29, 1910.
All Trains Daily.

Trains Going East.	Trains Going West.
No. 2.... 5:35 A.M.	No. 9.... 5:15 A.M.
No. 12.... 5:30 A.M.	No. 1....11:43 A.M.
No. 28.... 8:17 A.M.	No. 5.... 5:20 P.M.
No. 18....11:50 A.M.	No. 3.... 9:30 P.M.
No. 6.... 4:05 P.M.	No. 21arr.10.40 A.M.
No. 4.... 4:51 P.M.	No. 13arr.11:20 A.M.
No. 14.... 5:05 P.M.	No. 13arr. 9:00 P.M.

Trains 11, 13 and 21 do not go west of Fort Wayne.

Eastward Service—Trains 2, 4, 28 and 6 via Butler road. Trains 18, 12 and 14 via old road.

Westward Service—Trains 1, 3, 9 and 11, via Butler road. Trains 5, 13 and 21 via old road.

Your Want Ad Phone is
173
Call Us Up!

Crisp News of What's Doing in the Sporting World

HIGHLANDER'S MIDGET OUTFIELDER.

"Birdie" Cree, the midget outfielder of the New York American League Baseball club, is one of the fastest center fielders in the country. His eccentric "grabs" of line drives out in the center plot are saving the "Highlanders" from many a defeat. "Birdie" is at present hitting the ball hard and often, and his fast base running is greatly helping his team to get to the top of the list in the race for the pennant.

Long Hurler Was Chucked in Without Being Sought

Robertson Picked Off a Bargain Counter and the Big Fellow Looks Good to Move Up.

William Robertson was chucked in for good measure and because of good fellowship when Claude H. Varnell bought Frankie Donahue's release of John I. Taylor, owner of the Boston Red Sox, which means that the leading pitcher of the Central league was really picked off a bargain counter and cost the local owner practically nothing.

His record this season is liable to advance him in base ball and if it does Mr. Varnell may be able to recover at least a part of the money that was invested in Donahue. Jack Hendricks, when manager of the Fort Wayne team, wanted Frankie Donahue in 1908 and he wanted him badly and overtures were made to Taylor, who had bought him from Boston the year before and sent him to the Red Sox farm at Providence.

Taylor did not want to part with the infielder as he had some confidence in him but one "morning after" in Chicago while he was cooling out his system with a cold bottle or two he reached the generous stage superinduced by assiduous attention to that which biteth and stingeth and at which the bump of generosity begins to work overtime and he offered to sell Donahue and the trade was closed. As a mere incident he mentioned that he owned Robertson and would be glad to chuck him in for good measure.

Robertson had been farmed by Boston after his purchase from Wheeling to the Little Rock team but he was all to the bad in the spring and he didn't know what was the matter until an examination revealed a fracture of the right shoulder blade. He does not know how it was hurt but it put him out of the game for the season.

When his contract was sent in the spring of 1908 he didn't want to report here but he came and did little work. He was a bit better last season and now he is leading the league. The pain in his shoulder that bothered him is gone and he will get another try in fast company.

Although the Coshocton pride is not a heavy hitter he has a habit of bingling when a good wallop is needed and he and Grover Reddin, who still continues to hold his own with the stick, knocked in the two runs that beat South Bend in the closing fray of the series and sent Fort Wayne on to Grand Rapids with one victory out of three games which is good.

John Henry Myers was sent in to oppose Robertson and he gave a good account of himself, as a matter of fact he was not hit as often as the Fort Wayne pitcher but hits he allowed were made at times when they were valuable. All of the scoring was done in the third inning.

Art Queisser opened the round with a single to center and his battery pard waded into one of John Henry's offerings and rattled a board on the fence. This scored the backstop but his blonde side kick went down in an effort to get an extra base on his double. Blount worked Myers for transportation and moved up when Justice was retired. Grover Reddin kicked in with a hit that sent Blount over and the scoring for the day was done.

Fielding was clean throughout the combat and the only foozle of the matinee is charged to Jimmy Burke and did no particular harm. The game was played in jig time and was a clean exhibition with little hard work for the umpire.

CENTRAL LEAGUE FIGURES

At South Bend.

South Bend.	AB.	R.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Wells, c.	3	0	0	3	1	0
Wheeler, 3b.	3	0	1	0	1	0
Welchonce, rf.	4	0	2	0	0	0
Connors, 1b.	4	0	0	15	0	0
Koehler, 2b.	4	0	2	1	7	0
Kroy, cf.	3	0	1	2	1	0
McCarthy, ss.	4	0	1	5	4	0
Carey, lf.	4	0	1	1	0	0
Myers, p.	3	0	0	0	3	0
Totals	32	0	8	27	17	0

Fort Wayne.	AB.	R.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Blount, cf.	3	1	0	3	0	0
Justice, ss.	4	0	0	0	4	0
Reddin, lf.	4	0	1	1	0	0
Young, rf.	4	0	0	3	0	0
Gainer, 1b.	3	0	0	15	0	0
Burke, 3b.	3	0	2	0	2	1
Manda, 2b.	3	0	0	3	1	0
Quiesser, c.	3	1	1	2	3	0
Robertson, p.	3	0	2	0	3	0
Totals	30	2	6	27	13	1

By innings—
South Bend .....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0
Fort Wayne .....0 0 2 0 0 0 0 0 0—2
Summary—
Two-base hits—Robertson, Welchonce. Bases on balls—Wells, Blount. Double play—Myers to McCarty to Connors. Left on bases—South Bend, 7; Fort Wayne, 2. Time of game—1:25. Umpire—Jacobs.

At Grand Rapids.

	R.	H.	E.
Dayton .....0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0—1	5	3	
Grand Rapids ..0 1 3 2 0 1 1 0 *—8	10	1	

Batteries—Justice and Martin; Jacobson and Millerick.
Summary—
Three-base hits—Kahl, Spencer. Sacrifice hits—Fox, Tleman. Sacrifice fly—Kehoe. Stolen bases—Raidy, Coffey (2), Millerick, Stark, Martin. First on balls—Off Jacobson, 2; off Justus, 7. Struck out—By Jacobson, 5. Double plays—Raidy to Kahl to Kihm; Raidy to Kihm. Left on bases—Grand Rapids, 10; Dayton, 5. Time of game—1:55. Umpire—Newhouse.

At Wheeling.

	R.	H.	E.
Terre Haute ...0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0—1	6	4	
Wheeling .....3 1 1 1 0 0 0 0 *—6	9	1	

Batteries—Summers and Brennan and Goes; Humphries and Stratton.
Summary—
Two-base hits—Burns, Jewell, Courtney. Three-base hit—Curtis. Sacrifice hits—Nye, Shotten, Maisel, Burns. Stolen bases—Gray (2), Shotten, Jewell. First on balls—Off Summers, 1. Struck out—By Summers, 1; by Humphries, 8. Hit batsman—Jewell. Passed ball—Brennan. Left on bases—Terre Haute, 5; Wheeling, 7. Time of game—1:40. Umpires—Pastorius and Mythen.

At Zanesville.

	R.	H.	E.
Evansville .....0 2 0 0 0 1 0 1 0—4	7	6	
Zanesville .....0 1 0 0 0 0 0 1 0—2	7	3	

Batteries — Covington and Grefe; Schmick and Hinton.
Summary—
Bases on balls—Off Schmick, 1; off Covington, 6. Two-base hits—Lejeune, Grefe, Centlivre. Home run—Hadley. Double play—McBrair to Lejeune. Hit by pitched ball—Schmick. Struck out—By Schmick, 1; by Covington, 8. Sacrifice hits—Baggan, Swartling, McBrair. Stolen bases—Baggan, Hillinger, Schmick, Lavelle. Left on bases—Zanesville, 13; Evansville, 5. Umpires—Sample and Walsh. Time of game—1:47.

Place The Sentinel on your list of vacation luxuries. Mailed to any address in the United States, Mexico or Canada. Ten cents per week. tf

CUBANS PLAY GREAT BALL AND TAKE VICTORY

Shamrocks Held Smokes to Four Runs in the Exhibition.

Mart Cleary's Shamrocks succeeded in holding the Cuban Stars to four runs in the exhibition staged at League park yesterday afternoon where the two teams rattled off a fine matinee in less than an hour and a half before a good Friday attendance. These Cubans put up a finished game and add interest to their contests by the fact that they all shout their instructions and do all their coaching in Spanish and the whole troupe seems to thoroughly enjoy baseball.

Fedroso, the fellow who went against the Cincinnati barnstormers and held them without a run for twenty-seven innings, was the pitching selection and that black man is certainly some hurler. He confined himself to a slow curve that was highly effective and only cut loose his speed once in a while to show that he had it. His support was excellent and the two bobbles behind him did not get him into any trouble.

Of the eight hits annexed off Tod Seitz, half were for extra bases, but at least two of them could have been cut down by a little better work in the outfield. The triple was a hard drive that went to the left field fence. The Shamrocks played good ball and the only misplay was made by Tommy Quinn who dropped a line drive in the sixth.

Most of the members of the Cuban team are as black as the proverbial ace of spades, but they have certainly mastered the game of baseball and the pitcher and shortstop look fast enough for the best company in the states, but are kept out on account of their color.

A single to left by Seitz and one to right by Long represented the entire batting output of the Shamrocks. The score:

SHAMROCKS.

Player—Position.	AB.	R.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Gallmeier, 2b.	3	0	0	1	3	0
Walda, ss.	4	0	0	3	7	0
Quinn, lf.	4	0	0	0	0	1
Collars, cf.	4	0	0	1	1	0
Zellers, 1b.	3	0	0	13	1	0
Romary, rf.	3	0	0	1	0	0
Long, 3b.	3	0	1	2	1	0
Hoffer, c.	3	0	0	3	4	0
Seitz, p.	2	0	1	0	4	0
Totals	29	0	2	24	21	1

CUBAN STARS.

Player—Position.	AB.	R.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Hernandes, 2b.	4	0	0	1	5	1
Moran, 3b.	3	1	1	1	2	0
Bustamanto, ss.	3	1	1	0	3	1
L. Gonzales, c.	4	0	1	9	0	0
Garcia, rf.	3	0	1	1	0	0
Parpetti, 1b.	3	0	1	13	1	0
Magrinat, lf.	3	1	1	0	0	0
Santa Cruz, cf.	1	1	1	1	0	0
Pedroso, p.	3	0	1	1	4	0
Totals	27	4	8	27	15	2

By innings—
Shamrocks .....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0
Cuban Stars .....0 0 1 0 0 1 1 1 *—4
Summary—
Sacrifice hits—Gallmeier, Garcia, Santa Cruz. Stolen bases—Moran, Butamanto (2), Parpetti. Two-base hits—Pedroso; Parpetti, Moran. Three-base hit—Magrinat. Struck out—By Seitz, 1; by Pedroso, 8. Bases on balls—Off Seitz, 3; off Pedroso, 1. Wild pitch—Seitz. Left on bases—Shamrocks, 3; Cuban Stars, 3. Time of game—1:25. Umpire—Connell.

THE BIG LEAGUES' FIGURES

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

At St. Louis.

	R.	H.	E.
St. Louis .....0 1 0 0 1 0 0 0 0—2	9	1	
Chicago .....0 0 0 0 0 3 2 0 0—5	7	1	

Batteries—Harmon, Geyer and Bresnahan; Reulbach and Kling. Umpires—O'Day and Brennan.

At New York

	R.	H.	E.
Boston .....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 2—2	8	0	
New York .....2 0 0 3 0 0 0 0 *—5	11	1	

Batteries—Brown and Graham; Crandall and Myers. Umpires—Johnstone and Eason.

At Pittsburg.

	R.	H.	E.
Pittsburg .....0 0 0 3 0 0 4 0 *—7	7	0	
Cincinnati .....3 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—3	8	2	

Batteries—White, Maddox and Gibson; Burns, Benton and McLean. Umpires—Klein and Kane.

At Brooklyn.

	R.	H.	E.
Philadelphia ....0 0 0 0 0 2 1 2 0—5	11	1	
Brooklyn .....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 2 0—2	6	1	

Batteries—Moore and Dooin; Bell, Miller and Bergen. Umpires—Rigler and Emslie.

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

At Chicago.

	R.	H.	E.
Chicago .....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0	1	3	
Detroit .....0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0—1	6	0	

Batteries—Walsh and Sullivan; Summers and Schmidt. Umpire—Perrine.

At Boston.

	R.	H.	E.
New York .....0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 2—3	4	0	
Boston .....0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0—1	10	2	

Batteries—Manning and Mitchell; Wood and Carrigan. Umpires—Kerin and Connolly.

At Philadelphia.

	R.	H.	E.
Washington ....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0	6	4	
Philadelphia ....0 0 1 0 0 0 0 2 1 *—4	4	1	

Batteries—Groom and Henry; Coombs and Lapp. Umpires—Egan and O'Loughlin.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

At Milwaukee.

	R.	H.	E.
Milwaukee .....0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 1—2	7	3	
Toledo .....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0—1	6	1	

Batteries—Graham and Marshall; West and Land. Umpires—Bierhalter and Guthrie.

At Kansas City.

	R.	H.	E.
Kansas City ...0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1—1	3	1	
Columbus .....0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 2—3	7	0	

Batteries—Rhoades, Brandom, Swann and James; Kaler and Arbogast. Umpires—Hayes and Ferguson.

At St. Paul.

	R.	H.	E.
St. Paul .....1 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—2	7	0	
Louisville .....0 3 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—3	7	1	

Batteries—Chech and Kelley; Halla and Hughes. Umpires—Owens and Bush.

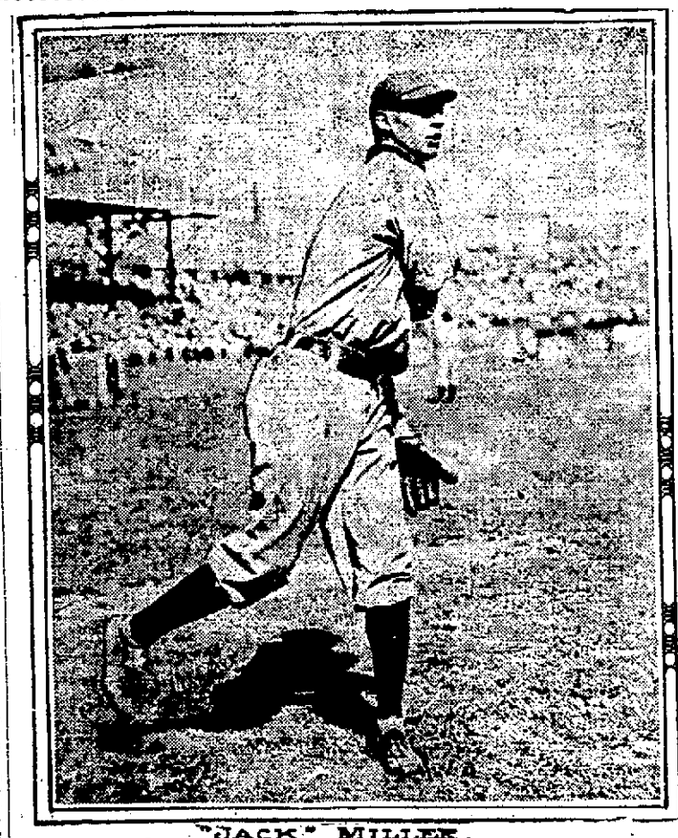
At Minneapolis.

	R.	H.	E.
Minneapolis ....3 2 0 2 0 1 0 1 *—9	12	1	
Indianapolis ....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 2—2	4	3	

Batteries—Hughes and Owens; Cheney, Dowd and Howley. Umpires—Chill and Cusack.

McDonald is improving in the hospital at Wheeling, but will be out of the game a long time and may be out the rest of the year. Smith and Groeschow are scouting for new men to take his place and that of several other cripples.

PIRATE STAR INFIELDER CRIPPLED.



"JACK" MILLER
PITTSBURG'S FINE SECOND BASEMAN.

Pittsburg, Pa., July 30.—Misfortune camping on the trail of the Pirate base ball team has cast its shadow again just as the club had commenced to "come back." The team is now deprived of the active services of its manager-captain and left fielder, "Fred" Clarke, because of an injury to one of his knees. Another misfortune comes with the injury to "Jack" Miller, the star second baseman, who has been out of the game now for some time with an injured knee and will not be able to play again this season. Treatment from "Bonesetter" Reese did not benefit him.

Peculiar Curves Due to a Thumb That Has Big Curve

New York, July 30.—"How do I account for my success as a pitcher?"

Russell Ford's big black eyes opened in evident wonder. The star pitcher of the year in the American league is a modest young man. He could not understand if the question was serious.

"See here," continued the sensation of the season, "I do not consider myself a success. It's alright, this handclapping and glad hurrah. But see those fans up there in the stands? The first day some club hammers me good and hard they'll yell for the manager to can me in a jiffy. Wait until I've been in the game as long as old Cy Young and then come around with the questions."

Russell Ford is a well-knit giant, cast in a somewhat confined mold. His muscles are smooth and graceful, but strong and flexible as steel. In his street clothes you underestimate his weight. He is nearly 20 pounds heavier than the average critic would judge. He weighs close to 180 pounds.

Ford has startled the baseball world, which had not heard of him before, by twice pitching the Yankees into the lead of the race. He is easily the find of the season.

"What little success I enjoy I may attribute to this hand," he said. He held up his right hand with the palm and all the fingers exposed. The fingers were long and tapered. Most striking was the thumb. It curved back after the fashion of a scimitar.

"See the thumb? Well, nature was surely good to me in hanging on that hook. And the third finger. You will notice that it is somewhat crooked. I had it mashed a year ago.

"It is with those two funny fingers that I make my freak curves. I maintain that my spitters are not spitters at all. They are more a cross between a curve and a fade-away.

"My curved thumb and crooked finger do the work. Without them I don't believe I would be able to get the jump on the ball that I do. I tried all last winter to teach my brother Gene how to master these new curves. He could not catch on.

ASHENBACK WAS THE AUTHOR OF THE TERM

First Man Credited With Use of the "Bonehead."

Just who coined the word in baseball is a matter of wide discussion among baseball writers, writes Bozeman Bulger, New York sport critic, but the man who is frequently credited with it is Eddie Ashenback, late manager of the Scranton, Pa., baseball club. Ashenback has been manager of many other clubs and is considered one of the great wits of the diamond. The first appearance of the word "bonehead" in baseball literature occurred some 11 years ago, and it so happened that the writer saw the incident that caused Ashenback to use it.

The baseball teams of Birmingham, Alabama, and Shreveport, La., were playing a game at Birmingham. Ashenback was manager of Shreveport. It was the last week of the season, and he was very short of players. In fact, he was so short that he hired a local semi-professional player named McGowan to take the position of right field for the one game.

"Can you play the outfield?" Ashenback asked of the ambitious youngster.

"Sure," he replied, "I can play anywhere and I can show a lot of these leaguers up to."

"Well, get on that glove and go out to right field," was Ashenback's order.

During the practice McGowan did very well, and Ashenback seemed somewhat relieved. The youngster made several nice catches.

The game finally started, and the Birmingham club had two runners on bases. The next man up drove a high fly into right field. McGowan started for the ball; but somehow he lost his nerve and was unable to judge its direction correctly. He made three or four circles, and finally gave up entirely just as the ball came down, struck him on the head, and bounded to a far corner of the lot for three bases. Both runners scored, and Ashenback was wild.

"Here you boneheaded mutt, come here!" he yelled at the top of his voice to McGowan. Then, picking up a catcher's mask, the irate manager ran out from the bench toward the middle of the diamond to meet the disgraced right fielder. "Here, you bonehead," he yelled, "take this mask and put it on, or they'll knock your brains out with the first fly they put over!"

The spectators heard the entire dialogue, or rather monologue, and roared with laughter. The story happened to fall to my lot and it was sent all over the country. That was the first time I heard the use of the word "bonehead."

DAYTON MOVES OVER TO FIGHT THE BENDERS

Have Had Success Against Leaders in the Games This Season.

A shift in the Central league schedule today sends the Dayton club from Grand Rapids over for a fight with the South Bend team and if Jimmy Wacker is in any sort of form he will pitch two of the three games and maybe he will win them.

He has been usually effective against South Bend and as Punch Knoll has some pennant aspirations he is saving his southpaw for a fly at the leaders with the hope that he can cop a couple of battles.

In the final fray at Grand Rapids the Vets were badly beaten because Walter Justus gave too many bases on balls. He issued seven during the game and was hit ten times and this netted the Stags eight runs in the early stages of the game.

Groeschow was forced to take third base for the Terre Haute team and Curtis went to the short field and with Fred Alberts in left and a generally patched up organization Wheeling had no trouble in landing a victory. Summers was touched up for nine hits due in a great measure to the fact that the men were out of position and did not cover the ground.

Guy Sample joined the Central league umpire staff at Zanesville and worked with Walsh. There was no riot although Evansville got a lead in the second and held one all through the game, winning four to two.

COUNTRY JAY MAKES NEW RECORD IN HIS RACE

Trots Three Fastest Consecutive Heats in Racing History.

Kalamazoo, Mich., July 30.—Country Jay, the grand old 14-year-old trotter, proved the wonder of the Grand Circuit opening, if not of all harness history, when, in the heat of the 2:05 trot he made a new record for himself in the time of 2:05¼. Country Jay won this race, which broke the world's record for the three fastest heats ever consecutively trotted, the time being 2:04¼, 2:05¼, 2:05½.

This announcement from the judges' stand was loudly cheered and Gus Macey, who drove Country Jay to victory, was given an ovation a few minutes later, when he went up into the press box and the crowd caught sight of him.

Fast time marked all the events of the closing day of the Kalamazoo meeting, and favorites were winners three times in a program of four events.

In the 2:00 pace Giftline, the Kansas horse who made a good showing on the Kansas and Oklahoma circuits last season, was made favorite over such famous contenders as The Eel, Darkey Hal and Aileen Wilson. Giftline was distanced in the first heat. Darkey Hal won after three close heats.

In the 2:05 trot, which proved the sensation of the day, Oro, the pole horse, broke at the start, but quickly recovered and the horses were well bunched at the quarter. From the half to the finish it was a great race between Sonoma Girl and the Country Jay. The Girl was finally driven under the wire a length ahead of Country Jay in spite of the efforts of Macey to lift his horse across.

In the second heat, destined to break the winner's own record, the horses all kept their positions till past the quarter. At the half, Country Jay was driven into a lead, then Sonoma Girl closed up and they were together at the last quarter. Country Jay again drew ahead, and the pace was so hot that Sonoma Girl dropped back into third place, just before crossing the line. In the last heat, Country Jay led all the time, finishing a couple of lengths in the lead, with the rest of the bunch fighting for place. The summaries:

2:00 pace, purse $1,500, two in three—

Darky Hal, blk. m., by Star Hal (Snow)	2	1	1
The Eel, gr. h. (McEwen)	1	2	2
Aileen Wilson, br. m. (Cox)	3	3	3
Giftline, b. g. (Carter)	dis.		

Time—2:02¾, 2:04¼, 2:04¾.

2:05 trot, purse $1,500, two in three—

Country J., ch. g., by Jayhawker (G. Macey)	2	1	1
Sonoma Girl, b. m. (McMahon)	1	3	4
Oro, blk. g. (McCarthy)	3	2	2
Margin, ro. m. (Andrews)	4	4	3

Time—2:04¼, 2:05¼, 2:05¾.

2:09 trot, purse $2,000. Evening Telegraph stake, three in five—

Nancy Royce, blk. m., by Allerton (McCarthy)	1	1	1
Demarest, b. g. (F. G. Jones))	2	3	3
Aquin, b. h. (McDonald)	3	3	2

Time—2:06¼, 2:09¼, 2:08¼.

2:11 pace, purse $1,000, three in five—

Earl Jr., gr. h., by The Earl (Cox)	5	1	2
Peter Pan, br. g. (Chambers)	1	2	1
Dr. Fox, b. g. (Gahagan)	2	4	4
Pickles, b. m. (Owings)	3	3	3

Mike Wilson and The Prince also started.

Time — 2:07¼, 2:05½, 2:07¼, 2:06¾, 2:08½.

SYNDICATE MAKES NEW SHIFT TO HELP BENDERS

[South Bend Tribune.]

David Martin was purchased from Manager Raidy, of Grand Rapids, by Manager Wheeler, of South Bend, and will report to the broncho chief tomorrow. The deal was made three days ago, but was kept under cover by the Tribune, because Manager Wheeler desired the transaction be kept a secret until Martin was ready to report.

Martin pitched a great game against Compton, of Wheeling, three days ago, and, although Wheeler had already made the deal that was to transfer him to South Bend, Raidy was loath to let the big twirler go.

Dave is accredited with being one of the best twirlers in the league. He has served in South Bend before, and has always given eminent satisfaction. Fans will appreciate Manager Wheeler's efforts to get a favorite here.

Dave will probably work Sunday.

PITCHER COOK WILL TRY OUT NEXT SPRING

Toledo Hurler is Considered Fast Enough for League Ball.

Although Manager Mart Cleary and his Shamrocks have been going at a good gait for several weeks they will have to speed up tomorrow if the Toledo Blades send Pitcher Cook in against them, as he is considered fast enough for league company and will try out in league ball in the spring.

The manager thinks he has an offering that will atone to his patrons for the bunch he had a week ago. His investigations at Toledo point out the Blades as a good ball team, capable of delivering a good brand and as the locals have been strengthened they will put up a better fight.

Jack Smith, who has been spending a couple of weeks with his wife at Mount Clemens, will be back in the line-up and his presence will be of great help to the club. Manager Cleary has announced another new departure. He will not call any more games at 2:30 o'clock. There has been some complaint on this score and 3 o'clock is the time he has fixed for this and all subsequent engagements for his club.

In the game against the Cuban Stars Friday the club put up a good game. The men could not hit Pedroso. Cincinnati and Detroit could not do that but they held the fast blacks to four runs, which is some feat. The club will be able to put in its regular line up which will be: Hoffer, catcher; Robbins or Seitz, pitcher; Zellers, first; Gallmeier, second; Walda, short; Long, third; Smith, left; Collars, center; Quinn, right.

The Blades will bat in the following order: McCarthy, short; McConnell, third; Marshall, center; Steiger, second; Sante, catcher; Hoch, left; Hits, right; Becker, first, and Cook, Wisler or Baskette, pitcher.

IN THE LIMELIGHT

Three of the four hits made by the Highlanders off Pitcher Wood of the Red Sox were bunched with an error in the ninth inning and gave New York a victory that put the [illegible] second place in the American league race.

Groom held Philadelphia to four hits, but Washington did not [illegible] a run out of the half dozen hits made off Coombs and the game went to the Athletics.

Maddox, old Wheeling pitcher, went to the aid of White in the game between the Pirates and the Reds and held Griffith's troupe safe while Pittsburg was pounding out a victory behind him. Burns was routed and gave way to Benton.

Crandall for the Giants and Brown for the Boston Nationals went through a game without either of them allowing a base on balls. Both were bit hard, but Crandall had better support and New York won.

[illegible] Ferriss was one of the pitchers for [illegible] que yesterday when Davenport made [illegible] thirteen hits.

"Pop" Clark is back behind the bat at Quincy and Card is playing first base on account of the injury to Bade Myers.

Pitcher Hi West took a wild heave in the ninth inning of the game at Milwaukee and this, with Barry's sacrifice fly beat Toledo in the ninth. McCarthy made a home run on a ball that rolled under the bleachers and could not be extracted until he had made the circuit.

Pitcher Kaler held Kansas City to three hits and was given excellent support by Columbus and won his game, 3 to 1.

Charlie Carr and Delehanty each hit for home runs in the ninth inning of the game at Minneapolis, but Hughes had been so tight in the early stages of the game that he was safe with a nine-run lead behind him.

Chech was hit hard in the third inning of the game against Louisville and enough runs were made in the round to beat St. Paul.

Bell was forced out of the box by an onslaught made by Philadelphia while Moore was working steadily and the Quakers grabbed off a victory.

Baseball Standings and Results

CENTRAL LEAGUE.

Clubs.	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
South Bend	53	32	.624
Fort Wayne	49	37	.570
Dayton	45	38	.542
Evansville	42	42	.500
Terre Haute	40	42	.488
Grand Rapids	41	45	.477
Wheeling	36	49	.424
Zanesville	31	52	.374

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

Clubs.	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Philadelphia	59	30	.663
New York	53	36	.596
Boston	54	37	.593
Detroit	50	41	.549
Cleveland	38	45	.458
Washington	38	52	.422
Chicago	35	53	.398
St. Louis	25	58	.301

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Clubs.	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Chicago	56	30	.651
Pittsburg	49	35	.583
New York	49	36	.576
Cincinnati	44	44	.500
Philadelphia	42	44	.488
St. Louis	38	49	.443
Brooklyn	35	52	.402
Boston	33	57	.367

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

Clubs.	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Minneapolis	71	35	.670
St. Paul	59	44	.573
Toledo	58	44	.569
Kansas City	47	51	.480
Columbus	40	51	.474
Milwaukee	45	55	.450
Indianapolis	40	61	.396
Louisville	38	63	.376

RESULTS YESTERDAY.

CENTRAL LEAGUE.

Fort Wayne, 2; South Bend, 0.
Evansville, 4; Zanesville, 2.
Grand Rapids, 8; Dayton, 1.
Wheeling, 6; Terre Haute, 1.

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

Chicago, 0; Detroit, 1.
Philadelphia, 4; Washington, 0.
Boston, 1; New York, 3.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

St. Louis, 2; Chicago, 5.
Pittsburg, 7; Cincinnati, 3.
New York, 5; Boston, 2.
Brooklyn, 2; Philadelphia, 5.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

Milwaukee, 2; Toledo, 1.
Kansas City, 1; Columbus, 3.
Minneapolis, 0; Indianapolis, 2.
St. Paul, 2; Louisville, 3.

GAMES TOMORROW.

CENTRAL LEAGUE.

Fort Wayne at Grand Rapids.
Dayton at South Bend.
Evansville at Wheeling.
Terre Haute at Zanesville.

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

Detroit at Chicago.
Cleveland at St. Louis.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Pittsburg at Cincinnati.
Chicago at St. Louis.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

Columbus at Kansas City.
Indianapolis at Minneapolis.
Louisville at St. Paul.
Toledo at Milwaukee.

IN THE CITY'S CHURCHES

HELD IN THE INTEREST OF THE LUTHERAN HOSPITAL

Great Meetings Sunday in Churches and at Concordia College.

In all the German Lutheran churches of this city and vicinity sermons in the interest of the Lutheran hospital, located in this city, will be preached and efforts made to liquidate a great portion of the indebtedness incurred in the building of the hospital. Statement of this debt and the exercises of tomorrow were given in Friday's Sentinel. The sermons in the various churches will be preached in the forenoon and subscriptions then taken. In the afternoon a great union meeting of all the congregations is to be held at the Concordia college, the principal speaker being Rev. A. Almstead, of Granite City, Ill., the superintendent of the hospital located in that city. There will also be other speakers, among whom will be the pastors of this city. The meeting will be one which will be interesting and largely attended.

During the past five years the hospital gained a reputation for efficiency inferior to none in the northern part of our state. Its idyllic location, its modern facilities, especially its perfectly equipped operating rooms, as well as the management on the part of very competent officials self-evidently greatly contributed toward procuring for it the well merited reputation it now has with the public. The hospital property, at a conservative estimate, represents a value of $100,000. A debt of $60,000 still rests upon this property, which is secured by 4 per cent bonds.

During the past five years the association made no effort to reduce or pay this indebtedness. The income was sufficient to pay all current expenses and the interest, but already at the time of the dedication of the institute the association resolved to make an attempt to reduce or altogether to liquidate this debt in the year 1910. The coming Sunday, therefore, will be of special significance, because on that day the Lutherans will make their contributions to wipe out this debt. The finance committee adopted the plan of distributing some 30,000 envelopes among the Lutheran communicants within the state with the request to return the same next Sunday with their offering. The chairman of the committee reports that some 15,000 envelopes were accepted on the part of 60 out of 125 congregations and he thinks that the sum to be collected will amount to $20,000 or $30,000.

It is a principle of the Lutheran church to raise moneys for church and charitable purposes among its members only and not to appeal for support to non-members, and for that reason envelopes were sent among some. However, the church is not so bigoted as to refuse voluntary offerings on the part of any friends of the hospital. For this reason not only members of the Lutheran church but all friends are heartily invited to participate in the joint celebration to be held next Sunday at 2:30 p. m. in the gymnasium of Concordia college. The program is as follows:

Introitus .....
Hymn No. 158—"Ein feste Burg"... ..... Congregation
Collection and Scripture Reading.
Hymn No. 341—"Lobe den Herren".. ..... Congregation
Scripture Reading.
Solo—"Gott sei mir gnaedig"..... ..... Herr Moeller
Sermon .....
Rev. A. Alenstedt, Granite City, Ill.
Announcements.
Solo ..... Herr Moeller
Hymn No. 275, v. 4-7....Congregation
Prayer—Benediction—Doxology.

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GIVEN BY THE CHILDREN.

Sunday Evening Exercises at St. John Reformed Church.

The closing Sunday worship of the St. John Reformed church, in the school hall, previous to the occupancy of the remodeled auditorium, will be held tomorrow. In the forenoon at the usual hour there will be preparatory services for the communion the following Sunday and in the evening the children will give an entertainment of song and recitation. The program, an interesting one, is as follows:

Opening number .....
..... Song by the Sunday school
Welcome address in German..... ..... Carl Hormann
Welcome addresses in English .... Nora Boegel, Esther Bill, Elizabeth Genthner, Esther Rehling and Ruth Rehling.
Recitation .....
....Lillian Auer and Emma Freese
English song ...Little Lucile Siebold
English recitation..Little George Todd
"Children Should Be Seen, Not Heard".....Little Luella Kestner
Song ..... Sunday school
Recitation .....
Ruth Entrodacher, Florence Kroener and Loretta Hilgeman.
English recitation—"If I Were a Little Sunbeam" .....
....Helen Hoham, of South Bend
English song ...Little Dorothy Gidley
Recitations .....
Albert and Herbert Stolte, Edward Auer, George Freese and Carl Bauer.
Song ..... Sunday school
Little speeches .....
Lucile Kestner, Viola Brandenburger, Marie Halfmann and Clara Rogké.
Recitations .....
Helen Klebe, Mildred Wetzel, Edna Baade, Naomi Bill and Irene Jasper.
Song ..... Primary department
Recitations .....
Meta Brandenburger, Olga Brandenburger, Elsie Hilgemann, Aurelia Bosch and Emma Hoffman.
Song ..... Sunday school
"God's Smile" .....Emma Stolte
Recitation by four boys .....
Herman Bascheller, Elmer Kolmerten, Paul Bosch and Robert Kolenberg.
Recitations .....
Helen Rapp, Maurice Schaefer, Celesta Schaefer.
Song ..... Sunday school
Recitation—"Here Am I" ..... Leslie Jacobs
Recitation .....
.....Eleanore and Selma Reif
Closing song ..... Sunday school

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TRINITY EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

News of Interest Concerning the Parish in This City.

The vestry will hold its regular meeting on Tuesday, August 2, at the rectory at 8 p. m. Important business will be discussed.

During the summer there will be a children's eucharist every Sunday at 9:30 a. m. instead of Sunday school. Many of the grown people of the parish find this a helpful and convenient service.

The rector, Rev. E. W. Averill, will leave for his vacation on the 22nd of August, and will be absent from the parish three Sundays. Rev. W. W. Daup will officiate in his absence.

During the months of August and September the evening service on Sunday will be omitted, the Sunday services being at 7:30 a. m., 9:30 a. m. and 10:45 a. m.

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FIRST M. E. CHURCH.

Sermon Topics for the Day and Musical Program.

The sermon topics of Rev. J. K. Cecil at the First M. E. church tomorrow will be "God's Design for Man" and "A Faithful Decision." The musical program is as follows:

Morning.

Prelude—"Fanfare" ..... Dubois
Anthem—"Sweet is Thy Mercy" .... Barnby
Choir.
Offertory—"Cradle Song".....Spinney
Postlude—"Processional March" .... Parker

Evening.

Prelude—"To a Rosebud" .... Steele
Quartet—"Not on This Day, O Lord" ..... Borst
Offertory—"The Golden Wedding".. ..... Gabriel-Marie
Postlude—March in B Flat..Faulkes

* * *

MUSICAL PROGRAM

Rendered at First Baptist Church on Sunday.

The pastor, Rev. J. F. Vichert, of the First Baptist church, will preach both morning and evening. The subject of the morning sermon will be: "The Danger Line in Religion," and of the evening, "Life Abundant." The musical program is as follows:

Morning.

Prelude ..... Gullmant
Quartet—"Open to Me the Gates".. ..... Bischoff
Song Without Words ..... Faulkes
Quartet—"The King of Love My Shepherd Is" ..... Shelley
March ..... Lemaigre

Evening.

Allegretto ..... Kuhlan
Quartet—"Come Ye Blessed"....Gaul
Reverie ..... Gullmant
Quartet—"There's a Wideness in God's Mercy" ..... Harrington
Postlude ..... Wolstenholm

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TEMPERANCE MEETING

Held at Salvation Army Hall Sunday Afternoon.

A temperance meeting will be held Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the Salvation Army hall. The Woman's Christian Temperance union and all others are invited to attend. The program is as follows:

Song by congregation.
Prayer by Dr. W. G. Ferguson.
Solo by Miss Ida Null.
Scripture lesson by Jas. E. Graham.
Song by congregation—"America."
Address by Rev. W. A. Griest, pastor of Simpson M. E. church.
Song by congregation.
Benediction.

* * *

NO PREACHING SERVICES

At Plymouth Church Tomorrow—New Pastor in September.

There will be no preaching services in Plymouth Congregational church on Sunday, July 30, and there will be no service on the following Sunday, although the Sunday school will hold its regular sessions. Arrangements have been made to fill the pulpit on the last three Sundays in August, among the speakers being Rev. Mr. Bigelow, of Cleveland. Rev. A. J. Folsom, the new pastor of Plymouth church, will be here to take up his work on the first Sunday in September. Efforts are being made to find a suitable house to be used as a parsonage.

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WAYNE STREET M. E. CHURCH.

Pastor Announces Sermon Topics and Musical Program.

Sabbath school, 9:30 a. m.; morning worship, 10:30 a. m.; subject for the sermon, "The Best of Life." Epworth league hour, 7 p. m.; subject, "Life Hereafter." Lulu Bechtol, leader. Evening worship, 8 p. m.; subject of the sermon, "Christ's Picture of a Christian."

The following musical numbers will be rendered during the day at these services:

Morning.

"Sing Alleluia Forth" .. Dudley Buck
"Day Break"..... J. A. Parks

Evening.

"God Be Merciful Unto Us" ..... H. P. Danks
"The King of Love My Shepherd Is" ..... Shelley

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PULPIT SUPPLIES

During Vacation of Pastor of First Baptist Church.

Rev. J. F. Vichert will leave on his vacation on Monday. He will go to the home of his parents at Princeton, Ontario. During August the pulpit at the First Baptist church will be supplied as follows: Aug 7 and 14, Professor P. G. Mode, of Brandon college, Brandon, Man.; Aug. 21 and 28, Professor I. G. Matthews, of McMaster university, Toronto, Ont. Professor Matthews is well known here, having supplied the pulpit with great acceptance during the vacation period of the last two summers. Professor Mode has achieved distinction as a preacher and his coming is awaited with very great interest.

* * *

ANNUAL CHURCH PICNIC.

The annual picnic given by the Sunday school of the Simpson M. E. church at Maple Grove park, Decatur, Ind., is to be on Saturday, August 13. The superintendent, A. C. Double, wants everybody attending to bring their own lunch. There will be a table dinner. Interurban cars will leave the corner of Williams and Calhoun streets Saturday morning at 8:30 sharp. An interesting program has been prepared at the park. There will be a balloon ascension and a base ball game at 3 p. m. and many games of other sort for the boys and girls.

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SUNDAY IN THE CHURCHES.

Services and Sermon Topics in the City Churches.

There will be public worship at the First Presbyterian church Sunday at 11 a. m.

Rev. T. P. Potts, of the Bible Training school, will preach at the First Presbyterian church Sunday morning, the theme of his sermon being "The Children of a King."

Sunday services at Calvary United Brethren church as follows: Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 by the pastor, Rev. G. F. Byrer; subject, "The Four Passovers," and communion services; preaching at 7:45 by the presiding elder, Rev. J. Simons, of Peru; Young People's society at 7 o'clock, led by Mrs. G. F. Byrer.

Westminster Presbyterian church, Rev. H. S. Morrison, pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.; Chas. S. Bash, superintendent. Sermon by the pastor at 10:30 a. m. At 7:45 p. m. the pastor will give another stereopticon lecture. During the month of August there will be no preaching, the Sunday school, however, will continue at the usual hour.

Church of God. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.; subject at 10:30 a. m., "Measureless Power." At 7:30 p. m., "Power of Christ Touch." Christian Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Leader, Andrew Farrell. Prayer service Thursday evening.

Bethel church, Rev. C. D. Rarey, pastor. Sunday school at 9:30; preaching at 10:30 by James Trythall. No evening service. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening. Trustees and financial board meet evening of August 9.

Hon. John C. Chaney, of Sullivan, former congressman from the Second congressional district, who is spending the summer with relatives in Aboit township, will deliver a lecture at the Third Presbyterian church next Sunday evening.

The sermon subject of Rev. J. P. Alberthus at Christ's Lutheran church Sunday morning at 10:45 o'clock will be "Forgiveness." No evening service.

The theme of the sermon of Rev. F. M. Fox at the Third Presbyterian church Sunday morning will be "Bitter Sweet."

Rev. A. K. Zartman will preach Sunday at 10:30 a. m. on the subject, "Central Facts in Human Repentance." The prayer services at 8 o'clock will be led by Mrs. Zartman.

Rev. E. W. Averill, rector of Trinity Episcopal church, will address the 3 o'clock meeting at the Railroad Y. M. C. A. Sunday afternoon and H. A. Philley will be in charge of the song service.

The sermon subjects at the St. Paul's M. E. church tomorrow will be: Morning, "Praying Without Ceasing;" evening, "The Witness of the Spirit."

The gospel wagon will leave the Rescue Home and Mission tonight at 8:45 o'clock. Pastors from the several churches and the young people of the Epworth league will take part. Meetings will be held at corner of Berry and Calhoun and Baker and Calhoun. Sunday night the superintendent, G. I. Cooper, will speak at the mission on the subject, "Separation."

Simpson M. E. church, Rev. W. A. Griest, pastor. Sunday school 9:30 a. m.; morning worship 10:30 a. m., sermon by the pastor, subject: "The Cause and Cure of Sorrowing;" Epworth league 6:45 p. m., leader, Jacob Crick, "A Memory Meeting;" evening worship 7:45 p. m., sermon by the pastor, subject: "Of Whom the World Was not Worthy."

Trinity Methodist Episcopal church, corner of Cass and 4th street. Public worship with sermons by the pastor Sunday morning and evening at 10:30 and 8; Sunday school 9:30; Junior League 2:30; Epworth League 7 p. m., subject, "The Future Life;" leader, Miss Sarah Fraze. Good singing; helpful services. Cordial welcome to all. T. M. Hill.

At the West Creighton Avenue Church of Christ Rev. J. H. McCartney will preach at 10:30 a. m. on "The Light of the World," and 8 p. m. on "The Power of an Endless Life." Bible school 9:30 a.m. and Y. P. S. C. E. at 7 p. m.

West Jefferson Street Church of Christ. The pastor, Rev. Earle Marion Todd, will preach at the morning service at 10:45. The theme of the sermon will be "The Benevolence of Death," and will be illustrated by Geo. Frederick Watts' picture, "Death Crowning Innocence," reproductions of which will be presented to the congregation. Other meetings for the day will be: Sunday school at 9:30; John Aylesworth Men's Bible class at 9:30, subject: "Duties vs. Rights," opened by Mr. Urschel; communion service at 10:30; Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:30, led by Grace Cochran, subject: "My Most Interesting Missionary Item." A cordial invitation to all.

Bethany Presbyterian church, corner Boone and Fry streets, C. O. Shirey, minister. Regular services with S. S. at 9:30; morning worship at 11 a. m., subject of morning sermon: "The Dissipation of Extacy;" C. E. at 7 p. m. subject: "My Most Interesting Missionary Item," leader, Miss Helen Doswell; evening service at 8 p. m., subject: "Wonders of the Ear."

Church of Brethren, corner of Smith and Green streets—Sunday school at 10 a. m., following which there will be preaching by Elder T. B. Wike, of Huntington, Ind. Song service at 7:30 p. m. and preaching at 8 o'clock.

* * *

IN CHURCH CIRCLES.

Personal Mention and Local Events of Religious Character.

Rev. Mr. Gielow, of Detroit, Mich., president of the Lutheran Home for Deaf Mutes, is a visitor in the city.

Rev. G. F. Byrer, pastor of the Calvary U. B. church, will be in South Bend next week to assist in the canvas for funds for the building of a new church in that city. Mrs. Byrer will spend the week at Warsaw.

The Church of God will hold its annual outing in the city park on South Hanna street Wednesday afternoon and evening. Ice cream and supper will be served by the ladies.

The Ladies' Aid society of Simpson M. E. church will meet Tuesday afternoon with Mrs. Sarah Hines, 256 South Wayne avenue.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary society of Simpson M. E. church will meet Thursday afternoon with Mrs. A. P. Double, 3219 Dinnen avenue.

Rev. Claud Travis, pastor of Wayne Street M. E. church, leaves Monday to spend a few days in Chicago.

The contract for the cement foundation for the new Simpson M. E. church has been given to A. Grosjean for $1,775. He began his work Friday.

Rev. and Mrs. A. K. Zartman will leave Monday for Rome City to occupy their cottage during the month of August.

Laymen Adopt By-Laws.

A laymen's meeting was held last evening at the Grace Reformed church and members of the congregation adopted a constitution for the purpose of promoting the work of the laymen's missionary movement. The election of officers will take place at the next meeting, to be held on the second Tuesday in September.

The Martha club of Christ's Lutheran church spent a pleasant time Thursday evening at Swinney park, taking supper there and participating in games. There were seventy present.

* * *

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

First Church of Christ, Scientist, 916 Harrison street. Morning service at 10:30; Sunday school at 11:30. Subject for tomorrow, "Love." Golden text: "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd; he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young." Isaiah, 40:11. Wednesday evening meeting at 8 o'clock. Reading room at 501 Bass block, open daily except Sunday from 1:30 to 5 p. m.

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RICH MAN MAY NOW SEE HIS CHILDREN.

BARON AND BARONESS VON ROMBERG AND THE BARONESS' CHILDREN

CONVERSE MORRILL AND GEORGE PEABODY MORRILL

New York, July 30.—Word has been received in this city that the supreme court of Connecticut has decided that Mr. Walter C. Morrill, of Greenwich, son-in-law of Mr. E. C. Converse, president of the Astor Trust company and the Bankers' Trust company, of this city, may see his two children—Converse Morrill, nine years old, and George Peabody Morrill, eight—in this country for six weeks each year. The children are now in Wiesbaden, Germany, with their mother, who, after she obtained a divorce from Mr. Morrill, became the Baroness von Romberg, wife of a lieutenant in the Eighth Fusiliers, of the Germany army.

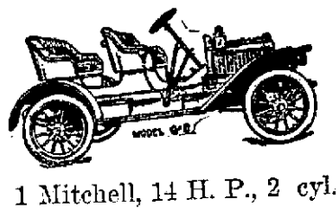
The decision raises a legal point the solution of which will be watched with interest by lawyers. Attorneys for the baroness had contended that a decree of a court in this country is of no effect in Germany. The mother had asked for an order which would place the children unconditionally in her care.

Litigation concerning the two children began four years ago, shortly after the marriage of Mrs. Morrill to the Baron von Romberg. She and Mr. Morrill were divorced in 1902 as the result of her suit charging cruelty.

In urging that he be allowed to see his children Mr. Morrill contended that if they are permitted to remain in Germany all of the year they will insensibly become affected with ideas foreign to American principles, by which he wants their lives to be guided. The father said that the children have become attached to their stepfather, and that he fears they will become German in their sentiments and ideas rather than American. The court held that it is for the best welfare of the children that they be permitted to see their father.

Before her first marriage Mrs. Morrill was Miss Antoinette MacDonough Converse. She was nineteen years old when she was married to Mr. Morrill.

Housecleaning Sale



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Nightingale Whistles....	$3.50	31x4	5.40
Large Double Action Pumps	$2.75	34x3½	5.50
Stapley Pumps, pressure guages attached, $6.00 values, now.....	$4.00	34x4	5.75
Puritan Oil Soap, 5-lb. buckets	50c	AUTO CASINGS, 2DS.	
Auto Jacks...	$1.00 and $1.50	28x3	$13.00
Ideal Inner Sleeves for casings $1, $1.25 and $1.50		30x3	14.25
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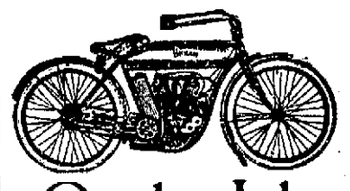

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The Most Important Business in Life

Text—Amos 4:12: "Prepare to meet thy God."

A Sermon By

REV. R. A. TORREY, D. D.

[Dr. Torrey (Congregationalist) is one of America's leading evangelists, and is equally distinguished as a preacher, author and teacher of the Gospel. This sermon is reprinted from the Christian Herald.]

REV. R. A. TORREY, D. D.

I am sure that there is not in the whole bible a commandment that is more important or more reasonable or more solemn than that. God has three ways in which he speaks to us. First of all, he speaks to us in his written word, the bible. Second, he speaks to us by his providences, and third, he speaks to us by the still small voice of his Spirit in our hearts. And in all these three ways God is saying over and over again: "Prepare to meet thy God." That is the constant refrain of the bible. And that is the thing that God is constantly saying to us by his providences. Every great calamity that overtakes men is a call from God to the men that are left to prepare to meet him.

The first thing our text teaches us, and the providence of God teaches us, and the voice of the Spirit teaches us, is that we must all meet God. Let these words sink into your heart. We all must meet God. Just a little way ahead of every one of us in this hall tonight there is a great experience. In just a few years at the very outside every one of us that is in this hall tonight is going to pass out of this present life into another life and the first thing that awaits every one of us in that other life is a face-to-face meeting with God. "It is appointed unto men once to die, and after that the judgment." "So then every one of us shall give account of himself to God." Judgment lies just ahead, perhaps a few weeks, perhaps a few months, perhaps a few years, but just a little way ahead every one of us is going to pass out of this life into another and the very first thing that awaits us in that other life is a face-to-face meeting with God. So the most important question that confronts every man and woman in this building tonight is this: Are you ready to meet God? Oh, happy is the one who is so perfectly in the line of God's will that he is ready at any moment to meet God himself. Happy is the one who has such an assurance that he is at peace with God that he can look death itself right in the eye and cheerfully and gladly say: "Come on, I am not a bit afraid of you. Come on, I am ready to meet God."

The Soul's Peace With God.

Across the ocean in the old country a woman lay dying. Her vicar heard that she was dying and hastened to her bedside. He sat down beside her and tried to break the news as gently as he could. He said, "Madam, they think your time is very short. They think you must die." "Oh, yes," she said, "I know it. I know my time is very short." He said, "Madam, do you realize that the first thing when you die is a meeting with God?" "Yes," she said, "I realize it." "Have you made your peace with God?" "No," she replied, 'I haven't made my peace with God." "Then are you not afraid to die?" "No," she said, "not a particle." "Do you realize you are dying now? Do you realize you have only a few hours at the most to live, and do you realize that just as soon as you die, you must meet God? Do you realize that in just a few hours at the outside you must meet God?" "Yes." "And you have not made your peace with God?" "No, sir, and I am not going to." "And you are not afraid to meet God?" "Not a particle," she said. There was a strange light of perfect peace in the woman's eyes and the vicar realized there was something back of it all. He said, "What do you mean?" She said, "Listen! I know I am dying. I know that at the outside I have but a few hours to live. I know I shall meet God face to face and I haven't made my peace with God, and yet I have not a fear of meeting God. I am resting in the peace that Jesus Christ made in his atoning death upon the cross, and I don't have to make my peace with God, for I am resting in the peace that Jesus Christ has already made." Oh, happy is the man or woman who so believes God's testimony about Jesus, namely, that when he died on the cross for you and me he died on the cross for you and me he cross and therefore we do not need to make peace, and who is so calmly resting in that peace that he can look death itself in the eye and say, "Come on, I am not afraid to meet God. There is not a cloud between God and me."

The second thing our text teaches us is that in order to meet God satisfactorily, in order to meet him with peace and joy and not with fear and dismay, we must prepare for that meeting. "Prepare to meet thy God." I cannot think of any greater madness of which any one can be guilty than the madness of fancying that one can meet such a Being as we know God to be in a satisfactory way without earnest previous preparation. And yet that is the madness that the average man and woman is guilty of tonight. You are making no earnest preparation. You are just drifting, thinking that though you go drifting through life, somehow or other when the time of meeting comes, you will be prepared for that meeting. Why, no one would dream of meeting an earthly king without preparation; how much less the eternal King? When any one in London has an audience with the king, he is sent before he goes into the king's presence to one whose business it is to teach him how to come into the king's presence and how to back out of the king's presence; just what he must wear; just how he must approach the king; just what he must do. There is not a sane Englishman in Great Britain who would dream of going into the presence of King George without previous preparation. And yet you think you can go into the presence of the One who created King George and all the other kings of earth, that One so holy that the very seraphim veil their faces and their feet in his presence and cry, "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord God Almighty." You fancy that somehow or other you can go into the presence of that great King, immortal, eternal, invisible, whom no man has seen nor can see and not perish, without earnest and protracted and thorough preparation. Is it not madness?

The Need of Preparation.

Once in the home of Lord ——— in Scotland, Lady ——— was showing Mrs. Torrey the robes she wore at the coronation. As she was showing her these robes she said, "There was a singular thing happened at the coronation. Right near me a lady came in, a member of the nobility, whose rank nobody questioned. But," she said, "we had all been instructed just what to wear and just how to come in. This lady came in, beautifully dressed, magnificently dressed, but she did not have on the prescribed garment. One of the marshals came down and called her out. She said she was a titled lady, but sternly the marshal called her out, 'You have not on the prescribed robe,' and she had to leave the Abbey in disgrace." And yet you fancy you can go into the presence of the King Eternal who created the earth and the sun and the moon and the stars and this whole universe with some other kind of preparation than he himself prescribes You will go out into eternity disgraced forever. You must prepare beforehand. And preparation to meet such a person as God takes time. If one of these children here should start out tonight to prepare to meet God and should make that preparation the whole work of a lifetime, he would not be any too well prepared. You men and women who take Christ in advanced life, I am not saying you will be lost, but you will not be so well prepared to meet God as the children, who take Christ in their childhood and spend a lifetime in preparation. There you see the madness of deathbed repentance. To think a man can live in sin and selfishness and perhaps in lust and then just a few moments before death prepare for a satisfactory meeting with God! A man may be saved on his deathbed, but he won't be prepared for such a meeting with God as we ought all to desire. Full preparation to meet God is a matter of a whole lifetime, and if we begin in earliest boyhood or earliest girlhood and give our whole life to it, we will be none too ready and none too fully prepared.

Sins Confessed and Sins Covered.

Again, in order to meet God, we must not only put sin out of our lives, we must also confess our sins. We read in Prov. 28: 13, "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper: but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy." It is not enough to quite your sin. You must own it up. You must confess it definitely to God. David sinned. He was sorry he had and he turned from it, but he would not confess it and in the 32d Psalm he tells us what kind of a time he had, "When I kept silence, my bones waxed old through my roaring all the day long. For day and night thy hand was heavy upon me: my moisture is turned into the drought of summer. I acknowledged my sin unto thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord; and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin." Not until sin is confessed is sin forgiven and covered. If you try to cover your sins from the eye of God, God will uncover them to the whole world sooner or later, but if you will uncover your sin before the eye of God in honest earnest confession, God will cover them so deep they will never be seen again. You must confess every sin to God to start with. Then if you have sinned against your fellow men you must confess to them. And if you have sinned publicly, your confession of sin must be as public as your sin. That does not mean you have to tell everybody everything you have done. The secret things that the world does not know about, confess to God; those you have committed against definite people, confess to the people against whom you have committed them; but every public sin should be as publicly confessed as it is committed.

Righting a Life's Wrongs.

Again, in order to meet God satisfactorily, you must set right the wrongs you have done as far as lies in your power to do it. Of course, if it is out of your power, you will have to leave it with God, but as far as it is in your power, you must set right the wrongs you have done. If you owe debts, you must pay them up. You know there is one thing I cannot understand: those Christians, or professed Christians, who do not pay their honest debts 100 cents on the dollar. If you owe money go and pay it, every penny of it. If you have wronged anybody it is your duty to set the wrong right if it lies in your power. When we were in West Virginia, a very prominent business man got under very deep conviction. He wanted to see me and have a private talk with me. When he came in he said: "What I want to see you about is this. I used to be an active member in the church and my brother also, and we failed in business and we paid thirty-three and a third cents on the dollar and we went through bankruptcy. We were quit of all responsibility by the law, but I backslid. Since then I have been prospered in business and I now am able to pay the other sixty-six and two-thirds cents on the dollar. Now," he said, "tell me, do you think that in order to get right wih God and take my place in the church I ought to pay that other sixty-six and two-thirds cents on the dollar even though they have no legal claim on me?" "Beyond a question. The fact that you have gone through bankruptcy and are quit of it by law has nothing to do with your moral responsibility, and as now you are able to pay, if you want to get right with God you must do it." Do you know what he said? He said, "I will do it." I tell you it was worth while. If you have told lies about other people, it is your business to set those lies straight. I tell you that will give many of you people a lot of business. I want to say to you that to blacken a woman's reputation is far viler and meaner and baser than to steal $100,000 from her. If any of you folks have been telling anything that is not true about anybody else, if you want to be ready to meet God, and you will have to very soon, you had better get busy just as quick as you can straightening out the lies you have told and face the music and say right out, "When I told that story about Mrs. So and So, I lied." Don't try to gloss it over. Call it a lie like a man: say, "I lied." That will be very humiliating. Some of you that boast of your own goodness and try to establish your own goodness by trying to pull other people down, it will be very humiliating for you to go and own up you lied, but you had better humiliate yourself now than to have to face God with a slander on your lips that you have not straightened out.

Again, in order to be ready to meet God, we must accept Jesus Christ as our Saviour. It is not enough to forsake your sin. It is not enough to confess your sin. It is not enough to do everything in your power to set your sin straight. In addition, you must accept the crucified Christ as your Saviour from the guilt of sin. If you should start out tonight and never sin again, that would not set you right with God, for there are sins you have already committed and that have got to be covered, and no right-doing from this time on will cover the sins already committed. There is only one thing in all the universe that will cover sin already committed, and that is the atoning blood of Jesus Christ.

You must accept him as your risen Saviour to keep you from sin in the future. Suppose you should come to Christ and accept him as your Saviour from the guilt of sin, you would still need some one to keep you from the power of sin, and so God has not only provided for us a crucified Saviour to cover the sins of the past, but has provided a risen Saviour to give us power to get victory over sin in the future. In order to be prepared to meet God you must accept the crucified Christ to give you pardon for the sins of the past and the risen Christ to keep you from the power of sin day by day in the future. You must also openly confess this Christ whom you have accepted before the world. This is God's command. Jesus says in Matt. 10:32, 33, "Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven. But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven." I believe there are a great many men and women who think that they have accepted Christ in the secrecy of their hearts, but they have never stood up and confessed him. Any man or woman who goes out of this world without having publicly confessed the Christ they have accepted is not ready to meet God. In Rom. 10:9, 10, we read: "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thin heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation."

I put to each of you the question: Are you prepared to meet God? If not, will you begin to prepare tonight? Friends, listen: more of the men and women who are in this audience tonight will be lost through delay than in any other way. Almost every one of you intends to prepare some day. I don't believe there are ten persons in any religious audience who don't intend to get ready some time. But, you say, "I won't begin to get ready just yet." If you don't begin to prepare now, you won't be as fully prepared even if you begin next Sunday, and some of you will lose your souls. If you don't begin this very hour to get ready to meet God.

Archaeus was at one time a king in Greece. Some of his subjects hated him. He was a tyrant and they planned to put him to death. A friend of Archaeus got wind of the conspiracy, got all the facts, wrote them down and put the packet into a messenger's hand and said: "Take this to the king. Get into the king's presence at any cost. Put it into the king's hands and say to the king, 'The friend who sends this begs of you to read it at once, for it contains serious matters.'" The messenger made his way into the king's palace. The king was giving a banquet to some of his friends, but in some way the messenger got into the banqueting hall and put the package into the king's hands and said: "The friend who sends this begs of the king that he shall read it at once, for it contains serious matters." King Archaeus lightly tossed it aside and said: "Serious matters tomorrow." When the morrow broke Archaeus was a corpse, for the conspiracy had ripened that night. As the messenger of the Lord God Almighty, I bring you a packet that contains serious matters—"Prepare to meet thy God," and I beg of you to attend to it at once. If any of you toss it lightly aside and say, "Serious matters tomorrow," you may lose your soul forever.

Following Christ in Youth:

Jesus on the Way to Jerusalem.

International son for Sun By Dr. and M

Lesson Text—Matt. 19:1, 2, 13-26. Golden Text—Matthew 19:14: "Jesus said, S and forbid them not, to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

[From The Christian Herald.]

"See the little children loving Jesus," said a little girl looking at a picture of Jesus blessing little children. And in saying so, she was unwittingly throwing a new light on the dear old story revealing the depth of love there is for the Saviour in the heart of the child. A mother was one day showing a picture of Christ blessing little children to her little daughter, Jennie. "If we had been there, I would have pushed you to Jesus," said the mother. "I wouldn't be pushed to Jesus," said Jennie, "I would go myself." Some artists have caught this loving spirit of the child-heart, and have painted most tender and affectionate expressions in the faces of the children. Childhood is the loving time of life. It is easy, it is natural for a child to love. A child who has not a loving nature has been wronged or mistreated by somebody. An unloving child is abnormal. In his plan of salvation, Jesus made loving the start, then doing, then knowing. St. Augustine put it wisely when he said: "We must know earthly things in order to love them, but we must first love heavenly things in order to know them." Because Jesus put loving first, little children can easily be his followers, and they can grow in wisdom as they grow in stature, for so he grew as a child, the grace of God being upon him. A "child-Christian" is not, therefore, a misnomer. Child-Christians can be counted by the hundreds and thousands in this world, and

Around the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand;
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
Singing, Glory, glory be to God on high.

Changed Ideals.

It was Jesus' coming as a child that brought Godlike childhood to the earth. Until he came, learned and holy men were the ideals of the church, but Jesus set a child in the midst, and said: "Except ye become as a little child ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven." By that act Jesus meant to teach us that the loving, trusting, obedient charcteristics of children should be found in all adult Christians.

Jesus did not say that a child was a perfect example, but that he had some qualities which all of his followers should possess. Jesus knew that the child whom he set in the midst had other qualities which should not only not be adopted by others, but which should be corrected in the child. Sometimes children show ill-temper, and we call them "cross," but under the same condition we call grown-up people "nervous." Let us call bad things by their right names at all times, and let grown-ups know that they are not expected to emulate the faults of children as well as their virtues, and thus become childish rather than childlike.

Jesus and the Children.

On that day when Jesus gathered the little children about him there were some good people, even the apostles, who were displeased because they thought that the mothers bothered Jesus by bringing their children to him. How strangely they misinterpreted their Master! And so there are hinderers of the children in our time. Some people think the children are too young, too thoughtless to become the followers of Jesus. If there were not a lot of such hinderers we should see the church largely composed of child members. And if we should ask the adult members at what age they joined the church, they would all make answer: "When we were children."

That day, only about three months before his crucifixion, Jesus with little children on his lap, and all around him, laid his hands upon them and blessed them. There can be no doubt that as long as they lived, those little ones felt that touch upon their heads. Other little children have felt a like caress from some godly person. Some ministers were dining with a family where there was a little four-year-old boy named "Willie." The oldest among them laid his hand upon the child's head and said, "Willie will be a minister." Small as he was, the little one repeated it to his mother, and a hope sprang up in the mother's heart. The thought took such a hold upon the child that he often "played minister," when he would make a pulpit out of a chair, and a church out of many chairs. Sometimes he invited members of the family to be "the people," but he preached to the chairs with satisfaction, assuming they were filled even if they had no one in them. As the boy grew older he became an ardent student of the bible, and in his early youth he fully decided to be a minister, and he preached his first real sermon when he was nineteen years of age. He might have become a minister of the gospel if the hand of the dear old minister had not been laid on his head, but undoubtedly that incident had much to do with the course of his life.

We must not underestimate the impression which the church makes upon young children. Bishop John H. Vincent was born in Tuscaloosa, Ala., and lived there until he was about five years old. After forty years he returned, and was told that the house which had been his home was still standing. He replied, "I do not wish any one to show it to me, but take me to the Methodist Episcopal church and I can find it myself, so vividly do I remember the way in which my parents led me from the home to the church and back again." And he did find it without the least hesitation.

For the Good of the Parents.

A new great picture of Christ blessing little children has been painted. The Saviour is represented as being in the midst of the little children on earth in their play as well as the host of little ones in heaven above. There is sweet comfort in this picture for the mothers whose "little lambs are pasturing on heavenly meads." They are close to Jesus. Nor think God's designs in them frustrated because they did not reach maturity on earth. They have been likened to the delicate lily work that helped to complete the beauty of Solomon's temple.

The Rich Young Ruler.

Another phase of young life was considered by Jesus shortly after the incident of blessing little children: A young man came to him asking the question, "What shall I do to inherit eternal life?" He must have been a very handsome young man, for it is recorded that "Jesus beholding him, loved him." (Mark 10:21.) We would say that he had been "well brought up" because he told Jesus that from the time he was a child he had kept the commandments. But that was not the way to get to heaven; if any one is to be saved by the law, it must be by perfect obedience. He is bound to keep the law every hour, and so he can not count the obedience of one hour against the disobedience of another. If he breaks the law, his only remedy must be mercy, forgiveness and atonement. That young man had no sense of sin.

"One thing thou lackest," said Jesus to him. What did he lack?

Dr. Lyman Abbott says: "Not right

Short Sermons FOR A Sunday Half-Hour

Theme:

THE ETHICS OF PRAYER

BY REV. DR. A. C. DIXON.

God is King, and it is right for a king to hear and answer the petitions of his subjects. Prayerlessness ignores, if it does not despise, the ruler of the universe, by refusing to consult or petition Him about any need or grievance. The prayerless man has placed himself outside the pale of civilization by denying to the Ruler the right to hear the petitions of His subjects. If he admits that there is a God, while at the same time he denies that He answers prayer, he has brought his God down to the position of a petty chieftain who lives for his own pleasure, without regard for the welfare of His subjects. Prayerlessness is, therefore, a species of barbarism.

God is Judge, and it is right for a judge to hear and answer the prayer of a plaintiff. In the parable the widow has a grievance against her adversary, and pleads that he shall be punished. Though the judge is unjust, his judicial position compels him to hear her plea, and her importunity constrains him to grant her petition. Now, if an unjust judge is compelled by official position to hear the plea, and constrained by the importunity of the plaintiff to grant it, how much more will a just God respect His judicial position, and answer without demanding importunity. "I tell you that He will avenge them speedily."

For men to reject God as the arbiter of their affairs, and wreak vengeance upon their own adversaries, is an index to the spirit of barbarism, where there is no recognition of judicial power, but every man is his own judge and jury. Prayerlessness is ethical anarchy. It ignores or despises the "Judge of all the earth" by refusing to consult or petition Him about grievances.

The Parable of the Pharisee and the Publican, which follows without break the Parable of the Unjust Judge and the Widow, carries with it the idea of God's judicial position. It is really a parable of the Just Judge, introduced by contrast with the unjust judge, and we have a different type of petitioner. The Pharisee uses the name of God once and the assertive pronoun "I" five times. He would like to make a stream of merit flow upward to God by the pressure of his own egotism. The publican links the name of God with the dependent pronoun "me," and puts himself in the stream of mercy that bows downward from God through Jesus Christ on the cross. To justify the Pharisee would be to justify self-inflated vanity and the spirit that despises others. Such a man, spreading the peacock feathers of his own vain assumptions, would be an incongruous figure among those who are singing, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain." He could not join in the song, because the only hymn he knows is, "Worthy is myself."

This Pharisee stands at the head of the class who to-day exalt man and talk of the divinity of human nature, while they reject the Deity of Christ. When they come before God in prayer, it is to tell Him how great Man is—the discoveries he has made, the books he has written, and the civilization he has produced.

God is Friend, and it is right for one friend to hear and answer the appeal of another friend. In Luke 2.5-8 we have these words of Jesus: "Which of you shall have a friend, and shall go unto him at midnight, and say unto him: 'Friend, lend me three loaves, for a friend of mine in his journey is come to me, and I have nothing to set before him.'" This takes us a step beyond the parable of judgment. If we have confessed sin and received forgiveness, we have become friends of God. A friend on a journey applies for bread, and the friend, not having it, goes to his friend and requests the loan of three loaves. The friend at first refuses to rise at the inconvenient hour of midnight, and gives as his reason that his children would be disturbed.

Here is a conflict of friendship with love. The father's love for his children makes him seek their comfort, while the friendship of the man for his traveling friend causes him to be importunate in his entreaty.

God is Father, and it is right for a father to hear and answer the cry of His child.

As a subject petitioning a ruler, as a plaintiff pleading before a judge, as a friend making known his need to a friend, and as a child crying to a father, everyone ought to pray. Not to pray is, therefore, to live an unethical life in our relations to God and man, in that we are not doing what we ought to do. To pray in the name of Jesus Christ is to be endued with the power of the King of the Universe, to receive pardon from the "Judge of all the earth," to be supplied with the bounty of the richest friend in the world, and to have the constant care of a loving Father.

The universe is keyed to righteousness, and, whenever and wherever a human soul turns toward the light, the work of recovery, of rebuilding a life, has begun. By toilsome ascent up the steps of virtue, even a Lady Macbeth may, at last, find peace.—W. D. Simonds.

A MERRY HEART.

"A merry heart goes all the day,"
A sad tires in a mile—O!"

Cheerfulness should be a matter for religious cultivation, as much as honesty or benevolence. In truth, it is a species of benevolence, as well as invaluable in its reactionary effect. Conversely, moodiness and chronic depression are a supreme form of selfishness, unless occasioned by insanity. We have no more moral right to stand in people's sunlight than we have to rob their coal cellars or strangle their pet canaries—no more right to waste their nerve force and their staying power than to drop strychnine in their coffee, says Woman's Life.

An unreasonable moper is worse than a minus quantity in algebra, reducing and enervating all around him.

One of the best short sermons ever written is the poem about the old woman whose cheerful disposition transmitted her bare cottage and humble fare into a sumptuous feast and a lordly palace—for cheerfulness and contentment are twins. "Cheerfulness is the strongest chain with which to bind a husband's affections. Be bright and merry before him, no matter what little foxes are destroying the vines in your own pet garden."

Making Him Think.

"But what shall we do," he asked doubtfully, "if your father refuses to give his consent?"

"Oh," she replied cheerily, "you needn't worry about that. Father will be glad enough to get rid of me."—Somerville Journal.

Business Brisk.

"How's business?"

"Brisk," answered the druggist. "I've bought tickets for two picnics and four excursions this morning and donated goods for several indoor affairs."—Pittsburg Post.

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OUR SHORT STORY PAGE

The GRIP in DEEP HOLE

Copyright 1909 by BENJ. B. HAMPTON.

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

THE roar of the falls, the lighter and shriller raging of the rapids, had at last died out behind the thick masses of the forest as Barnes worked his way down the valley. The heat in the windless underbrush, alive with insects, was stifling. He decided to make once more for the bank of the stream, in the hope that its character might by this time have changed so as to afford him an easier and more open path. Pressing aside to his left, he presently saw the green gloom lighten before him. Blue sky and golden light came low through the thinning trees; and then a gleam of unruffled water. He was nearing the edge now; and because the underbrush was so thick about him he began to go cautiously.

All at once he felt his feet sinking; and the screen of thick bushes before him leaned away as if bowed by a heavy gust. Desperately he clutched with both hands at the undergrowth and saplings on either side; but they all gave way with him. In a smother of leafage and blinding, lashing branches he sank downward—at first, as it seemed, slowly, for he had time to think many things while his heart was jumping in his throat. Then, shooting through the lighter bushy companions of his fall, and still clutching convulsively at those upon which he had been able to lay his grasp, he plunged feet first into a dark water.

The water was deep, and cold. Barnes went down straight, and clear under, with a strangled gasp. His feet struck, with some force, upon a tangled, yielding mass, from which he rose again with a spring. His head shot above the surface, above the swirl of foam, leafage, and debris; and spluttering he gulped his lungs full of air. But before he could clear his eyes or his nostrils, or recover his self-possession, he was stealthily dragged down again. With a pang of horror he realized that he was caught by the foot.

A powerful swimmer, Barnes struck out mightily with his arms and came to the surface again at once, rising beyond the shoulders. But by so much the more was he violently snatched back again, strangling and desperate, before he had time to empty his lungs and catch breath. This time the shock sobered him, flashing the full peril of the situation before his startled consciousness. With a tremendous effort of will he stopped his struggling, and contented himself with a gentle paddling to keep upright. This time he came more softly to the surface, clear beyond the chin. The foam, and debris, and turbulence of little waves, seethed about his lips, and the sunlight danced confusingly in his streaming eyes; but he gulped a fresh lungful before he again went down.

Paddling warily now, he emerged again at once, and, with arms outspread, brought himself to a precarious equilibrium, his mouth just clearing the surface so long as he held his head well back. Keeping very still, he let his bewildered wits compose themselves and the agitated surface settle to quiet.

He was in a deep, tranquil cove, hardly stirred by an eddy. Some ten paces farther out from the shore the main current swirled past sullenly, as if weary from the turbulence of falls and rapids. Across the current a little space of sand-beach, jutting out from the leafy shore, shone golden in the sun. Up and down the stream, as far as his extremely restricted vision would suffer him to see, nothing but thick, overhanging branches, and the sullen current. Very cautiously he turned his head—though to do so brought the water over his lips—and saw behind him just what he expected. The high, almost perpendicular bank was scarred by a gash of bright, raw, reddish earth, where the brink had slipped away beneath his weight.

Just within reach of his hand lay, half submerged, the thick, leafy top of a fallen poplar sapling, its roots apparently still clinging to the bank. Gently he laid hold of it, testing it, in the hope that it might prove solid enough to enable him to haul himself out. But it came away instantly in his grasp. And once more in this slight disturbance of his equilibrium, his head went under.

Barnes was disappointed, but he was now absolutely master of himself. In a moment he had regained the only position in which he could breathe comfortably. Then, because the sun was beating down too fiercely on the top of his head, he carefully drew the bushy top of the poplar sapling into such a position that it gave him shade. As its roots were still aground, it showed no tendency to float off and forsake him in his plight.

A very little consideration, accompanied by a cautious investigation with his free foot, speedily convinced him, being a practical woodsman, that the trap in which he found himself caught could be nothing else than a couple of interlaced, twisted branches, or roots, of some tree which had fallen into the pool in some former caving-in of the bank. In that dark deep wherein his foot was held fast, his mind's eye could see it all well enough—the water-soaked, brown-green, slimy, inexorable coil, which had yielded to admit the unlucky member, then closed upon the ankle like the jaws of an otter trap. He could feel that grip—not severe, but uncompromisingly firm, clutching the joint. As he considered, he began to draw comfort, however, from the fact that his invisible captor had displayed a certain amount of give-and-take. This elasticity meant either that it was a couple of branches slight enough to be flexible that held him, or that the submerged tree itself was a small one, not too steadfastly anchored down. He would free himself easily enough, he thought, as soon as he should set himself about it coolly and systematically.

Taking a long breath he sank his head under the surface, and peered downward through the amber-brown but transparent gloom. Little gleams of brighter light came twisting and quivering in from the swirls of the outer current. Barnes could not discern the bottom of the pool, which was evidently very deep; but he could see quite clearly the portion of the sunken tree in whose interwoven branches he was held. A shimmering golden ray fell just on the spot where his foot vanished to the ankle between two stout curves of what looked like slimy brown cables or sections of a tense snake body.

It was, beyond question, a nasty-looking trap; and Barnes could not blink the fact that he was in a tight place. He lifted his face above the surface, steadied himself carefully, and breathed deeply and quietly for a couple of minutes, gathering strength for a swift and vigorous effort. Then, filling his lungs very moderately, the better to endure a strain, he stooped suddenly downward, deep into the amber gloom, and began wrenching with all his force at those oozy curves, striving to drag them apart. They gave a little, but not enough to release the imprisoned foot. Another moment and he had to lift his head again for breath.

After some minutes of rest, he repeated the choking struggle, but, as before, in vain. He could move the jaws of the trap just enough to encourage him a little, but not enough to gain his release. Again and again he tried it—again and again to fail just as he imagined himself on the verge of success; till at last he was forced, for the moment, to acknowledge defeat, finding himself so exhausted that he could hardly keep his mouth above water. Drawing down a stiffish upright branch of the sapling, he gripped it between his teeth and so held himself upright while he rested his arms. This was a relief to nerves as well as muscles, because it made his balance, on which he depended for the chance to breathe, so much the less precarious.

As he hung there pondering, held but a bare half inch above drowning, the desperateness of the situation presented itself to him in appalling clearness. How sunny, and warm, and safe, to his woods-familiar eyes, looked the green forest world about him! No sound broke the mild tranquility of the solitude, except, now and then, an elfish gurgle of the slow current, or the sweetly cheerful tsic-a-dee-dee of an unseen chickadee, or, from the intense blue overhead, the abrupt, thin whistle of a soaring fishhawk. To Barnes it all seemed such a safe, friendly world, his well-understood intimate since small boyhood. Yet here it was apparently, turned smooth traitor at last, and about to destroy him as pitilessly as might the most scorching desert or blizzard-scourged ice-field.

A silent rage burned suddenly through all his veins, which was well, since the cold of that spring-fed river had already begun to finger stealthily about his heart. A delicate little pale-blue butterfly, like a periwinkle-petal come to life, fluttered over Barnes' grim, upturned face, and went dancing gayly out across the shining water, joyous in the sun. In its dancing it chanced to dip a hair's-breadth too low. The treacherous bright surface caught it, held it; and away it swept, struggling in helpless consternation against this unexpected doom. Before it passed out of Barnes' vision a trout rose, and gulped it down. Its swift fate, to Barnes' haggard eyes, seemed an analogue in little to his own.

But it was not in the woodsman's fibre to acknowledge himself actually beaten, either by man or fate, so long as there remained a spark in his brain to keep his will alive. He presently began searching with his eyes among the branches of the poplar sapling for one stout enough to serve him for a lever. With the right kind of a stick in his hand, he told himself, he might manage to pry apart the jaws of the trap and get his foot free. At last his choice settled upon a branch that he thought would serve his turn. He was just about to reach up and break it off, when a slight cracking in the underbrush across the stream caught his ear.

His woodsman's instinct kept him motionless as he turned his eyes to the spot. In the thick leafage there was a swaying, which moved quickly down along the bank, but he could not see what was causing it. Softly he drew down a leafy branch of the sapling till it made him a perfect screen; then he peered up the channel to find out what the unseen wayfarer was following.

A huge salmon, battered and gashed from a vain struggle to leap the falls, was floating, belly upward, down the current, close to Barnes' side of the stream. A gentle eddy caught it, and drew it into the pool. Softly it came drifting down toward Barnes' hidden face. Among the twigs of the poplar sapling it came to a halt, its great scarlet gills barely moving as the last of life flickered out of it.

The animal threw himself shoulder high from the water and hurled himself with all his strength.

Barnes now understood quite well that commotion which had followed, along shore, the course of the dying salmon. It was no surprise to him whatever, when he saw a huge black bear emerge upon the yellow sandspit and stand staring across the current. Apparently, it was staring straight at Barnes' face, upturned upon the surface of the water. But Barnes knew it was staring at the dead salmon. His heart jumped sickingly with sudden hope as an extravagant notion flashed into his brain. Here was his rescuer—a perilous one, to be sure—vouchsafed to him by some whim of the inscrutable forest fates. He drew down another branchy twig before his face, fearful lest his concealment should not be adequate. But in his excitement he disturbed his balance, and with the effort of his recovery the water swirled noticeably all about him. His heart sank. Assuredly, the bear would take alarm at this and be afraid to come for the fish.

But to his surprise the great beast, which had seemed to hesitate, plunged impetuously into the stream. Nothing, according to a bear's knowledge of life, could have made that sudden disturbance in the pool but some fish-loving otter or mink, intent upon seizing the booty. Indignant at the prospect of being forestalled by any such furtive marauder, the bear hurled himself forward with such force that the spray flew high into the branches, and the noise of his splashing was a clear notification that trespassers and meddlers had better keep off. That salmon was his, by right of discovery; and he was going to have it.

The bear, for all the seeming clumsiness of his bulk, was a redoubtable swimmer; and almost before Barnes had decided clearly on his proper course of action those heavy, grunting snorts and vast expulsions of breath were at his ear. Enormously loud they sounded, shot thus close along the surface of the water. Perforce, Barnes made up his mind on the instant.

The bunch of twigs which had arrested the approach of the floating salmon lay just about at arm's length from Barnes' face. Swimming high his mighty shoulders thrust up a wave before him which buried Barnes' head safely from view, the bear reached the salmon. Grabbing it triumphantly in his jaws, he turned to make for shore again.

This was Barnes' moment. Both arms shot out before him. Through the suffocating confusion his clutching fingers encountered the bear's haunches. Sinking into the long fur, they closed upon it with a grip of steel. Then, instinctively, Barnes shut his eyes and clenched his teeth, and waited for the shock, while his lungs felt as if in another minute they would burst.

But it was no long time he had to wait, perhaps two seconds, while amazement in the bear's brain translated itself through panic into action. Utterly horrified by this unexplicable attack from the rear and from the depths, the animal threw himself shoulder-high from the water, and hurled himself forward with all his strength. Barnes felt those tremendous haunches heaving irresistibly beneath his clutching fingers. He felt himself drawn out straight, and dragged ahead till he though his ankle would snap. Almost he came to letting go, to save the ankle. But he held on, as much with his will as with his grip. Then the slimy thing in the depths gave way. He felt himself being jerked out through the water—free. His fingers relaxed their clutch on the bear's fur, and he came to the surface, gasping, blinking, and coughing.

For a moment or two he paddled softly, recovering his breath and shaking the water from nostrils and eyes. He had an instant of apprehensiveness, lest the bear should turn upon him and attack him at a disadvantage; and by way of precaution he gave forth the most savage and piercing yell that his laboring lungs were capable of. But he saw at once that on this score he had nothing to fear. It was a well-frightened bear, there swimming frantically for the sandspit; while the dead salmon, quite forgotten, was drifting slowly away on the sullen current.

Barnes' foot was hurting fiercely, but his heart was light. Swimming at leisure, so as to just keep head against the stream, he watched the bear scuttle out upon the sand. Once safe on dry land, the great beast turned and glanced back with a timid air to see what manner of being it was that had so astoundingly assailed him. Man he had seen before, but never man swimming like an otter; and the sight was nothing to reassure him. One longing look he cast upon the salmon, now floating some distance away; but that, to his startled mind, was just a lure of this terrifying and perfidious creature whose bright gray eyes were staring at him so steadily from the surface of the water. He turned quickly and made off into the woods, followed by a loud, daunting laugh which spurred his pace to a panicky gallop.

When he was gone, Barnes swam to the sandspit. There he stripped, wrung out his dripping clothes, and lay down in the hot sand to let the sun soak deep into his chilled veins.

BRITISH NAVAL MANEUVERS THIS YEAR WILL BE SURPASSING.

SEARCHLIGHT EFFECTS IN BRITISH NAVAL MANOEUVRES

The British naval maneuvres this year promise to eclipse those of any former year's operations, both in point of interest and importance. A feature of special interest was the attack on Milford Haven, in the early hours of the morning. The attacking fleet is understood to have included the battle ships Vanguard, Collingwood and Belleropiion, the destroyer Swift, and other war ships. The harbor was defended by the Haven forts and a flotilla of submarines of the C class with one of the D class. The approach of the attacking ships was detected by powerful electric searchlights from the fort, and they were repelled by gunfire and by evolutions of the submarines. Never before have such large battle fleets congregated in preparation for war, and throughout the operations, as was the case in previous maneuvres, attack and defense were not confined to a few important centers. In comparison with former years, when naval maneuvres were extended to a period of five or six weeks, the duration of the present operations is noticeably short, ending within fourteen days from the declaration of hostilities.

SPECIAL

Cottagers Train

FROM

Ray, Fremont and Angola.

Each Monday in August

Effective, Monday, August 1 and each MONDAY thereafter during AUGUST a SPECIAL train will leave Ray at 6:40 a. m.; Fremont at 6:49 a. m.; Angola at 7:01 a. m.; Pleasant Lake at 7:10 a. m.; Waterloo at 7 25 a. m.; Auburn 7:35 a. m., and arrive at Fort Wayne at 8:10 a. m.

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INDIANAPOLIS TRAINS

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Leave Fort Wayne 7:15 a. m., 11:15 a. m., 5:00 p. m. Arrive Indianapolis 11:15 a. m., 3:00 p. m., 8:40 p. m Through coach on 5:00 p. m. train. Box lunch served on this train at Muncie by Delaware hotel.

H. G. PININGER, Ticket Agt.

Try Sentinel Wants Ads.

BOWSER IS TAMED

Enraged at Mrs. Bowser's Loss of Pin Money.

HE HAD DREAMED SHE WOULD

Goes to the Park to Think—While Acting as Referee in a Fight Loses Wallet and Watch—Where Mrs. Bowser Got Even.

By M. QUAD.

[Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.]

If Mr. Bowser really was the thoughtful and observant man he claims to be he would have noticed a nervousness about Mrs. Bowser at the dinner table the other evening and asked the cause of it. She was perturbed and distraught and several times started out to say something, but checked herself. He noticed nothing, however, but when dinner was over lighted his cigar and presented a picture of complacency. Mrs. Bowser spoke of the weather three different times within five minutes and then finally said:

"Mr. Bowser, I have a confession to make to you, and I want to make it and have it off my mind."

"Have you given away my Sunday suit again to another tramp?" he sternly demanded as he sat up and took notice.

"No, dear."

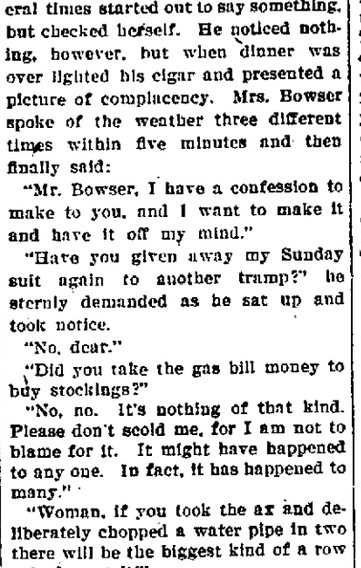
"Did you take the gas bill money to buy stockings?"

"No, no. It's nothing of that kind. Please don't scold me, for I am not to blame for it. It might have happened to any one. In fact, it has happened to many."

"Woman, if you took the ax and deliberately chopped a water pipe in two there will be the biggest kind of a row raised over it!"

"But I didn't! I simply lost a small sum of money today while I was down shopping."

"What! Lost—money!" he shouted as he leaped to his feet. "Woman, do



MRS. BOWSER'S CONFESSION.

you mean to tell me you have gone and lost $100. Gone and deliberately and willfully and maliciously lost that sum of money?"

"No, no. It was only about $3, and it was my own pin money, but I thought I ought to tell you about it. Cook said I was foolish to do it, and Mrs. Green said that if she had lost $50 she wouldn't"—

Just as Bowser Dreamed.

"Gone and lost $3, have you? Gone and thrown three whole dollars into the street! By thunder, but that reminds me of the dream I had last night! Yes, sir, in my dream I saw you throw that $3 into the street to spite me. I saw you smile as you did it. I could almost hear you chuckle!"

"Don't be unreasonable, Mr. Bowser. Of course I didn't throw it away. I had my purse when I got on the car to come home. I paid my fare out of it."

"Three dollars! By thunder—$3!" he almost moaned. "And I dreamed of it—I dreamed of it!"

"I sat next to a woman with a child on her lap, and I think she somehow got my purse. I think I must have put it down on the seat while I fixed one of my hatpins."

"That was the way, of course. Yes, I dreamed it was. One million times, Mrs. Bowser, have I told you to look out for women with a child on their lap in the street car, and yet you have paid no attention to it."

"But—but"—

"Make no excuses, woman! You have lost $3. You lost it through the most reprehensible carelessness. You have shown your utter unfitness to take a nickel and go to the grocery. There was the woman—there was the child on her lap—there was the situation I had warned you about, and yet instead of looking out for your purse you were fooling around with a blamed old hatpin! I wonder that you had sense enough to get off the car at our corner!"

"You may lose some money some day," said Mrs. Bowser, with tears in her eyes.

"I lose money? Never as long as old world revolves on its axletree! I am not that kind of a man. I don't go blundering along like an old cow with a bag tied over her eyes. Three dollars! Three dollars! And I dreamed of it!"

"Why didn't you tell me of your dream this morning?"

"Of what use? If you hadn't lost the money you would have lost your shoes or hat. You couldn't even identify the woman if she was arrested?"

"I—I don't think I could."

"There it is! Great Scott! Well, we might as well pack our trunks for the poorhouse. I've always known you'd bring us there sooner or later. While you are packing I'll take a little walk."

To the Park to Think.

There is a little park within three blocks of Mr. Bowser's house, and he headed for it to sit down on a bench and smoke another cigar. He was upset and must be soothed. He must have a further talk with Mrs. Bowser and lay down the law to her. If she were not made to see the diabolical enormity of losing $3 she would be encouraged to lose six. He was smoking away when a man sat down beside him and asked him what he thought of the cold storage question. He was giving his ideas when a second man sat down on the other side. The two were soon excited and calling each other liars. They jumped up to fight, but Mr. Bowser held them apart and was considerably wrestled around in the struggle. Then they suddenly left. Five minutes after they had departed he started for home on the run. For a minute after he had burst into the house he could only gasp. Then he managed to say:

"Mrs. Bowser, I left my wallet and watch when I went out. Where are they?"

"Why, where did you leave them?"

"Some—somewhere around—on the table—the floor—the piano."

"But you didn't. Why should you? You never did such a thing in your life."

He fell into a chair and groaned.

"Mr. Bowser, where did you go when you went out?"

"Over to the park."

"And you sat down on a bench?"

"Y-yes."

"And then what happened? Tell me at once, and tell me all about it."

"Then—then two men sat down."

"Aha! How often have I warned you to beware of two men on a bench in a park? What else?"

"They got into a jaw and a fight."

"And you butted in?"

"I held them apart."

Robbed Acting as Referee.

"I see. And while you were holding them apart they got your watch and wallet. Of course they did. It was a put up job and you never saw through it! Tell me, sir, how much cash there was in the wallet?"

"Woman"—

"Never you mind about woman. Did you lose $50?"

"No. Only $40."

"Great Scott! Forty dollars! Forty dollars and your gold watch! I wonder that you didn't lose your shoes and your hat coming home! I've always known you'd bring us to the poorhouse in time. Could you identify the men if they were arrested?"

"I—I dunno."

"Look at that! Forty dollars and a watch! And I didn't dream of it!"

"But you lost money today yourself," exclaimed Mr. Bowser as he bristled up.

"Not a cent. Not a red cent. The woman with the child on her lap found it on the seat after I left the car, and you hadn't been gone three minutes when she came with it. She was an honest woman."

"But—but"—

"Make no excuses, man. You have lost $40 and a watch. You have lost them through the most infernal carelessness. I want a stick of gum from the candy store, but you have shown your utter unfitness to take a cent and go after it. There was the park—the bench—you—the two men—and yet instead of looking out for your watch and wallet you"—

But Mr. Bowser waited to hear no more. He stalked out of the house and the gate, and at 2 o'clock next morning a ring at the bell fetched Mrs. Bowser downstairs to find him and a policeman on the steps. He didn't say anything, but the officer said:

"Take him in, ma'am, and use him gently, for he's a broken down man."

A Dry County.

The landlord of a hotel in a prohibition county in Indiana is very deaf.

The other day a drummer who was at the hotel walked up to the desk where the landlord was standing and asked:

"Landlord, can you sell me a stamp?"

The landlord weighed the matter thoughtfully, then he replied:

"No, sir. I'd like to help you, but the durned drys is watchin' me so clus I had to cut it out."—Saturday Evening Post.

Her Consent.

"Dearest," he asked softly, "do you think you can live on my income?"

She looked up at him trustingly.

"Why, surely," she answered, "if—if"—

"If what, my own?"

"If you can get another for yourself."—Sphinx.

The Philosopher of Folly.

"My wife and daughters are going to the seaside this summer," says the philosopher of folly. "Where am I going? To the wall, I guess."—Cleveland Leader.

Love—and Love.

Man's love for woman is sincere and kind.
Still often this occurs:
He loves her too much for his peace of mind,
But not enough for hers.
Yet strange in woman's love for man we find
How great the difference is:
She loves him too much for her peace of mind
And far too much for his.

—Life.

Just One Minute Please!

If your valuable time spent in our store will convince you that we are selling goods at from

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than the regular price. Why? Because we wish to make room for new stock. Get rid of odd pieces that have been discontinued by the factories.

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Dr. Hardman, Specialist

I CURE PELVIC, NERVOUS AND CHRONIC DISEASES.

To most of us life has many charms. To some it is, indeed, sweet. Practically all of us look upon the GREAT BEYOND with a shudder and would not willingly cross the GREAT DIVIDE. HEALTH is one of the greatest blessings that GOD ever gave to man, and yet how many are careless about their health!

There are very few, indeed, who have not some purpose for which to live. Most of us have some ambition to fulfill. Perhaps, it is our loved ones, those who are dependent upon us for support, that we wish to see beyond the fear of want before our demise. Or again it may be a desire to accumulate a competence for old age so that in our declining years a struggle for existence may be obviated.

In this day and age competition is strong and only those who are physically strong are able to meet the demands of life and forge to the front. Life is too short and health and happiness too precious to put off getting well when so much of our existence depends upon a sound, healthy body.

Human errors in most cases are responsible for sickness. It may be without thought of consequence, it is true. The hustle and bustle of this twentieth century cause many to overstep the bounds of discretion, the warning cry of a deranged organ is overlooked until it is too late, and disease results.

However, when physical decline begins it is the part of wisdom to halt and attend to the repair. You would not think of running an automobile or driving a buggy that was on the very verge of a collapse or of driving a sick horse. Yet how many men foolishly think that they can afford to overlook disease when it so vitally concerns the welfare of, not only ourselves, but the happiness of those dependent upon them. Life insurance is good, but the value of "health insurance" is immeasurably greater.

In the last few years many great inventions have been produced that have revolutionized the entire civilized world. Comparatively a few years ago the courier on horseback was the means of communication. This is replaced by the telegraph and the telephone and the whole world is in instant communication.

The coach and four has given place to the automobile and the express train.

Our homes and streets are lighted with electricity instead of the candle and the smoky lamp.

The flying machine is a fact and only awaits development until it becomes of commercial use.

Probably the greatest of all, however, is the progress made in the science of medicines.

This has been brought about by specializing and making a detailed study of a few diseases, instead of trying the impossible feat of mastering several hundred.

Life is too short and human ability too limited for any man to make a thorough and systematic study of the several hundred diseases to which the human body is heir.

I have made a special study of PELVIC, CHRONIC and NERVOUS DISEASES for over fourteen years and have perfected NEW and ORIGINAL methods that WILL CURE where the ordinary methods fail.

I accept no case for treatment I think incurable, nor any case that is not within my specialty.

I have been in Fort Wayne long enough for the public to know me and to know that I am here to stay. I have hundreds of letters on file from grateful patients whom I have cured and who are glad to add their word of gratitude. Many of these have vainly sought relief at the famous health resorts.

Now, honestly, would you not like to get well and enjoy health and happiness as God intended you should?

If so, why not attend to it at once? You have all to gain and the small charge I make cannot be possibly compared to the vast reward of perfect health.

Besides when you die you cannot possibly take your wealth along with you.

BLOOD POISON—I use only the most advanced methods in the treatment of blood poison and kindred diseases.

PROSTATIC ENLARGEMENT—This may result from a number of causes. The constant jarring and vibration of trains and trolley cars are a very potent cause. Bicycle riding and the use of riding implements on the farm are factors in producing the disease. In fact, the causes are so many and varied that fully 75 per cent of all male adults are afflicted to a greater or lesser extent by this disease. The disease is so little understood, and as one of the principal symptoms is a pain in the back, it is usually called kidney trouble and treated with local applications or sedatives which can do no possible good whatever. I reduce the enlargement and have been able to cure about 90 per cent of all cases.

VARICOCELE—I cure Varicocele in a few days' or weeks' time without the use of the knife.

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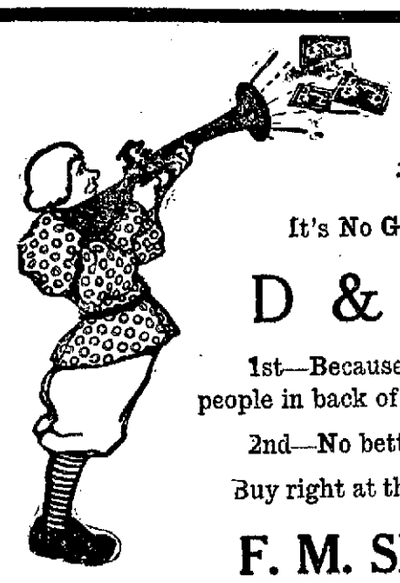

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The genuine has on its outside wrapper the Signature

You can't afford to accept a secret nostrum as a substitute for this non-alcoholic, medicine OF KNOWN COMPOSITION, not even though the urgent dealer may thereby make a little bigger profit.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take as candy.

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COLD CASH

Makes life worth living. It pays the rent and your expenses while you are taking that vacation. Borrow NOW. Pay when you get back to work.

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"POP RUDOLPH" IS GOING TO RETIRE.

Foster Father of One Hundred Thousand Newsboys Tells How Many of His Proteges Fought Their Way to Fame and Fortune—Story of Interesting Lives and Man Who Had Hand in Making Them So.

MR. AND MRS. RUDOLPH HEIG

(Correspondence of the Sentinel.)

New York, July 30.—"Pop" Rudolph is going to quit. That is not all. "Mother" Heig has decided that she will have to leave with him, and as she is his wife it isn't strange that she reached this conclusion. Of course the announcement doesn't mean much to the ordinary New Yorker when there are so man other things to read about. It is merely a little item sandwiched in among a lot of advertisements announcing that the Children's Aid society has accepted the resignations of Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Heig as superintendent and matron, respectively, of the Newsboys' home at No. 14 New Chambers street, and that some one else will be appointed to take their places. It doesn't mean much to some, but it certainly does mean a whole lot to more than a hundred thousand boys and one girl who knew them as their friends, aids and advisers when every one else in the whole world was against them and the outlook for life was about as black as it can appear to the juvenile mind, which ought to be naturally optimistic. It doesn't mean newsboys who regret their leaving, but it means newsboys, governors of states and territories, financiers and lawyers, who still regard the couple as the only persons in the country who took them in and befriended them when no one else thought them worth caring for.

Started as Newsboy.

"Pop" Rudolph Heig didn't make any fortune for himself and neither did his wife, known from coast to coast by thousands of boys as "Mother Heig." But if the youngsters whom they have befriended and put on the right road since they first took charge of the Newsboys' home had their way they would have the first place in the hall of fame.

Having started life as a newsboy himself there was no one whom the Children's Aid society could pick who was more eminently fitted for the place of superintendent of the home for the "newsies" when the home was opened in New Chambers street thirty-five years ago than Mr. Heig. At that time he was a youngster himself, having given up his selling papers in Park row to become office boy in the uptown office of the society and then clerk. He knew boys, and especially newsboys, as only a man who was one himself could know them. He was as well acquainted with their code of honor, division of districts and unwritten fraternal laws as they were themselves and he knew that a newsboy wasn't to be treated with the same regulations that a youngster of the upper ten would expect. To be pampered and coaxed was disgusting to them, and to have any one start in "preaching" in a vernacular they didn't know was something that any youngster who had to hustle for himself hated worst of all. Mr. Heig knew this.

A reception is to be tendered Mr. and Mrs. Heig on Thursday night, which will be the last night they will spend in the old lodging house, and it is expected that their boys from all parts of the country will be present.

Many Met Success.

In telling of his experience while superintendent of the home during thirty-five years Mr. Heig smiled when he related some of his experiences, and looked as proud as any father could of an only son instead of being foster father to a tenth of a million, when he told of the triumphs of some of the youngsters for whom he had cared.

"A newsboy is just like any other boy," he explained. "He's a boy and has got to be treated like one. I've had more than a hundred thousand youngsters under my care since I've been here and neither my wife nor myself has ever struck one of them. The boys sometimes would a good deal rather that we would, for there is nothing that a youngster who has had to hustle for himself hates more than to be caught in wrongdoing or violating confidence or trust imposed in him, and hundreds of times they have told me that they deserveda licking and would be pleased to have me administer it. I've had as many as thirty-nine different nationalities in this lodging house in one night, including Chinese, negroes, Arabs and Egyptians, and never once has there been a fight between the boys while they were inside the building. They know that it was against the rules, and if they had any differences they settled them outside—perhaps on the doorstep—but the other boys would not allow any rules to be broken in here.

"There was only one girl who ever came here and then we didn't know that she was a girl. Her name was Josephine Beck and she came from Newark, N. J., early in the spring of 1904. She had put on her brother's clothes and wanted to come here and make her fortune. The boys used to make fun of her when she talked and she got the nickname of 'Sis.' Afterward we found out she was a runaway.

Dressed as Girl.

"She was different from 'Narrow Mike.' He was a youngster of Irish parents, who decided after he had been left an orphan and lived here for a while that if he was a girl he could sell more papers than a newsboy could. What does he do but buy a cheap outfit at some woman's clothing place and for a couple of months used to leave here in boy's clothes and then put on the girl's dress in the vestibule and sell his papers dressed this way. It proved a success and it was several months before the other boys reported it to me. 'Mike' is now a lawyer in an up state city and I don't think I ought to mention his name.

"Being forced to fight against the world as they are, my boys naturally learned to look out for themselves even before they came here. There was one youngster from the east side who used to come here years ago and was always the hardest worker of the lot. He was out before the others and sold papers until the rest had gone to bed. Sometimes I would sit on the edge of his bed and talk with him, or if it had been raining or snowing and he was cold my wife would bring him into our rooms and he would tell us how he was studying every chance he got and trying to make something of himself.

"Well, he did succeed pretty well but he didn't leave the million dollars he was always talking of, for he was just as liberal and charitable with his money when he was a man as he was when he was a kid. He died a couple of months ago, and, while the papers called him Mr. Sullivan, he was always 'Little Timmy' to me and my wife, and there was seldom a month that he didn't drop in to see us.

Became a Governor.

"It was here that the name 'Little Tim' was first used, and it was his cousin, 'Jerry' Sullivan, who was also a newsboy and lived here at the time, who first called him by it. But 'Timmy' wasn't the only newsboy who came from this old lodging house who made good.

"Years ago there were two boys who sold papers in Park row and became fast friends. It was before my time when they were here but they have told me the story themselves. One boy's mother died when he was a kid and his father married again. That youngster's name was 'Johnny' Burke and here he met 'Johnny' Brady, and the two became fast friends and sold papers along the same streets. They were sent west by the society, and the next thing we heard of them was that they were getting along finely. I used to get letters from them to read to the boys of their work in the west, and when they visited this school the next time 'Johnny' Burke was the governor of North Dakota and 'Johnny' Brady had been appointed the governor of Alaska. That was pretty good for two of our boys, wasn't it?

"We charge a boy fifteen cents a day here, and that includes his bed, two meals and the privilege of the reading room and the gymnasium, and there is a separate locker for every boy. Of course that doesn't pay expenses, and when a youngster comes here and hasn't any money we forget about asking payments until he starts in. It puts a boy on his mettle to know that others pay and he doesn't and we never had a boy yet who didn't start in paying after he was here two days, and it was always his own idea, as we never suggest phying until he wants to.

"There are some of the boys who want to save their money, too, and I take in all they give me until the sum has reached enough to open an account in the savings bank, and then I go with them to start them right. They are prouder of their bank books than a soldier of his medals.

Many in the Army.

"Speaking of soldiers, within the last couple of years there have been more than twelve hundred boys who were old enough who have left here to join the army, and of that number there has never been one of them who has been tried for any breaking of the rules. That's a pretty good record, I think, for my youngsters.

"When any of the youngsters get sick here my wife takes care of them unless it is something that is contagious or which needs the care of a nurse night and day; then we have them transferred to the hospitals and if possible either my wife or myself visit them every day.

"I've been walking along the street many a time and had well dressed men stop me and while I didn't know them they called me 'Pop,' and then I recognized them as one of my boys. Last fall there was a big touring car drove up to the door and a fashionably dressed man and woman got out. They came upstairs and asked if they might look over the building, and I took them myself. On the third floor dormitory we met my wife helping the boys clean up the rooms. Then for the first time the man spoke and taking her by the hand he said, 'Mother Heig, I guess you forget Skinny.' Well, she didn't and Skinny was now a bank president and the woman with him was his wife. He had to take his wife to the next room and show her his bed and then his locker. They were both crying when they left here and, well—my wife and I felt mighty happy to see another of our boys make good.

"Of course, most of our boys are from the city, but there are lots of country boys who run away from home and drift in here. I can always tell a runaway boy when I see one and I know the signs of homesickness.

"It's my wife, however, that gets them to talk, and after they have been 'mothered' a little they will tell her everything, and we've talked to a good many of them and sent them home happy. One of the runaways we sent home is now a member of a college faculty, but he need not fear that we will ever tell anything about it.

"There is one thing about a newsboy that most people don't know, and that is their fraternity. Let a newsboy get ill or have some of his family taken down and there is not a youngster who will not give every cent he can afford to aid them. I have known hundreds of men and women who were saved from Potter's Field through the chums of their children taking up a collection and with their pennies giving them a decent burial. They will always stand by each other in case of trouble, no matter how many fights they have at other times.

"There was the time when 'Swipes' married 'Little Minnie.' He had to fight half a dozen boys older than himself, including 'Yaller, the Butcher,' but when two or three of them got together to stop him from getting married the other newsboys heard of the scheme, and there was a small army of them in City Hall park to protect 'Swipes' and his prospective bride when the time came for the ceremony. They don't forget the deans of their game, either, for when Henry L. Gassert, the first newsboy to shout 'Extra!' in this city, died eight years ago they took up a collection and sent flowers, although he had stopped selling papers more than fifty years before that.

"It used to be that the boys blacked boots when they were not selling papers, but there hasn't ben a youngster who carried a shoe blacking box in here in a good many years now."

Tells of Experience.

Asked what recollection of the old days was most vivid in his mind, Mr. Heig smiled and said:

"Well, it is not what you might expect. It is neither humorous nor pathetic. It was one night, nearly fifteen years ago, when I had a spelling bee here and got several school teachers to act as judges. We had a character known as "the Professor," who claimed to have been a college professor, living in the district, and he was invited to take part. He lasted against the boys until he spelled laryngitis wrong, and then only 'Dan' Brodie, a nephew of the bridge jumper; 'Jimmy' Hennessy and 'Eddie' Spier were left, but Brodie fell down on 'venous,' and we divided the prizes between the other two."

Mr. and Mrs. Heig will not leave the Children's Aid society altogether, but will take charge of one of the farms run by the organization. They have four children, all of whom have been born in the lodging house, the youngest being a high school graduate and the oldest now studying in New Haven.

Asked as to why boys ran away from home and why they became newsboys, the superintendent smiled.

"They become newsboys because there is nothing else which offers itself and most of them get out of it as soon as they can. Sometimes it's drinking parents, then again it's a step mother or father. None of them becomes a newsboy because he wants to, but because he has the grit and ambition to want to support himself and not be sent to an institution where he will live on charity. It's the grit of the newsboys of this city that personifies the backbone of America, and it would be a good thing for lots of men if they had started out hustling papers when they were dawdling away their time."

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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until tomorrow before you investigate our method of treating Drug, Liquor and Tobacco addictions with Hill's Chloride of Gold Tablets.

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THE BOSTON STORE

This is the **last week** of our **Great Clearance Sale** and we are making some mighty tempting prices on summer goods of all kinds. We want to dispose of every dollar's worth of summer goods in our store, and this is the way we are going to do it.

A good line of Figured Lawns at 5c, regular price 8c a yard.

A good line of Figured Lawns at 8⅓c, regular price 10c a yard.

A good line of Figured Lawns at 10c, regular price 12½c and 15c a yard.

All other Wash Goods sold at sale prices.
All Fancy Dress Ginghams sold at sale prices.
Ladies' White Shirt Waists at 98c, regular value $1.25.
Ladies' White Shirt Waists at $1.25, regular value $1.50.
Ladies' White Shirt Waists at $1.50, regular value $2.00.
Ladies' White Petticoats at 48c, 89c and 98c each.
Ladies' Night Gowns at 48c, 69c and 89c each.
Ladies Washable Jacket Suits at $3.95, regular value $5.00.
Ladies' Washable Jacket Suits at $4.50, regular value $6.00.
Ladies' Wash Dresses at $2.50, would be cheap at $3.50.
Ladies' Long Kimonas at 48c, regular price 75c.
All Dress Goods and Silks at sale prices.
All Muslin and Sheeting at sale prices.
All Toweling and Table Linens at sale prices.
Ladies', Gent's and Children's Underwear sold at sale prices.
All other goods sold at sale prices.

Don't fail to get some of these bargains this week, as our Great Clearance Sale will close next Saturday evening, July 30th.

WM. HAHN & CO.

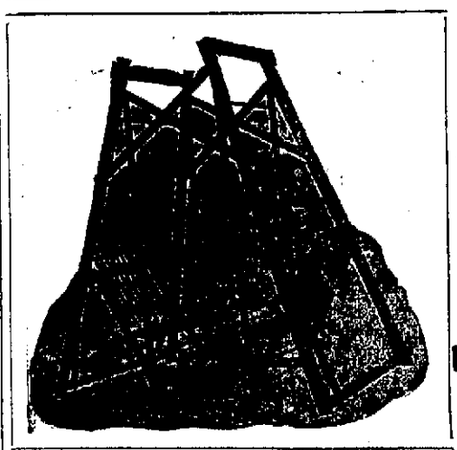
The BOSTON STORE

Steamship lines, railroads and hotels throughout the world accept the "A. B. A." Travelers' Cheques at full value. They are known far and wide as "The Perfect International Exchange."—

The ideal cheques to travel with—self-identifying, convenient, safe.

TRY THEM NEXT TRIP

OLD NATIONAL BANK



Canfield's

SWINGS

Strongest, Neatest and Latest Derrick Swing built; adjustable back, foot action is the latest patent. All kinds of Porch Goods in stock at

Indiana Furniture Co.

121 and 123 E. Main St.

IS LIFE WORTH SAVING?"

Mrs. Mollie McRaney, Prentiss, Miss., writes that she had a severe case of kidney and bladder trouble, and that four bottles of Foley's Kidney Remedy cures her sound and well. She closes her letter by saying: "I heartily recommend Foley's Kidney Remedy to any sufferer of kidney disease. It saved my life." Dreier Bros.

All our Wall Paper discounted 20 to 50% during July.

7-16-sat-tf. KEIL & KEIL.

Attention, Fishermen!

Bluegills and bass are biting at Rome City. You will not make a mistake by engaging the Gunkel boats at Al Reigel's cigar store, corner Main and Calhoun, and Otto Gunkel, 1331 Swinney avenue.

29-2t

Concert, Electro-Technic band, Robison park, Sunday. 24 pieces.

Keep your eyes on Everybody's Column. There's Bargains there. 6-19-tf

Where Will You Spend Your Vacation?

It makes no difference where you go. THE SENTINEL can be mailed you every day.

No extra charge for mailing.

Send a forwarding order to the Circulation Department before leaving town.

J. S. PEDDICORD

Real Estate and Investments.

611-612 SHOAFF BLDG.

Phone 158.

GETZ & CAHILL

Undertakers and Licensed Embalmers

Fine Funeral Furnishings.

103½ Calhoun St. Ft. Wayne, Ind

Both Phones—69. Private Ambulance

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

WOOLDING.

Oh, would I were a dainty fay
To flutter hith and yon!
And that's a sample of the way
I likes to carry on.

For oft I would I were a lark
Up in the blue aloft.
(Though birds are things, I might remark,
I don't would very oft.)

And times I would I were a star—
A fiery roving ball.
(Though, to be accurate, there are
Sometimes I don't at all.)

Anon I would I were beset
With dinners by the horde,
And woulding thus I quite forget
To earn my daily board.

Why should I would? I have a den,
A bathroom (very nice).
Six dozen books, a fountain pen
And several home grown mice;

Friends who are (largely) noble souls
And spend their money free;
Also a pipe, dozen rolls,
Some milk, a pound of tea.

Tea, and a pair of summer pants,
Five shoes, size half past nine;
A portrait of a Dame du Danse
And four choice chairs are mine.

Why should I would? Besides, I miss
The joys of standing pat.
For always finding I am this—
I would that I were that!

Moreover, how it makes one laze!
And does it do one good?
Of course not. Yet I sit for days
And would and would and would!
—Horatio Winslow in Puck.

His Sad Experience.

"Yes, sir," said Uncle Zeke, "politics is a dirty business. You don't ketch me mixin' in it any more. Never again. I know when I've had enough."

"You've been a candidate for office?"

"Wunst. That's enough fur me."

"Got beat, did you?"

"Yes, sir. I got beat, but I didn't mind that. It was the loss of confidence in my feller citizens, the findin' out that our politics is rotten all through, and that you can't depend on a man's promises. That's what hurt."

"Was it an abusive campaign?"

"Abusive? They circulated a report that I had corns in the palms of my hands. They said I took out my false teeth when I eat my dinner, so I wouldn't wear 'em out. They charged me with cuttin' my stogies in two when I smoked 'em so's to make 'em last longer. One o' the papers printed the story that my grandfather on my mother's side was an Algerine pirate. They got a man to swear that I never had my hair cut in the dark of the moon. They accused me of belongin' to a nonunion church. They said I drunk my soup instead of eatin' it with a spoon. They said by breath always smelt of onions, and that my dog had fleas."

"What office were you running for?"

"I was runnin', sir," answered Uncle Zeke with impressive dignity, "for the office of coroner."—Chicago Tribune.

Art For Art'th Thake.

"Which tooth?" inquired the man of forceps grimly.

"Any one you like," responded the victim calmly, "so long as it's a front one."

"But"— began the astounded dentist.

"Hurry up!" thundered the visitor.

With bleeding heart the operator pitched forceps on to a bit of absolutely sound ivory, dragged his patient three times round the room, and—

"Hey, presto!" smiled the dentist. "It's out! But will you be so good as to tell me why on earth you wanted a sound tooth extracted?"

"By all meanth," responded the patient. "You thee, I'm an actor, and I have to take a part where the thpeaker lipthpth. At firtht I couldn't mathter it, but now I'm thure it'll be a thimply thereaming thucthetht!"—Answers.

Certainly Caused No Outbreak.

"Buffalo Bill played his Wild West in a prison yard for the benefit of the inmates."

"I suppose he thought that would reconcile them to their fate."

Aggravating It.

"It seems to me that I have seen you before."

"You have, my lord. I used to give your daughter singing lessons."

"Twenty years!"—Cassell's Saturday Journal.

The Jug by the Jugular.

A young cadet was complaining of the tight fit of his uniform.

"Why, father," he declared, "the collar presses my Adam's apple so hard that I can taste cider!"—Harper's Weekly.

Small Change.

The silvery moon makes lovers spoon,
A-gleaming o'er the waters.
We know she is a silvery moon:
She's made of halves and quarters.
—New York Times.

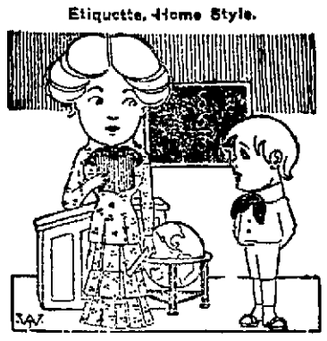
Try Sentinel Wants Ads.

Triumph of Oratory.

"Did Showter hold his auditors spell bound under his hypnotic influence?"

"He went further than that. He put 'em fast asleep."—Washington Star.

Etiquette, Home Style.



Teacher—Tommy, spell napkin.

Tommy—N-a-p-k-i-n, napkin.

Teacher—Right. Define napkin, Tommy.

Tommy—Napkin is what we use when we have company.

No Help.

"Can you give me an opening for a young man?"

"Not much. I'm in a hole myself."—Baltimore American.

After Shakespeare.

This world's a stage, and all the men
And women have their parts to take up.
The men may miss their cues, but then
The women never fail to make up.
—Chicago Evening Post.

All our Wall Paper discounted 20 to 50% during July.
7-16-sat-tf. KEIL & KEIL.

Mrs. Sid Hubbard is reported to be very ill at her home, 305 Brandriff street.

Annual Bank Statement.

Statement of the Financial Condition of the Woodburn Banking Co., at Woodburn in the State of Indiana, at the close of its business on the 21st day of July, 1910, being the Eighth Anniversary of the Commencement of the Business of Said Bank.

President, F. S. AMSTUTZ.
Cashier, J. R. YAGGY.
V. Pres., AUSTIN AUGSPURGER.
Asst. Cash., ELLA GERNHARDT.
Directors, F. S. AMSTUTZ.
AUSTIN AUGSPURGER
E. R. MOSER.
DAVID LOCHNER.
DAVID RICH.
D. C. SPRUNGER.
ALFRED YOOT'ELET.

Amount of bond of President, $5,000.00.
Amount of bond of Cashier, $5,000.00.
Above bonds are on file in the office of the Secretary of State, and are dated and are to run as follows:
President's Bond, dated 1st day of September, 1910, one year.
Cashier's bond, dated 1st day of September, 1910, one year.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$ 81,198 68
Overdrafts		20 12
Other stocks, bonds and mortgages		2,960 66
Due from banks and bankers		18,937 30
Banking house		1,852 53
Furniture and fixtures		1,073 35
Cash on hand—		
Currency	$2,606 00	
Specie	1,884 50	
		4,490 50
Cash items		77 31
Total		$111,510 45

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock—Paid in	$ 25,000 00
Surplus	2,000 00
Undivided profits	1,903 75
Individual deposits on demand	35,700 57
Individual deposits on time	46,896 13
Cashier's checks outstanding	10 00
Total	$111,510 45

State of Indiana, County of Allen, ss:
Austin Augspurger, Vice President, and J. R. Yaggy, Cashier, of the Woodburn Banking Co., at Woodburn, each being duly affirmed, severally say that the above and foregoing statement is true in substance and in fact.

AUSTIN AUGSPURGER, Vice President.
J. R. YAGGY, Cashier.

Subscribed and affirmed before me, this 30th day of July, 1910.
[Seal.] GEORGE STENGER, Justice of the Peace.
July 30 Aug. 6

Notice to Subscribers

DO you get THE SENTINEL before 6 p. m.?

DO you get it regularly?

DO you find it in readable condition?

DO you receive courteous treatment at the hands of the carrier?

DOES he carry change when collecting?

DOES he consult your convenience in placing your paper where you can readily find it?

IF the carrier fails in any respect mentioned above, you are being imposed upon and THE SENTINEL should know about it at once.

IF YOUR PAPER FAILS TO ARRIVE ON TIME, OR NOT AT ALL, CALL 173, EITHER 'PHONE, AFTER 6 P. M. AND THE SENTINEL WILL BE SENT TO YOU BY SPECIAL MESSENGER.

IF the carrier fails in any other respect call 173, either 'phone, at any time and the carrier will be called to account.

IN case of removal always notify THE SENTINEL, which will assure prompt delivery of the paper at your new address

TRUCKING AND DRAYAGE.

I am again prepared to do hauling, moving pianos and household goods. Give me a trial. R. M. Bender, 327 West Superior St. Phone 1980. 7-6-1m

EVERYBODY'S COLUMN

Little Ads. for Thoughtful Buyers from the Daily Marts of Trade.

Watch this Column. There's Always Something Interesting That Will Pay You to Know About.

AUTOMOBILES.

We are offering the following list of Automobiles at Bargain Counter Prices:
One BUICK TOURING CAR.
One POPE-TOLEDO TOURING CAR.
One POPE-TOLEDO RUNABOUT.
One CADILLAC CAR.
One PREMIER CAR.
One SMALL ELECTRIC CAR.
The Fort Wayne-Auburn Auto Co., 205 East Columbia St.

ART PHOTOGRAPHY.

Say! The next time you have any kodak pictures to finish take them to Clear or telephone 2306 and I will send for them. CLEAR, the Photographer, 706 Calhoun Street.

BICYCLES AND MOTORCYCLES

Why does a second-hand Indian, R.-S. or Thor Motorcycle sell in preference to a new one of other make? There's a reason. Indiana Bicycle and Supply Co., 111 West Washington Blvd., corner Calhoun.

CARRIAGES AND BUGGIES.

Every stick of timber that goes into the make-up of our vehicles has been passed upon by an expert, and when you get one of our buggies you've got one that will stay by you. City Carriage Works, Barr and Main.

CLEANING AND DYEING.

Some cleaners are not as careful as they might be. Send us your next order. You'll be pleased. Gust Schubert, 229 East Main St.

CLOTHING CLEANED—PRESSED.

We clean, press and repair garments for ladies' and gentlemen. Prompt. Reasonable. Louis H. Meier, Tailor, 1025 Broadway.

DIAMONDS ON INSTALLMENTS.

You can buy a diamond from us on weekly or monthly payments by paying a small amount down. You wear them while paying for them. Wartell, the Cut-Rate Jeweler, 1318 South Calhoun Street.

DRUGGISTS.

Not one remedy leaves our store unless we have absolute faith in its efficacy and purity. That's the way we built this business and the way we hope to maintain it. B. F. Noll, 110 East Columbia St.

ELECTRICAL REPAIR WORK.

All kinds of Electric Motor repairing and rewinding. Rapp & Zollinger Electric Co., 451 East Columbia St. Home phone 2208.

FACTS.

Dirt rots the fibre and invites the moth. Garments cleaned by us will keep them sweet, clean and free from moths. Gent's 2-piece suit cleaned and pressed, $1.00. Anthony Dry Cleaning Co., 1312 Lafayette St. Phone 1393. Cyril W. Feist, Manager.

FOR PERSPIRING

Want to stop the pain quickly? Get Jordan's Anti-Pain Liniment, 25 cents, in paste form, at Jordan's Drug Store, 626 Harrison St.

GRANITE MONUMENTS.

When in need of cemetery granite work, we would like to make an estimate. Always glad to make suitable suggestions for our patrons. H. L. Bates, corner Columbia and Lafayette.

BUILDERS' HARDWARE.

Before you place your order for the Builders' Hardware in your new residence see the complete stock of J. M. Stouder & Co.

PRESCRIPTION PHARMACISTS.

If you're down town waiting for the car or shopping and feel tired or worn out, try one of our surpassing sodas. Bradley Bros., 627 Calhoun St.

PHONE 2845

For home-made Pies, Cakes, Cookies, Doughnuts, Bread, etc. All orders promptly delivered. Jennie Ferris, 142 West Main St. Phone 2845. 7-11-1m

RESTAURANTS.

Next time you're hungry, just drop in and let us set you up a neat little lunch, a breakfast or short order. Quick service always and the quality is excellent. Weinand Bros., 711 Court St.

SHOES

Special sale on Ladies' and Gent's Oxfords. Geo. W. Bradshaw, 606 Clinton St.

SANITARY CLOTHES CLEANING.

As a "Summer Special" we will thoroughly dry clean and press men's two-piece suits for $1.00. Kid gloves cleaned, 5 cents. Regis French Dry Cleaning Co., 1205 Calhoun St. Phone 2198.

SECOND HAND FURNITURE.

I PAY CASH for all kinds of household goods. Phone 2231. L. Tomkinson, 1213 Calhoun St. 6-9-tf

If you have anything in the second-hand furniture line that you want the ready cash for, tell us and our man will call with the money. Clid Woodward, 1410 Calhoun St.

SPORTING GOODS.

We are headquarters for Sportsmen's Goods and have been for years. This season we're setting another record for up-to-date novelties. Like to show you. John Trautman & Son, 221 East Main.

LOST AND FOUND.

FOUND—A purse at Robison Park. Owner can have same by calling at Mergentheim's Millinery Store and identifying same.

LOST—Friday evening on the way or at Robison Park, small gold neck chain with pendant. Reward for return to 833 West Main, or phone 597.

PIONEER REALTY CO.,

Five-room house, on Savilla Ave., corner lot; modern; $1,600.00.
Five-room house on West Wildwood Ave. near Broadway; new, fine home. $1,900.00.
817 SHOAFF BLDG. PHONE 1051.

FOR SALE—STORE FIXTURES.

FOR SALE—Counters, Cash Registers, Flat and Roll Top Desks, Refrigerators, Show Cases, Safes, Scales and Hand Trucks. G. E. Bursley & Co. 6-24-tf

PERSONAL.

Gentleman, retired, unencumbered, with means, would marry. Have membership, both sexes, some independent. Mrs. Hill, 2098 Elm St., Oakland, Calif.

DETECTIVE.

RYAN DETECTIVE and INFORMATION BUREAU; confidential, reliable, reasonable. 611 People's Trust Bldg. Telephones—Office 2524; residence, 6777. 6-17-tf

WANTED.

MALE HELP.

WANTED—Twenty laborers. Apply Red Line Licensed Employment Agency.

WANTED—Good porter. Apply Red Line Licensed Employment Agency.

WANTED—Four machinist helpers. Apply Red Line Licensed Employment Agency.

WANTED—Three wagon blacksmiths to out of city work. Apply Red Line Licensed Employment Agency.

WANTED—Three boilermaker helpers. Apply Red Line Licensed Employment Agency.

WANTED—Ten colored waiters, for out of town work. Apply Red Line Licensed Employment Agency.

WANTED—Three good bakers, work out of city. Apply Red Line Licensed Employment Agency.

WANTED—Three single farm hands. Apply Red Line Licensed Employment Agency.

WANTED—Riveter boys; good pay for the boys. Engineering Co., corner Winter and Wabash tracks. 29-2t

WANTED—Position as stationary engineer, by an experienced man; can give good reference. Address Engineer, care Sentinel. 29-3t

WANTED—Railway mail clerks, post-office clerks, carriers. Examination in this district in November. BUREAU OF INSTRUCTION, 129, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

WANTED—MEN: Learn Automobile business. Wages $25 weekly; $10 while learning. We teach by mail. ROCHESTER AUTO SCHOOL, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

WANTED—By a young man of good character, a permanent position with a private family; thoroughly acquainted with work around house or barn. Address Box 20, care Sentinel. 29-2t

WANTED—SALESMAN—Experienced in any line to sell general trade in Indiana. Unexcelled specialty proposition with BRAND NEW FEATURE. Vacancy August 1st. Commission with $35.00 weekly for expenses. The Continental Jewelry Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

WANTED.

FEMALE HELP.

WANTED—Five girls for general housework. Apply Red Line Licensed Employment Agency.

WANTED—Ten waitresses for summer resort work. Apply Red Line Licensed Employment Agency.

WANTED—A girl above 17 years of age to assist in the care of children. Apply 912 West Washington.

WANTED—Girl for general housework; family of three; no washing. Inquire No. 3 White Apartments, 208 West Berry St. 28-3t

WANTED—Intelligent girl or woman, spare time, each locality, address envelopes, mail circulars, pay 15 cents hour, material, stamps furnished free. Rex Mailing Agency, London, Ont. 30-3t

WANTED—ANY LADY can easily make from $18.00 to $25.00 per week working for me quietly in her own home locality. This is a bonafide offer—one which will pay you to investigate, even if you can only spare two hours per day. No investment required. Turn your spare time into money. Write me at once for particulars. Address MARY B. TAYLOR, Box 30, Woman's Building, Joliet, Illinois.

WANTED.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WANTED—A night cook. Frederick's Restaurant, 1510 Calhoun St. 29-3t

WANTED—Designing and stamping a specialty, at 238 West Main. 28-2t

WANTED—Monuments cleaned; made to look like new. Phone 2189. 28-6t

WANTED—Sewers to put in, cisterns to clean out. Prompt service. Phone Martin, No. 7015-red. 4-26-tf

WANTED—Experienced feeders, and boy or girl over 16 years old, to learn to feed press. Fort Wayne Printing Co. 7-21-tf

WANTED—$30 people to borrow money on real estate at six per cent interest, without commission, from THE PEOPLE'S TRUST AND SAVINGS COMPANY, 913-915 Calhoun St. 10-5-tf

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—Boat tickets for the Gunkle Boat Co., at Al Riegel's Cigar Store, corner Main and Calhoun St. 29-2t

FOR RENT—We keep a rent list and are also prepared to sell you a home for a small payment cash, balance like rent. W. E. DOUD, 1-16-tf 3d floor Shoaff Bldg.

HOUSES.

FOR RENT—First house west of St. Joe boulevard on Charlotte ave. afterAugust 1st; also basement at 927 Barr. Inquire of Swayne & Swayne, 111 West Main street. 22-tf

FOR RENT—Dwelling and barn, 2635 Thompson avenue; two brick store rooms, 1102 and 1104 Broadway; office rooms lately occupied by Dr. Hill, 328 East Berry St. Schrader & Wilson, Main and Court Sts., first floor. 2-1-tf

ROOMS

FOR RENT—Furnished room at 449 Baker St. Call after 6 p. m. 7-19-tf

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms for light housekeeping at 405 West Jefferson St. Inquire 1124 Ewing. 7-28-tf

FOR RENT—Two nicely furnished rooms in private family; all modern; only five squares from court house. 1019 Lafayette St. 7-12-tf

FOR RENT—Three unfurnished rooms, close to Pennsylvania or Bass shops. Rent reasonable. Call 541 Masterson Ave.

FOR RENT—Large furnished front room; electric light, soft water bath; phone; suitable for two gentlemen. Call at 225 Douglas, or phone 1607-green. 7-25-tf

FLATS.

FOR RENT—Soon. Very desirable 6-room flat. Telephone 350 or 1900. 7-14-tf

SEWING MACHINES

DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINE
Needles, Oils, Parts and Supplies for any Machine.
Fine Bargains in Second-hand Machines from $4.00 up.
H. C. HITZEMAN
Sewing Machine and Supply Company.
No. 8 Arcade. Phone 2480.
Repairing a Specialty.

FARMS TO EXCHANGE

For city property or smaller farms; several 40, 80, 120 and 160-acres, all well improved; 47 acres at $2,200. See me about acre lots and 5% money. S. Freistroffer, Calhoun St., next to Hamilton Bank. 6-4-tf

STORAGE.

STORAGE—Pettit's Storage Warehouse fireproof. Household goods stored. Strong, clean, safe. 414 East Columbia St. Phone 1108. 10-6-8-1y

Try Sentinel Wants Ads.

FOR SALE.

REAL ESTATE.

FOR SALE—Hotel; 27 rooms, 2 squares from transfer corner. Inquire second floor 232 West Main. 7-16-tf

FOR SALE—Two lots 40x140 on Hoagland Ave.; $600 for both. Coponello, Photographer, 1835 South Calhoun St. 30-3t

FOR SALE—32 lots on Reed and Winter Sts., north of Pontiac. $50 cash and $10 per month will buy one. 1-16-tf W. E. DOUD.

FOR SALE—A new house, 7 rooms, modern, full lot, Bloomingdale. Price $2,700. W. E. DOUD, 1-16-tf 3rd Floor Shoaff Bldg.

FOR SALE—Some choice building lots in Pfeiffer Place. Will be sold from city office. Prices range from $100 to $250. $10 cash and $5.00 monthly. 1-16-tf W. E. DOUD.

FOR SALE—Absolutely modern 7-room house, three squares from Pennsylvania depot. Price for quick sale, $2,600; part cash, balance monthly. J. S. Peddicord, 611-12 Shoaff Bldg. 6-7-tf

FOR SALE—A good 5-room cottage in South Wayne; worth $2,000; will sell for $1,700. ½ cash. This is a special bargain. W. E. DOUD, 1-16-tf

FOR SALE—Eight rooms, Cherry St., almost new; right place for Nickel Plate R. R. or Knitting Mill home; $2,400. Cartwright, Room 19 Bank Blk. Phone 2753. 29-3t

FOR SALE—199 acres in Marion township; improved; ¼ mile from interurban; 20 acres fine timber; only $87.50 per acre if sold at once. Address Box 15, care Sentinel. 7-15-tf

FOR SALE—A pleasant home in good west end location; soft water bath and electric lights; a bargain; agents need not apply. Address Box 2, care Sentinel. 26-28-30

FOR SALE—On Broadway, north of R. R. two houses, good condition, renting for twenty-five per month. Can sell for $2,800. Cartwright, Room 19 Bank Blk. Phone 2753. 29-3t

$2,100 will buy a 7-room house on Sherman St.; lot 40x135; next lot can be bought cheap if so desired, size 30x50. Inquire 1236 Sherman St. J. H. W. Schaefer. 30-3t

FOR SALE—A pleasant home on Packard Ave., near Broadway; has six rooms, with bath and lights. Will sell for $2,700. W. E. DOUD, 1-16-tf 3rd Floor Shoaff Bldg.

FOR SALE—A new residence just completed by City and Suburban Realty Company, on Holton Ave. A small payment only required, the balance like rent. W. E. DOUD. 1-16-tf

FOR SALE—Bargain; 7-room house; both waters inside; gas light, cement cellar, good investment, very convenient, 7 squares northwest of court house; owner leaving city; no commission. Inquire at 433 Fairmont Place. 30-3t

FOR SALE—One of the best corn farms in the corn belt of Missouri; 609 acres all to cultivation; two good sets of improvements; a good farm for two brothers or a man with a big family; will take some trade; for further discription write Thos. E. Donovan, Ivesdale, Ill. 22-8t

FOR SALE—HOMES.

Eight lots on Wildwood Ave., $275 per lot; $2,000 for all. Lots and homes near Wayne Knitting Mills; 2 new modern house in Nebraska, $2,200 on payments 3 on Boone St.; 3 on Greenwood Ave., all modern. A very fine home near Broadway, all modern, up-to-date; must sell. Don't miss this bargain at 430 West Creighton, $2,650. 5 in east end; 2 on south side. Good lots and homes on south side. Good farms for sale or trade. Come and see me. I will help you to a good bargain. Wm. Klomp, 113 East Main St. 7-28-tf

FOR SALE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE—One 500-volt generator and starting box complete. Randall Motor Car Co.

FOR SALE—A combination Home Comfort range in excellent condition. Call at 1339 Wells St.

FOR SALE—An English baby carriage in good condition. Inquire 836 East Lewis.

FOR SALE—$55 Garland base burner, $28; Garland range, $22; both fine condition; also baby carriage; square piano; 1211 Huestis.

FOR SALE—Live minnows and angle worms at the Gunkle Boat House, Rome City. 29-2t

FOR SALE—Fine lot of breeding homing pigeons for sale cheap. Inquire 1130 High St. Phone 1320-black. 7-28-tf

FOR SALE—One gray work horse, 1,400; one black work mare, 1,500; will sell separately; cheap if sold quickly. Call 2233 Chestnut Ave. 28-3t

FOR SALE—Boat tickets for the Gunkle Boat Co., at Al Riegel's Cigar Store, corner Main and Calhoun St. 29-2t

FOR SALE — Complete set of Trap Drums. Inquire of Mr. Wendall at pants department, Patterson-Fletcher Co. 25-6t

FOR SALE—Very reasonable; two-chair barber shop, old stand, doing fine business. See Cartwright, 19 Bank Blk. Phone 2753. 29-3t

FOR SALE—English baby carriage with leather top; one go-cart. Telephone 2340-red, or call at 611 Ewing St. 7-28-tf

FOR SALE—Good team of ponies for delivering, weight 800 pounds apiece; city broke and sound. Inquire C. J. Flickinger, Roanoke, Ind., R. R. 2. 30-6t

FOR SALE—Furniture for 27 roomed hotel in a No. 1 condition, doing a fine business; property now used can be leased; cause for selling, poor health. For particulars address Mrs. Hattie Congdon, 610 S. Boots St., Marion, Ind. Congdon House.

FOR SALE—Five-room house south side, $1,150; two houses on one lot renting for $23.00 per month, $2,600; 7-room brick house on lot 68x150, $1,200. H. Goldstino, 10-11 Bank Blk. Phone 2460. 6-14-tf

FOR SALE—Cash or payments:

1 Ricca Piano	$110
1 Baldwin Piano	75
2 Oak Extension Tables, each	8
1 Oak Kitchen Cabinet	10
1 Oak China Closet	15
1 Oak Bookcase	16
1 Oak Davenport	20
1 Garland Range (cost $50)	25
1 Oak glass door Wine Cabinet	15

And a miscellaneous lot of other household goods.
FORT WAYNE LOAN COMPANY.
Room 2. 706 Calhoun St. 7-27-tf

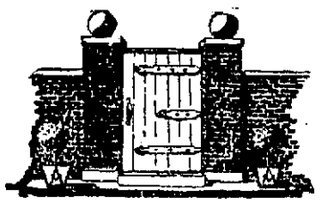
FOR SALE—One Wheelbarrow $1.75
One fine Fishing Reel $2.50
One Steel Casting Rod $1.75
L. J. LIBBING & CO., 205 East Main St.

CLAIRVOYANT.

Madame Wing, only reliable Clairvoyant in the world. Office and residence 807 Washington Blvd., east. 7-9-1m

"LOOK FOR THE SIGN" "Victor Safes—All Sizes" at Transfer Corner. E. L. Barber, Fort Wayne. 23-10t

The Wildwood Builders Co.



BUILDERS' OFFICE
722 Wildwood Ave.

Five nearly complete new houses of six and seven rooms and bath, cemented cellar, furnace, hot and cold water to sink and bath, hard wood floors, finished, paper, electric fixtures, cement walks and graded lawns. These houses are pretty; make cosy, comfortable well-built homes and range in price from $2,700 to $3,500. We have one house newly papered and painted on a fine lot for $2,000.

JOHN H. VESEY, Sales Agent
BUILDERS' OFFICE
722 Wildwood Ave.
Phone 6533.

FOR A FEW DAYS

We are offering finest house in Lakeside, the Mason Long Homestead with lot 75x150.

Ask us about S. E. Corner, 120 feet on Washington, corner Harrison. Also restaurant, well located, for $900. All are low priced. Don't forget the estate proposition we are offering in Bloomingdale. Several of these properties can be bought for much less than they are worth today.

We can please you in a farm anywhere. We have 40 acres near city limits at a bargain.

Monroe W. Fitch & Sons

Office Open Evenings.
Opposite Postoffice.
We not only sell the earth but insure everything on it.

JOHN H. VESEY

PUTMAN STREET BARGAIN.

Seven-room house, both kinds of water, lights, cellar under entire house. Easy payments. Price $2,300.00.

SOUTH HARRISON, NEAR CREIGHTON.

Six rooms, oak finish, completely modern; pavement, gas. A perfect home. Price $3,750.00.

BUY A HOME

On West Williams street; ten rooms with bath, gas, pavement, barn. Handy for St. Patrick's Church. Price $3,650.00.

WHAT'S THE USE

Of paying rent? Buy a house of the WILDWOOD BUILDERS' CO., corner Fairfield and Packard, all modern.

PHONE 2736. 514-16 SHOAFF BLDG.

Weber SQUARE DEALS

6-room cottage, Huestis Ave near Broadway; modern; a cosy home in splendid location.$2,850
6-room modern house, Fox Ave.; furnace pipes roughed in.....$2,400
10-room house, South Broadway, near Huestis Ave.; arranged for two flats $3,500
5-room house, Sherman St.; has furnace; a bargain $1,900
8-room house, Hendricks St.; electric light; gas for fuel....$2,800
7-room house, Wiebke St., almost new; a bargain $1,700
8-room house, East Washington Blvd.; modern; entirely new...$2,800
7-room house, Cottage Ave.; modern; just built $2,700

VACANT LOTS IN ALL PARTS OF CITY.

Let me build you an Honest Value Home on easy payments.

CARL J. WEBER
Real Estate, Loans and Insurance.
723 COURT ST. Phones 1389-1902.

Walsh & Kierspe

GENERAL INSURANCE AND REAL ESTATE AGENCY.

6-room house 800 block, East Wayne St.; lot 30x150; $2,300.
Splendid all-modern 10-room house, 1,000 block West Jefferson; large barn; lot 50x150; $5,800.
8-room all-modern house 800 block; East Suttenfield; steam heat; corner lot, 30x150; excellent condition; $4,000.
4-room cottage, 604 Orrin Ave.; lights, both waters; beautiful lot, 45x150; $1,400.
All-modern 7-room house 800 block Hoffman St.; lot 45x148; $2,850.
Splendid new 8-room house, 1,400 block High St.; lot 40x146; $2,100.

HOUSES FOR RENT.
COME AND SEE US.
134 E. BERRY ST. TELEPHONE 2476.

New 8-room house, strictly modern; hard wood finish. East Woodland. Price $3,650.00.
Eight-room modern house, Walnut St., close to Fairfield; good location for Electric Light and Pennsylvania People. Price $2,300.00.
Good 7-room house, Kinnaird Ave. Payment plan. $2,100.00.
New 6-room strictly modern house, Bloomingdale, half square from car line, fine neighborhood. $2,500.00.
Nice lot South Calhoun, across from beautiful park. Price, $800.00.
Nice lot on Lafayette St., close to Woodland Ave. Price, $1,000.00.

Fred Lambert

ROOMS 209-210 SHOAFF BLDG.
Open Wednesday and Saturday Evenings.
Phones—Office, 2624; Res. 7090.

HITZEMANN & ASH

REAL ESTATE
402-3 People's Trust Building.

Good modern house, with large lot, West Pontiac St.
5-room cottage, John St.; will be sold cheap.
7-room modern house, a bargain, Liberty St.
6-room house, Montgomery St.
New modern house, Hoagland Ave.
A dandy house on Force St.
Lots in all parts of the city.

FARMS

70 acres of best farming soil, only four miles from city.
80-acre farm in Aboite township; will sell cheap if taken at once.
Some choice garden spots.

H. L. Van Meter

REAL ESTATE
Over Old National Bank.

One of the best investments in business property in the city. 6-room modern house, west end, $3,300.
10-room modern house, hot water heat, south side, will sell at a bargain.
7-room modern house, Columbia Ave., the best bargain in Lakeside.
Business property on Calhoun St.; will accept good residence in exchange.

PHONE 327

Dandro

Will Grow Your Hair Long and Thrifty—It is a Real Hair Grower.

It will make hair grow on anyone's head where the hair bulbs are not dead Sold at the Niswonger's Drug Store 128 West Main street, and for delivery call phone 2002 Home.

X Telephone "MARTIN'S PLUMBING SHOP" for a Plumber. Twenty years at the business. Phone 6379. Hanna and Buchanan Sts. tf X

FOR SALE.

Six-room cottage, Indiana Ave.; large barn; $1,600.
Six-room cottage, North Barr St.; $1,800.
Rooming house, 8 rooms, on Montgomery St., near Clinton; $2,800.
Strictly modern 7-room house, S. Clinton St., near DeWald; $4,100.
Eight-room house, large lot, on Walnut St., near Fairfield; $2,800.
Fine building lot, East Suttenfield St., pavement paid; $1,100.
A good 7-room house, Michigan Ave.; $2,300.
Rooming house; only four squares west of Calhoun; strictly modern; $3,800.

FARM LANDS.

2½ acres, only 1½ miles from court house; fine buildings; will take city property in exchange.
15 acres, only 3 miles from city limits; good 6-room house, barn 28x40, good outbuildings; will take city property in exchange. Price $3,300.
92 acres on interurban line, only 6 miles from the city. Fine 9-room house, windmill, barn 40x68, two orchards, 10 acres of timber, all fenced and tiled, near church and school, level black soil, $3,000 cash. Owner will take first mortgage on balance. Price $9,500.

K. VORNDRAN

GENERAL FIRE INSURANCE.
Rooms 3-4, 2d Floor Pixley-Long Block.
Phone 460. Open Saturday Evenings.

For Sale—Real Estate.

Modern 9-room house, Woodland Ave., $3,500.
6-room cottage, cement cellar, lot 40x150 feet, $1,600.
Modern 8-room house, lot 37½x169, Leith St., $2,700.
RESTAURANT—Good location, at a bargain; would consider trade.
FARM LANDS A SPECIALTY.
40 acres, good soil, well improved, fine orchard, $3,000.
40 acres, black soil, well improved, $3,000.
Also a fine list of farms ranging from 40 to 400 acres, at prices that are right.

Geo. L. Ashley & Sons

Phone 2905. 420-421 Shoaff Bldg.
FIRE INSURANCE.
Open Saturday Evenings.
See our Rent List.

REALESTATE

FOR SALE

House, modern, West Jefferson street.
House, 6 rooms, Davis street.
House, 7 rooms, Mechanic street.
House, 5 rooms, Jones street.
House, 8 rooms, Cherry street.
House, 4 rooms, Force street.
House, 7 rooms, Liberty street.
House, 6 rooms, Liberty street.
House, 8 rooms, Lillie street.
House, 8 rooms, modern, Broadway.
House, 7 rooms, E. Lewis street.
Two fine lots on Broadway.
Two fine lots Wallace St., $1,400 each.
One fine lot Fourth street, $750.
Will make special prices for quick sale.
Call Phone 639 or address

G. W. McKee
BANK BLOCK
Real Estate and Fire Insurance.

Real Estate for Sale.

8-room house and barn; corner lot; 5 blocks from court house; paved street; Price, $3,000. Want offer.
7-room house, corner lot 47x150, West Third St; $2,650.
5-room house, almost new; close to Leith St.; only $1,300.
Lot 50x150, corner Pontiac and Lafayette St.; $2,600.
Fine building lot East Pontiac St., near Lafayette St.; $1,000.
These are only a few of our many bargains listed.

GEORGE DAGER,
Rooms 15-16-17 Pixley-Long Block.
Phone 2185.

FOR SALE Real Estate

7-room dwelling in west side "Nebraska," $1,350.
5-room dwelling, west side, $1,875.
7-room modern dwelling, west side, $3,500.
6-room modern dwelling, south side, $2,650.
5-room modern dwelling, near Bass Foundry, $1,800.
Double dwelling, modern, west side, $10,000.

LENNART & ORTLIEB,
Second Floor. 819 CALHOUN ST.

K. J. BAUER & CO.,

8-room house, modern except furnace, close in, a bargain at $2,600.
7-room house on Putnam St., modern, can be bought on easy payments.
7-room house, Gay St., only small payment required.
Several good homes on East Wayne St., close in, owner anxious to sell.
10 acres with good new house, 2½ miles from court house.
80 acres with first-class improvements, 7½ miles from city, only $85.00 per acre.
See us before buying.
No. 717 Clinton St. Office Open Evenings.

Sentinel Want Ads. Pay.

Peddicord & Sigrist

Two practically new eight room houses; lights and both waters, close to Pontiac. Part cash, balance 5 per cent. interest.....$2,150.00

One seven room house on Leith St., close to Calhoun, cheap at $1,700.00

Fine new six room house, half square from Huffman car line, oak finish and strictly modern in every respect $2,650.00

New six room house with bath, lights, etc., in Bloomingdale, half square from car line.....$2,250.00

Three lots on Kinnaird Ave., 40x133, sewers and sidewalks, fine building sites.....$450.00 to $500.00

Four lots on Lafayette, close to Wildwood. Must be sold at once. See us immediately. Each.....$500.00

PHONE 158. 611-12 SHOAF BLDG.

What We Do In AUGUST

We do not ask, "Is it hot enough," nor do we give advice on how to keep cool. We just go on providing for the wants of the people who are at home and those that are going away.

We are just as alive to your needs now as at any time during the year, and our stocks will be found generously full and satisfying of things needed to contribute to your comfort.

DURING AUGUST

There will be many offerings of summer goods at reduced prices. Many goods will be sold so far below their value that you can effect liberal savings on needed merchandise. We do not want to hold anything over from one season to another, except your confidence.

IN AUGUST

You will begin to show an interest in what to wear during the autumn season, and you will find during the month the first fruits of the season upon our counters: not complete stocks, of course, but enough to show the style tendency; and every day will increase the store's attractiveness. Be a frequent visitor during the month—no matter how hot it may be, our store is cool and comfortable.

MAY WE EXPECT YOU?

The Rurode Dry Goods Co.

Meyer's

Special Next Week

We place on sale a self-filling fountain pen, in which you can place any pen point when the old one is worn out. This is the first time you have been able to buy a self-filling fountain pen for **25c.**

Get one of these for your vacation trip. It's just the thing for writing your souvenir postal cards.

"Get the Meyer Quality."

Meyer Brothers Co.

Four Drug Stores.

Bradley Bros.

Cut Price Drugs

A SAMPLE OF PRICES HERE EVERY DAY.

25c Talcum Powders 15c

$1.00 Ideal Hair Brushes	69c
75c Pompeian Massage Cream	50c
50c Pompeian Massage Cream	38c
75c Duchesse Massage Cream	39c
$2.50 Worcester Imported Razors	87c
50c Balm of Almond Cream	29c
50c Benzoine & Almond Lotion	34c
25c Mum	15c
3 cakes Armour's Soap	15c
25c Imported Powder Puffs	15c
50c and 75c Pocket Knives	39c
25c Colgate's Shaving Stick	18c
25c Colgate's Rapid Shave Powder	18c
5 double sheets Sticky Fly Paper	10c
A. D. S. Peroxide Cream	25c
1 pt. Comp. Syr. Hypophosphites	73c
25c Diarrhoea Comp	19c
Nyal's Foot Powder	19c
50c-oz. Colgate's Perfumes	39c oz.
35c Mallinerodts Sugar Milk, 24c	5 for $1
25c Colgate's Dental Cream	20c
$1.00 Root Juice	83c
$1.00 Zoa Phora	83c
50c Horlick's Malted Milk	45c
$1.00 Wine of Cardui	83c
Oriental Crem	$1.19
Listerine	20-40-75c
Borden's Eagle Milk	15c
Liquozone Soap, 6 cakes	25c
Liver Pills, 100 in box	15c

Bradley Bros.

Cut Rate Drug Store

627 Calhoun St.

"Prescriptions filled at a Saving."

Kirk's Cocoa Hard Water Castile:-

A trial will convince you that this soap fills a long-felt want. Large oval cakes of pure white soap for bath or general toilet use, 10c, 3 cakes for 25c. 5c size in square cakes, 6 for 25c.

Jos. Nussbaum Pharmacy

N. W. Corner Berry and Harrison. Phone 477.

TANNED AND DUSTY, BATTERY IS HOME VICTORIOUS

Local Men Take Long Range Firing Honors from Five Other States.

With the long range firing honors of six states tucked in their knap sacks, the men of battery B returned home at 7 o'clock this morning via the Pennsylvania from Sparta, Wis., where they have been in camp for the past ten days with six Indiana National Guard companies and four batteries from the Fifth artillery of the regular army.

The men were dust all over. The camp at Sparta was pitched on one of the dustiest stretches of land that can probably be found in the country. During all the past ten days the winds have been blowing rather consistently and the clouds of dust rained through the tents as wate rthrough a sieve. But this was a part of the army life which the men have been living in true style and in spite of the fact that they had to carry water two and a half miles for cooking, drinking and washing purposes, all say they never had a better time in their lives. There was practically no rain during the camping days and with the sun radiating pretty strongly, each member of the battery carries a coat of tan that will last for months.

Of the local battery there were nearly sixty men who made the trip, some fifteen or twenty having been kept home at the last minute because of late enlistment. Forty-four men from battery C, of Rockville, were detailed to Lieut. Henry C. Moriarty, who had charge, because Captain Clark could not attend, and with the help of the Rockville men the battery made about the best showing of the year.

Artillerists From Other States.

Batteries from Ohio, Michigan, Illinois and Wisconsin have been camping at Sparta at different intervals since the 1st of June. The batteries from Minnesota have been in camp with the Indiana batteries, but the laurels of long range firing belong to Indiana. And of the state batteries, battery B, of this city, leads. Battery A, of Indianapolis, lead only in the signal firing, while batter B men gained higher points in all the gun firing from 1,900 to 5,800 yards. The Rockville men and the local battery worked in perfect harmony and the boys say they were the recipients of compliments from all sides. Colonel Brown, of the Fifth artillery, stationed in Minnesota, was in general charge of the camp and he himself signed the scores of battery B, giving them the best record. The report on the driving exhibitions will be sent to Washington, D. C., before they are made public, but a good showing is expected in that department of work also. Orders were received here shortly before leaving that equipment would be furnished by the regular artillery companies. Lieut. J. C. Sheffer, of the local battery, was in full charge of the reconnaissance work and the computing of firing data and it was due in great measure to his excellent calculations that the Indiana batteries made such good records at the camp.

Were Well Fed.

When the battery men were asked today how they enjoyed the camping, almost every one asserted that the "cooking was great." There were many hardships to suffer during the ten days, but the mess meals that Caterer Charles Carpenter, of this city, prepared for the men compensated for these in great measure. Each battery furnished its own cook and the men say some other batteries fared not so well.

Numerous little mementoes and relics from the camp were brought home by the men, including some birds caught along the fields. One is a prairie hawk and another is a sand queen, both specimens unknown to this section of the country. "Buster," the bull dog mascot of the battery, has tried his best to kill the birds, but the boys protect them carefully. "Buster" has been on every tramp and expedition in the past year and he was the source of great fun at the Sparta camp.

"FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS HAVE CURED ME."

The above is a quotation from a letter written by H. M. Winkler, Evansville, Ind. "I contracted a severe case of kidney trouble. My back gave out and pained me. I seemed to have lost all strength and ambition; was bothered with dizzy spells, my head would swim and specks float before my eyes. I took Foley Kidney Pills regularly and am now perfectly well and feel like a new man. Foley Kidney Pills have cured me." Dreier Bros.

Concert, Electro-Technic band, Robison park, Sunday. 24 pieces.

NOTICE!

Freiburger Hardware store is not renting the Gunkel boats. You can get them at Al Reigel's cigar store, corner Main and Calhoun, also at Otto F. Gunkel's, 1331 Swinney avenue. Phone 7032. 29-2t

---

Silver Dollar Flour now on sale at all grocers in 2-lb. and 5-lb. sacks, to accommodate light housekeeping for the summer season; also put up in usual sizes of 24½ and 49-lb. sacks. This is "the" flour for all purposes, for the whitest bread and the finest pastry.

C. TRESSELT & SONS.

7-19-eod-13t

All our Wall Paper discounted 20 to 50% during July.

7-16-sat-tf. KEIL & KEIL.

WOLF & DESSAUER

Pretty Lingerie Waists Worth Up to $1.50 69c

Special for tonight are these daintily pretty lingerie waists made of fine materials. There are many cool collarless, short sleeve models, as well as charming waists with fitted collars and long sleeves. Value as high as $1.50.

Special for Tonight 69c

TIDBITS OF SPORTING NEWS

South Bend Tribune: Claude Varnell was in South Bend yesterday (Thursday) and saw the Billkens suffer a defeat. He seemed tickled to death with the crowd regardless of the blubbering of the Fort Wayne News. Mr. Varnell realizes that circus days in South Bend is not like a circus days in South Bend is not like a halls. Buffalo Bill drew 20,000 people to South Bend yesterday, yet Mr. Varnell secured more than the guarantee money. No, wonder he looked pleased. Furthermore Mr. Varnell had nothing to say about offering $60 a game for the receipts during the series.

In picking the best team in the Central league Burke is selected by the Dayton Journal for third and Young for right.

Although Marty Nye failed to hold a place in a Class B league he seems to be filling in nicely at Wheeling and the club has been winning right along since he joined the outfit at Dayton.

Harmon failed to cover first base at a critical time in the game at St. Louis and although he was not hit hard this mistake started the Cubs in a rally that beat the Cardinals.

Danny Sheehan has been fired by the Grand Rapids management and Holt, the tall youngster who played the outfield while the team was here on its last trip, has been farmed.

Outfielder Summers has been secured from the St. Louis Nationals for the Tots and a pitcher has been captured and will be shipped to the rescue of Cuppy Groeschow.

Zanesville Signal: "They talk about the squeeze play being something modern," remarked Bobby Quinn of the Columbus club who was a spectator at the game yesterday. "but that's rot. I saw this man Grant, pull that play off in 1896 when I was playing with him on the Defiance team. He's a mighty wise baseball guy."

MUST BE ABOVE SUSPICION.

Kidney and bladder ailments are so serious in their consequences, and if unchecked so often fatal that any remedy offered for their cure must be above suspicion. Foley Kidney Pills contain no harmful drugs, and have successfully stood a long and thorough test. Dreier Bros.

WHITE FRUIT HOUSE BULLETIN

LACES! LACES!

Special Sale Monday at 9 a. m.—A Little Money Goes a Long Way.

OUR BUYER JUST RETURNED FROM THE CHICAGO MARKETS WITH SOME LACE BARGAINS. FOR MONDAY WE WILL OFFER SUCH AS LINEN CLUNY, COTTON CLUNYS, MALTESE, REAL TORCHINS, ZION CITY, VALENZEINES, AT 3c, 5c, 7c AND 9c YARD. DON'T FAIL TO BE ON HAND EARLY.

Sirloin Steaks, 12½c per lb.
Round Steaks, 12½c per lb.
Beef Roasts, 11c per lb.
Boiling Beef, 8c per lb.
Muttons, as long as they last, front quarter, 7½c per lb.; hind quarters 9½c per lb.
California Muscan Grapes, 10c per can.
Baltimore Pears, in Syrup, 12c per can.
California Lemon Cling Peaches, 15c per can.
White Horse Singapore Pineapples, 8c per can.
California Black Cherries, 20c per can.
White Royal Ann Cherries, 20c per can.
Peerless Apples, 10c per can.
Remember, we deliver goods to all parts of the city.

Home Phone 442. Bell Phone 750

WHITE FRUIT HOUSE

I have high-class investments in Local Bonds and Local Stocks and Mortgage Loans. C. F. PFEIFFER, Shoaff Bldg.

How About Your Soft Shirts?

Are they coming home from the wash as soft and as smooth as new shirts? That is they come back from back from the Troy Laundry.

We wash them by hand in clear, soft water; we iron them by hand with evenly heated electric irons. The results are evident—collars without a wrinkle, and smooth, soft bosoms with not too much starchy stiffness.

Whatever is at all washable, you may safely send to The Troy Laundry. Get our wagon to come by calling

THE TROY LAUNDRY

308-314 Pearl St. Phone 160.

Ideal Screens

Now is the time to buy Screens. The Ideal Screens are made to order only and made to fit. Do not sag, warp or stick. No edges to split off. Cannot be taken off from outside and they lock. Are easily hung or removed, will outlast any ordinary screen ever made.

They are the ideal of perfection in modern screen making. Do not buy before getting our prices. Our representative will call.

FORT WAYNE TENT AND AWNING CO.,

NO. 223 E. COLUMBIA ST.

Prices LOW enough for EVERY man.

Quality HIGH enough for ANY man in Suits at $10.00 and Hats at $2.00 at

Extra Pants $2.00 & $3.00 — THE BUCKEYE 819 Calhoun St.

DR. HAVICE.

FORT WAYNE, IND.
130 West Wayne St.
Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat Specialist
GLASSES ADJUSTED.

Keep your eyes on Everybody's Column. There's Bargains there 6-19-tf

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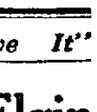
Catarrh Treatment $1.00 a Week
820 HARRISON ST.



Catarrh wrecks voice and complexions, destroys the hearing, sight and smell, maims and weakens, starts consumption, and dire asthma's strangling spell.

"If It's a Good Thing, Seavey's Have It"

Have You Seen the Lady Elgin Gas Saver Bake Oven?

It has oven door supports when open.
It has two shelves and bakes well on both.
It is used on top burner of gas stoves.
It never needs the flame turned more than one-half high.
It is just the right size for most bakers.
It saves half your gas bill—think of it!
If you try it—you will keep it.
It has a reasonable price, $1.50.
It is handled only at

Phones 149 and 2648. **Seavey's** 119-121 W. Main St.

Clean House With a Vacuum Cleaner

We Rent Them

P. B. Arnold Company

211 E. Main St. Phone 317.

NIAGARA FALLS ANNUAL EXCURSION

August 4

$6.50 Round Trip

Tickets Good 12 Days

Ample time for an enjoyable vacation. Liberal stop-overs. Special low fare side trips enabling you to visit America's most charming resort section in the height of the season at small expense. Tickets good going on train leaving Fort Wayne at 4:45 p. m., returning to leave the Falls until August 15.

SIDE TRIPS: Toronto $1.75; Clayton (1000 Islands St. Lawrence River) $7.35; Montreal $11.75 and Quebec $16.25; (via St. Lawrence River or the Adirondack Mts.) higher in each case than fare to the Falls.

Apply to Agents for full particulars and copy of special Niagara Falls excursion folder, or to L. A. Robison, Gen. Pass. Agent, Cleveland, Ohio.

LAKE SHORE RY.

FLIES FLEE FROM "FLY-FOE" FUMES.

Everyone knows that when Flies, Mosquitoes, etc., worry cows, the yield of milk is greatly reduced. They cause animals to lose flesh and vigor, thus rendering them more liable to acquire diseases. Every owner should give all possible comfort to his livestock, by making them immune from Flies, Mosquitoes and vermin of every sort. This is easily accomplished by the use of Fly-Foe, and it is money in the pocket to spray it. Call and let us tell you about it. We guarantee it to do the work.

S. Bash & Co.

Schone & Ankenbruck

COR. BERRY & BARR
BOTH PHONES
HOME 317 BELL 324

JAMES E. GRAHAM

Room No. 26 Bank Block.
LAWYER, NOTARY PUBLIC AND INSURANCE AGENT.

JOHN M. EVANS

Real Estate and Insurance Broker.

Dr. Johnston OSTEOPATH

4th FLOOR SHOAFF BUILDING. TAKE ELEVATOR.

Graduate of Kirksville, Mo.
Diseases and Deformities Treated.
—EXAMINATION FREE—
Phone—Office, 1520; Residence, 6534.

DR. MARY WHERY

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Office and Residence—404 Berry St. East.
SPECIALTY—Diseases of Women.
Telephone 470. Hours—9 a. m., to 3:30 p. m., and 7 to 9 p. m.

STORAGE

Pettit's Storage Warehouse is
Fire-Proof.
Household Goods Stored.
Strong, Clean, Safe.
Phone 1108.
414 E. Columbia St.

Do you know "SECRO-SOLVO-TONE" will cure

GALLSTONES

APPENDICITIS, LIVER TROUBLES, DYSPEPSIA! Just give it a chance. Tell your friends. Write today to GALLSTONE REMEDY COMPANY, Dept. 11 225 Dearborn st., Chicago, Ill., Sole U. S. Ag'ts

The First Newspaper Established in Northern Indiana.

The Fort Wayne Sentinel

All the News All the Time that is Fit to Print.

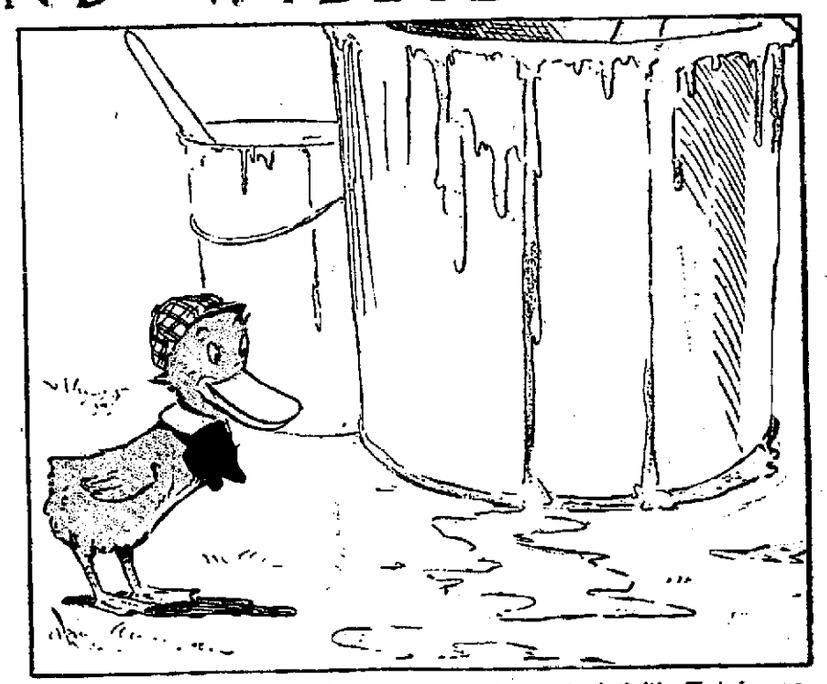
SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 30, 1910.

JOHNNY QUACK

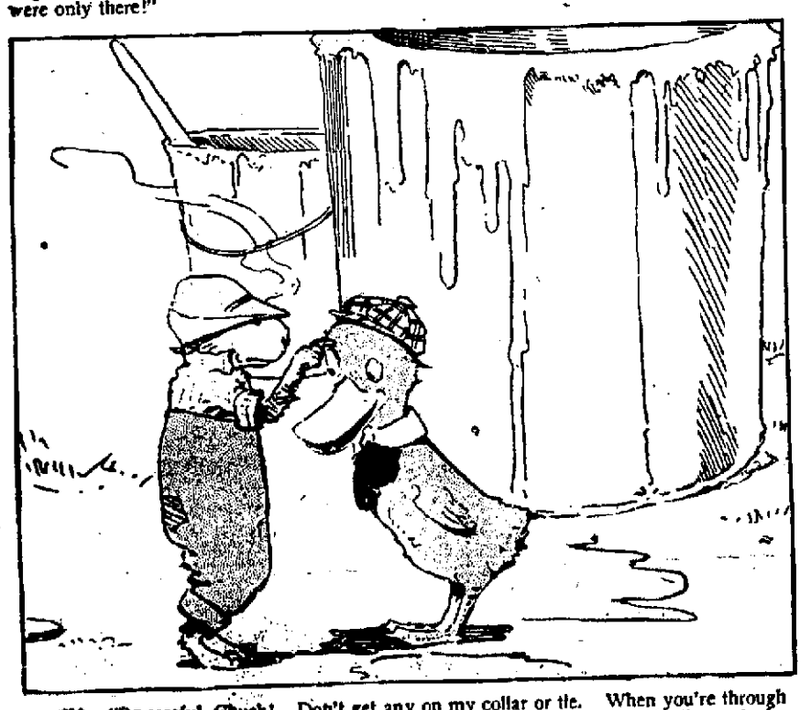
AND HIS PALS CHUCK WOOD AND WILLIE HOP

I.—"There they go down to Mrs. Van Cluck's for afternoon tea and cakes and lots of good things! But they won't *eat;* they'll just gossip and gossip and gossip! Oh *if* I were only there!"

II.—Gracious! what's the matter with my foot? It feels all right, but it *looks inflamed!* It's all red! I wonder if I'm going to be ill? My appetite is good—why, I could eat a whale right now!"



III.—"That's just the color of the red on my foot! Maybe that's it! That gives me a dandy idea! Wonder where Chuck and Willie Hop are?"



IV.—"Be careful, Chuck! Don't get any on my collar or tie. When you're through I'll sneak into the house and get a blanket and a towel. You hustle out and tell everybody, especially the *Twins!*"

V.—"Hello, Twins! Howdy! Have you seen me friend Johnny lately? You haven't? Well, you'll *never* see him again! He has the Chicken Pox! They've just taken him away in the ambulance. Why, he's out of his head! *Sure,* it's fatal. It's the curtain for Johnny, all right, all right!"

VI.—"What? Johnny Quack has the Chicken Pox? They've taken him to the Hospital? Mercy me! My goodness, children, I hope you haven't been playing with him lately?"

VII.—"Now, Chuck, as soon as they get up here I'll step out and that's your cue to *yell*, and they'll do the rest!"

VIII.—"Look out! Run for your lives! Johnny Quack has escaped from the Hospital! He has the Chicken Pox! See how cross-eyed he is!"

IX.—"My word! Did you hear that? Johnny Quack has the Chicken Pox and has escaped from the Hospital! This is perfectly shocking! One rarely recovers from it! I have a perfect horror of it!"
"So have I! Oh, this is Dreadful!"

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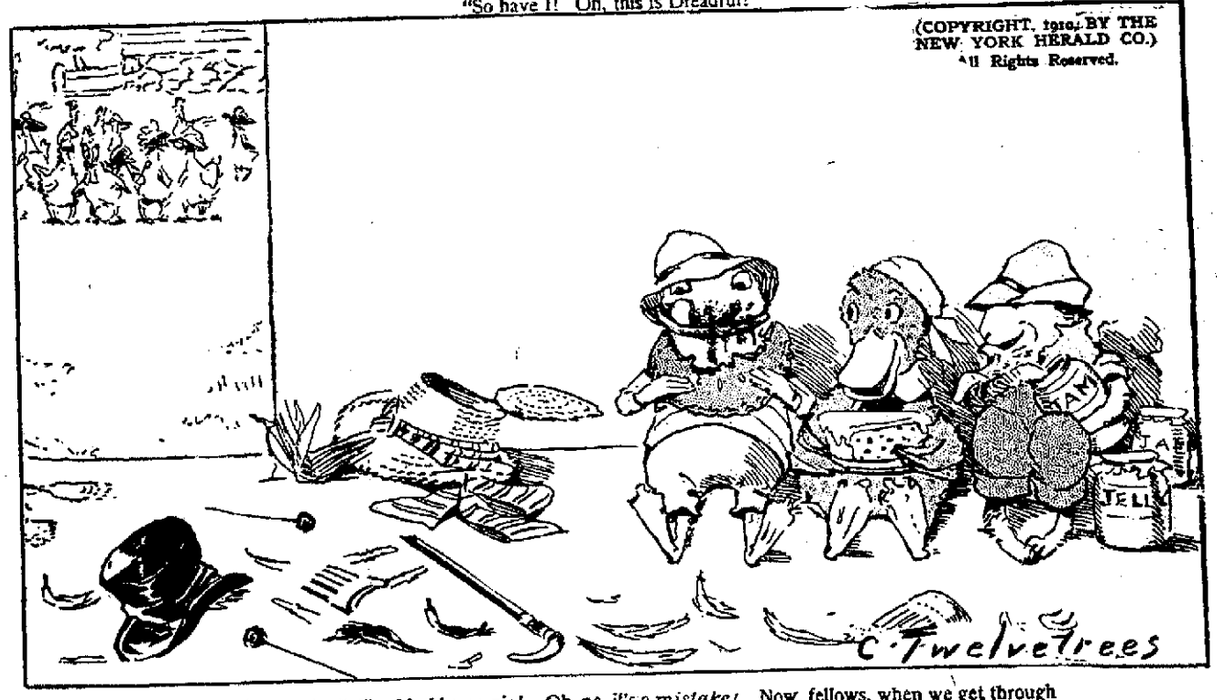
X.—"It's *Johnny Quack!!—!!!*"



XI.—"Say, Chuck, 'Willie don't like blackberry pie! Oh, no, it's a *mistake!* Now, fellows, when we get through here, we'll go down the line, and clean out every pantry in sight, before they get *wise!*"

SALLY PRUE LEAVES HOME

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FIVE years ago I left Fayettesville, a small Southern town, and went to New York to earn my own living.

I was not forced to do this through the stress of financial circumstances. I had no great talent of which I was loath to deprive the world as an excuse for coming; I do not think I ever dreamed of becoming famous, nor had I a great ambition to better mankind or to make life more beautiful for the downtrodden masses. Seeing things in the light of the knowledge I now possess, I think that I left home and went to the city because I wanted most of all to be free—just to live my own life in my own way; to assert myself as an individual, free to think and act as I pleased.

In a small town where one has been born and bred only a genius may so assert himself, and even a genius is regarded somewhat in the light that a haunted house is looked upon—as a matter for uncanny speculation; something that attracts but at the same time repels, and is, unconditionally and out of a vast ignorance, condemned.

But I was not a genius—I was only an ordinary sort of a girl. I had grown to womanhood (I was then twenty) and possessed a woman's power to think and judge for myself; but to Fayettesville I was still a child. The recollection of a pale-faced, pig-eyed, thin-legged little girl in pinafore and braids was all too freshly green in the memory of the town's people, and though my skirts were long since let down to a more discreet length and my hair done in a remarkable imitation of a vogue head dress (artist unknown, God rest his soul!), yet, despite this fact, the nearest approach to respect for my years was vouchsafed in their allusion to me as "Al Prue's oldest girl."

Now there is no such thing as reserve in Fayettesville. It is an unwritten law there that each family's private life belongs to the community at large, the incidents thereof furnishing a common fund of interest, and it is the duty of each citizen to provide what incident he can that he may thereby lighten the days of his fellow man.

Things were just like that at home, too, only more so. There were six of us in the family—father, mother and three girls, besides myself. I had an older brother, but he was at that time wandering somewhere over the earth. No one ever spoke of him; he was the outcast because he had gotten into some sort of trouble (I never knew just what), and father was awfully bitter about it. The general verdict against him in Fayettesville was that he was no good. Mother grieved in silence, but I envied him. He was free!

For instance, I could not go for a walk on a Sunday spring morning because I must go to church with the family.

It was improper to have a light in the parlor after ten o'clock at night and immoral to be seen on the street with a man after eleven.

I had to darn stockings for the family because I happened to be the oldest girl. Mother had been the oldest girl, and she had darned stockings for her mother's family. I loathed to darn, and it hurt my eyes, too—but if I said anything about it there were pleasant allusions to the fact that I managed to get through a novel without any serious injury to my eyesight.

The Rebellion.

I wasn't lazy. I was willing to work, but I wanted to do my work in joy, not in drudgery. I wanted to be free to grow just as a young tree grows, according to the law of its own nature. I wanted to get away from restrictions that bound me like chains.

I did not think of all these things then. I only felt and silently resented and finally rebelled openly and declared for independence. It came about this way. The summer of 19— was intensely hot and an epidemic of slow fever swept Fayettesville. Mother and two of the children were stricken with it. That meant a summer of nursing with the household topsy-turvy and every one's nerves on edge.

Oh, those long, hot, sultry days! Gray walls seemed to loom up about me and shut out the world where there was sunshine and joy and life.

I was resentful of my own mother's illness—that was an ugly phase of my nature, grown up out of the conditions surrounding me—for I loved my mother tenderly. But stronger even than my love for her was the desire for freedom. She was a link in the chain that bound me, and I wanted to be free.

Of all the days to be lived through Sunday seemed the worst. An added gloom of awful piety settled upon us. I could not be spared to go to church, but father went because he had not missed service in twenty-six years. Mr. Mathews came over always in the afternoon after Bible class and sat on the porch. He never failed to remind us that illness was a punishment for sin.

During those days I almost grew to hate that poor old man, and at the sight of him wabbling up the path I have fled to mother's room, pretending there was need of me there, and felt a secret joy in thus deceiving him.

Toward the end of summer the ill were free of fever, but mother, particularly, was slow to gain her strength. She required constant care and attention. Father had suffered under the nervous strain, and often became unreasonable and irritable.

It was at this stage that a letter came from my brother, who had found work in a mining camp somewhere in Nevada. He was making money and returned a certain amount that father had lent to him five years before. Along with the letter he sent a little gift for mother.

He knew nothing of the illness and trouble we had endured, and he meant to do only what was fair, but somehow the return of the money coming just when it did seemed to infuriate father. He was more than unreasonable—he was cruel and unjust, for he returned the check and the little gift for mother without even showing it to her.

I think that it was this act of father's that aroused me to a consciousness of the revolt that was seething within my heart. By what right did he deny to mother what was hers? What right had he to forbid me to speak the truth to mother? Why did I not tell her, since I felt that she should know? To my resentment was now added a deep sense of injustice and of wrong.

So the days wore on, one like another, except Sunday, which was worse, only for the fact that I had got out of the habit of going to church. The others went, while I stayed with mother.

We grew closer to each other than we had ever been before. Mother was beginning to tell me secrets of her real life. She had, it seemed, always longed to travel, to go over the wide world, but of course that had never been possible, she had married so young. Then there had been the children and her duties to keep her at home. But I must not think she was complaining—indeed, no! She had been happy and very blessed in her husband and children.

Illness and Sin.

I, too, on my side had made little confidences. She knew something of my aversion for Mr. Mathews and we had actually laughed together over illness being a punishment for sin. This, however, was an immense secret between us. We would look at each other and smile when he turned in at our gate.

One Sunday afternoon mother and I were alone on the porch and at the appointed hour of visitation, lo! instead of old Mr. Mathews there appeared a stranger coming up the path. Mother's hand fluttered up to smooth her hair. "That's Mr. Mathews' young assistant," she whispered.

I observed him with much real interest. I dare say he was young, but his was one of those faces that are old from childhood and would not, I knew, appear any older for years to come.

He was pale and wore glasses, and his shoulders stooped a little as he walked. But then he wore, too, a flower in his buttonhole, and he was not Mr. Mathews! He was a stranger, something out of the ordinary; a light breaking the gray monotony of the every day. I felt curiously thrilled as I rose to meet him.

"Dr. Mathews is ill," he told mother, and he had asked the privilege of coming instead.

I was disappointed in his voice; it lacked something, but he was very nice. He talked pleasantly and he laughed, actually laughed twice. Evidently he did not think that illness was a punishment for sin. He told us about his life out West, where he had gone one year for his health, and about his experiences in a mining camp, all about the life and the rough, big hearted miners.

I liked that and was terribly interested until I happened to glance at mother, who had grown quite pale. He saw it too (he was quick that way), and thought, no doubt, that he had tired her, so he rose to go.

Mother made him promise to come again. She liked him, too, and as he went away mother watched him out of sight. She appeared wistful.

"He's been about a good deal, I suppose," she said, and sighed.

And then I knew why she had grown pale. She was thinking of my brother, the outcast. I remembered the gift and my heart smote me. Why did I not tell her? Why? Was I afraid? Afraid of what? I had never disobeyed father wilfully, but now father was in the wrong. It would have been a simple enough thing to have said:—"He sent you a gift and father returned it." Yet I kept silent.

In a few moments father and the children came in at the gate. They had seen our visitor leave. It was then one of the girls dubbed him "The Little Minister." And the name suited him perfectly.

He came every Sunday after that, and then he began coming now and then during the week. Of course the children teased, but he always asked for everybody. I did not know whether I liked him or not. Sometimes I did, and then again he just seemed to merge into the general grayness of things.

Autumn came. People began to talk about "The Little Minister's" being in love with me.

Mother and father were pleased (I could see that), and I began to regard him with a proprietary air, though there were times when I pretended a headache rather than go out with him.

The Taste of Freedom.

One afternoon in early October we had been for a walk in the country. It was beautiful out of doors; the leaves were rich with color; the air cool and fresh and everything had such a full-to-the-brim look. The Little Minister had been talking to me about life in the West and the splendid freedom of it, and I felt thrilled. We had seemed that afternoon like good comrades who understood without many words. The current of our separate thoughts had merged into one stream—a happy, laughing little stream that ran along merrily—a glint of romance touching it into joyous life.

Then just a snag of chance changed the current and the little stream swerved and again was swallowed by the waters of the deadly commonplace.

As we turned into the court house square there, in full view from where we were, stood Farmer Green's haystack. That haystack marked the limit of town. It seemed to say, "So far and no further." Stolid it stood, complacent and uncompromising. The sight of it roused all the old resentment against the shut-in-ness of my life.

Then that stupid, stupid man also noticed the haystack and this is what he said:—

"Do you know, I think that there is something quaint about standing in the heart of town and seeing a haystack?"

Quaint! Ye gods! If he had only said anything but that it was quaint!

An unreasonableness equal to my father's seized me. I looked at him. His glasses vexed me. I did not like the pale color of his hair. I had never noticed before how thin it was. And his hands! What an unhealthy pallor they had!

All the thrill had left me!

"You like a small town, don't you?" I asked, and my voice sounded like a tack hammer striking brass.

He was flicking the heads off the weeds with his cane and did not look at me; but his face grew a modest pink.

"I do like it—yes—I could—that is, I"—— he stammered.

And it came to me with the swiftness of lightning. He was about to propose. I had a vision of myself in the rectory where I could see the quaint haystack from the east window. I would grow middle aged and fat, and he would become thin and bald, and my eldest daughter would darn stockings because I had darned when I was young.

I saw him content, absurdly content, to live so. Oh! maybe it was nervousness. I do not know—but I laughed. I laughed and he knew that I knew that he was proposing. At first he was hurt, then angry, and I couldn't explain; there wasn't anything to explain that he would understand. We walked home in silence and he left me at the gate.

I stood and watched him merge into the twilight grayness and then I went on to the house. Father was standing on the porch alone. I saw that something was wrong. His face was white and he was reading a telegram. I ran to him. He caught my arm like a vise. Just then mother came out on the porch. She read father's face and caught sight of the telegram before he could hide it.

She went to him swiftly. "What is it?" she whispered. "What is it?" and then before he could reply, she said, "I know—it is my boy—he is dead."

Father seemed dazed—unable to speak. I knew that he tried to prevent mother's seeing the telegram to save her from pain, but when she said, "Give it to me," something in her voice made him comply.

"Then the train started in earnest, and I left them all behind."

I thought of the gift. When she had read the message, she grew still and white. After a little, she said in a voice that sounded like an echo:—"My little boy, my own little boy. He took his own life; he took his own life."

Then her face twisted in sudden agony, and she cried out in anguish:—"Oh, God! I could bear it if only he had sent me some word—me, his mother."

I did not give my father a chance to make his confession—his atonement. The truth that had so long cried out in my heart for utterance burst from my lips.

"He did send you a message—a gift—but father would not let you see it; he sent it back."

Mother looked at me as if I had been mad; then, when she began to comprehend, she turned to father.

I hope I may never again see such a look of shame upon any human face as was written on father's. I could have cried out in pity for him. And mother saw and understood. She did a beautiful thing; she went to him and took his hands in her own. "It was a mistake, dear," she said. "We have done him a great wrong—our little boy."

And I knew then that she had forgiven him. She and father against all else! I crept away unnoticed.

As the days went by mother noticed, of course, that the Little Minister no longer came to the home—but she forbore comment.

A package came one day through the mail addressed to mother. It was from a mining camp in Nevada. One of the men who had been my brother's friends had gathered his few belongings and sent them to mother.

In the package was a half completed letter to me, written soon after he had left home. When I read it the meaning of the words rose up like a flame before my eyes, clearing away the mists and showing me how things stood for me.

Courage to Go.

The letter said:—"I wish that you were here with me; you would like it. I feel so free. We got control of a batch of men now and they call me 'Mister.' It's great. A fellow gets sick of being called 'kid' all the time. Mother's going to be proud of me yet"——.

I folded the letter and held it tight in my hand. The touch of it gave me courage, and then I went down to father and mother. They looked up at me when I entered the room.

Mother smiled and held out her hand. I went to her and took it. She had been crying. Then I turned to father.

"I have decided to go away and earn my own living," I said bluntly, and that is not the way I had meant to put it, but the words came of themselves.

Father did not reply, and mother's clasp tightened on my hand.

"I'm not going to marry," I went on. "I don't want to marry. I'm old enough to work, and I want to be free. I want to work for my own living."

When I had finished speaking the silence was awful. Then father said gently:—

"You don't have to do that, my child."

"Oh, but I want to work!" I cried eagerly. "Do you not see? To depend on just myself. I want to be free. I want to go away from here and earn my own living."

I was hurting them. I knew that; for now I was no longer an individuality, but just their little girl who wanted to go away from them. I was hurting them and I was hurting myself too, but I could not help it. I knew that I would go in spite of everything. Father must have seen this in my face.

"What will you do, child? Where do you want to go?" he asked me.

My heart sang with victory. "If you will send me to New York I will find work," I cried. "There is plenty of work in a big city!"

Oh, the pathos of that sanguine cry out of such ignorance as mine!

But in the end I won, and it was agreed that I should go. Father was to send me to New York with enough money for one month's board. I would take no more. I left home one dreary November day. It was misting rain, so I said goodby to mother and the children at home. Father took me to the station. He was very quiet and I could not think of anything to say.

Father put me on the train and asked me four times if I had my ticket and the boarding house address (one I had obtained from a young girl milliner in town who had lived there). When the train started he kissed me twice and told me to be sure to wire when I got there.

I waved as far as I could see him. Then the train started in earnest, and I left them all behind—father, mother, the children and friends. The Little Minister, and, last of all, Farmer Green's haystack, looking rather glum in the misty gloom, all left behind, and now what lay beyond?

There was I with the train rushing me on through the darkness—on to what?

"Freedom!" cried my wilful heart. "Freedom! The right to measure your strength against the strength of man, to fight your own fight, to live your own life."

And that was the answer. I wished to work that I might be self-supporting; to be self-supporting meant independence and independence meant freedom. I wanted, above all things else, to be free. That is why I left Fayetteville and went to New York.

SKIBBY AGAIN MEETS THE CADYS

By William Chester Estabrook

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UNCLE JERRY WAYMAN pulled his fat old horse up before the Skibbons door, leaned far out of his high top buggy, and, seeing no one, put his fingers into his mouth like a boy and whistled a long blast.

Skibby came on the run from the back yard, where he had been showing the Belgian hares to little Jake Brown, the same little Jake whom he had taken to the Detention House that time for Judge Dugane and who had put up such a fierce fight for his freedom.

"We'd been lookin' fer ye, Mr. Wayman, if we'd t'ought it was time," he apologized.

"I'm fifteen minutes early," Uncle Jerry confessed, consulting a watch that was as big as a saucer. "Come along now and hop right in."

The boys got their hats and coats. Mrs. Skibbons made ready little Mary, who was to go with them, and the group hurried out to the buggy. Mary, who would not be parted from Skibby, sat on his lap on the seat beside Uncle Jerry, while Jake was made comfortable on a tiny folding chair at their feet.

"Goodby, ma'am," Uncle Jerry said to Mrs. Skibbons. "I'll bring the whole bunch back Monday morning as happy as clams and in time for the little girl's kindergarden."

He slapped the lines against the fat old horse's sides, reached out occasionally with his cane and poked him with it and exhorted him to move along. "Don't you see we've got company, Puddin'?" he demanded of the lazy beast. "Scat me! Where's all your pride?"

A few days after the gander episode of the Bistow twins Uncle Jerry had stopped at Skibbonses' and urged that Skibby be allowed to visit him in the country.

"I want you to pick a couple other kiddies to come with you," he said. "My buggy'll hold three jest as easy as one. So make your choice and have 'em ready Saturday mornin' when I come along."

Skibby immediately set his heart on little Mary going, and then thought of the boys he knew who had infrequent vacations. He had never forgotten what Jake said that time in Juvenile Court when the Judge asked him if he had any friends. "No rainy day friends, I guess, Jedge," Jake had answered. That was the reason Skibby chose Jake, and now the three of them, Mary, Jake and himself, were off for their first real visit to the country, where Uncle Jerry assured them they were to have the time of their lives.

Skibby had frequently made the trip by trolley to the various outlying parks that belonged to the city, but such journeyings were always accomplished in dense picnic crowds, which inevitably carried the air of the town with them. Little Jake had never been in the country at all; he didn't know wheat from corn or sheep from calves. It was a new world, this one which opened up to them behind the slow plodding Puddin', with its intimacy of flower and grain and hedgerow, all standing so close that one had but to put out a hand to touch them. It brought from Skibby numerous exclamations of delight, while Jake sat silent and drank it all in and Mary crowed with pleasure.

And Not a Policeman.

"A rube kid sure must have a cinch," Skibby observed rapturously. "T'ink o' foozlin' round up to yer neck in dis yere bloomy stuff all de time!"

"Wid no cops around to drag ye off!" added little Jake huskily. It was the first time he had spoken.

The real country boy had long existed in Skibby's mind as a rosy cheeked, sturdy legged, curly haired urchin whose pockets were eternally bulging with big red apples and other "farm" delicacies, and who spent most of his time swimming and hunting and fishing.

"Don't get it into your head that country life is all fun," Uncle Jerry remarked. "Remember, this bloom don't last all the year around. Sometimes you can just barely see the top of the fence posts above the snow, and it's cold enough to freeze the tears in your eyes. Now, when you've got to crawl out of a mornin' like that to do the chores—well, scat me!"

Skibby hadn't thought of that before. The country had always been held up to him as a sort of heaven where nothing unpleasant ever had to be endured.

After an hour's drive, which brought them into a community of broader fields and more scattered farmhouses, Uncle Jerry halted Puddin' and pointed to a sign post at the wayside.

"A mile straight ahead is a funny little old town called Emoryville," he said, "and my place is over yander on the left. You see that little house with the red roof? Well, that's my house."

Emoryville? Vaguely Skibby tried to recall where he had heard that name. Emoryville? It plagued him like a strange face that one sees, remembers and glimpses again, years after, in a passing crowd.

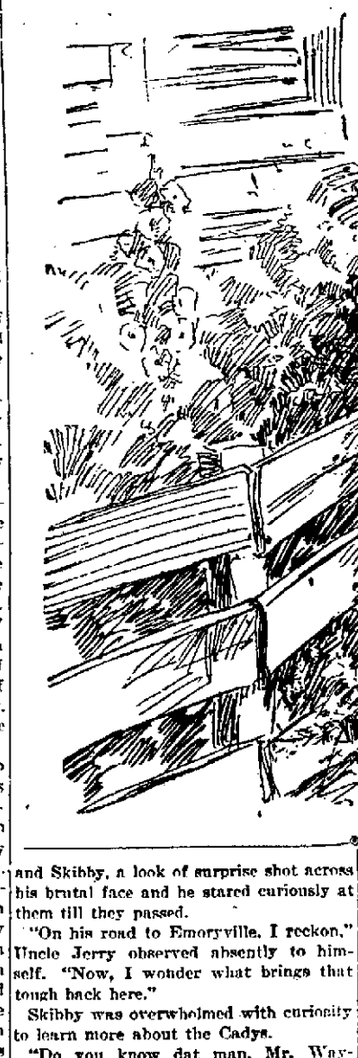
Then in a flash he remembered when he had heard it. He saw again the crowded Juvenile Court room, his mother, his father and the other complaining witnesses. The Judge had little Mary Cady on his knee. In the foreground were Cady and his wife, into whose disreputable hands Mary had fallen at the death of her parents. Again he heard the Judge say, "If you haven't got the decency to quit your boozing and give this pretty little niece of yours a respectable home I'll take her away from you and find a home for her." Then he had turned to Conlon and asked, "You say her folks lived in Emoryville?"

That was when Skibby had heard the name. He remembered perfectly now. So they were within a mile of the place where Mary was born! Hully gee, what if her parents had lived and the Skibbonses had never got possession of her! How happy she was with them and how happy they were to have her! He trembled to think what his father would have been without her. He bent over and looked into her face. She was radiant. Little Jake had hopped out and gathered her a huge sunflower that was growing in a fence corner. She held it above her head for a parasol. Its petals were just the color of her hair. It seemed to Skibby that she grew prettier every day. He was glad that fate hadn't left her in Emoryville.

They turned into the road that led toward Uncle Jerry's place. At the moment a man appeared in the narrow curve ahead. He was huge and unshaven and he shouldered forward with a giant, shuffling stride. He carried his coat over his arm and his shirt was open at his powerful throat.

He stepped to one side to permit the buggy to pass. "Hello, Anse," Uncle Jerry said coldly. Skibby's heart came up into his mouth and Mary clung tight to him. It was Cady, the slugger, from whose shack on the Dock street commons Skibby had carried Mary that night in the rain!

Cady answered Uncle Jerry indifferently, and then, as he caught sight of Mary



and Skibby, a look of surprise shot across his brutal face and he stared curiously at them till they passed.

"On his road to Emoryville, I reckon," Uncle Jerry observed absently to himself. "Now, I wonder what brings that tough back here."

Skibby was overwhelmed with curiosity to learn more about the Cadys.

"Do you know dat man, Mr. Wayman?" he asked, with an assumption of merely making conversation.

"The man we jest passed? Well, I guess! I've knowed him ever since he was a boy. He's a bad, bad egg, that Anse Cady. There was three of them Cady boys, and only one of them decent. That was Henry Cady. He was a school teacher. They're all dead now except Anse. Henry's wife died along with him, and they left a baby. It happened in the city, and I never did hear the particulars. Somebody said that Anse got hold of the baby because he thought there might be a little money of hers to handle. I guess the court took her out of his clutches and put her in some sort of a home. It turned out that Henry had never saved any money, or leastways nobody knowed what he'd done with it if he had. Yes, the whole passel o' 'em used to live in Emoryville. Henry moved to the city a few weeks after the baby was born. Anse comes out mighty seldom. They say he married a good for nothin' like himself. I was jest wonderin' what he was doin' back here now."

Skibby Not Anxious.

Skibby was reluctant to carry the conversation further before Mary, who was looking up at them with that strange prescience some children have. He managed to change the subject. Some time when he and Uncle Jerry were alone he'd tell him all about Mary. Uncle Jerry had never seen her till that morning; he couldn't possibly have known that her name was Cady.

They reached the little red roofed farmhouse at last, where Mrs. Wayman gave the kiddies a hearty welcome. She was a short, roly-poly, jolly old woman, and she had lived so long with Uncle Jerry that the two of them looked mighty much alike.

Mary made up with her immediately and allowed herself to be taken into the house while the boys went with Uncle Jerry to inspect the stock.

At noon what a dinner they sat down to! There were biscuits, with honey and maple syrup and blackberry jam to put on them, and there were mashed potatoes and fried chicken and watermelon preserves, and milk that was so much richer than any little Jake had ever seen before that he suspected something was wrong with it and waited until Skibby had drunk his before he'd touch it!

"Skib," he said later, when they were alone in the barnyard, "dat feed makes my tummy feel like it didn't know nuttin'! Say!"

In the middle of the afternoon the hired man who worked on an adjoining farm stopped at Uncle Jerry's to deliver himself of a piece of Emoryville news. Did they know that Anse Cady was back? he asked. He was a little disappointed to find that they already knew that. The really great news was to come, however. Did they know that a friend of Henry Cady who lived in the West had dug up a share of some kind of stock which

"You won't let her have me, will you, Tibby?"

Henry had bought a few years before his death, and which seemed to have completely dropped out of sight? Well, they had found a paper like that, and it was worth three thousand dollars now; Henry hadn't paid that many hundred for it. "They" said that Anse had come back to Emoryville to look after it. Of course, Henry's little child, wherever it was, had first claim on the money; but if there is a chance to bully a cent out of any one Anse could always be depended upon to do it.

The hired man was, of course, wholly unaware of the tremendous importance of his news to the freckle faced, brown haired "city kid" whom Uncle Jerry had brought home with him. He talked a long time of the precious piece of gossip from Emoryville and finally departed.

Skibby felt that word should be got to his parents immediately concerning Mary's little fortune. He was wrought up to the highest pitch, and hastened to tell the Waymans all about Mary, exciting the old people almost as much as himself.

"I don't want this news to cut your visit short," Uncle Jerry said to him, "but we mustn't neglect the little girl's chances. If there's anything in the report it ought to be looked after. What do you say to goin' across fields with me to Maine's—they've got a 'phone—and callin' up your folks and that judge who was so interested in the little girl? He'll let us know what's to be done."

They were soon hurrying toward Maine's. It took some time to get Mrs. Skibbons and the Judge. Mrs. Skibbons was immensely surprised and pleased. The Judge advised that since it was Saturday afternoon nothing could be done till Monday. "Don't let this rumor interfere with your visit," he said; "go right ahead and have a good time."

The Judge's message put Skibby more at ease. He was glad they didn't have to hurry back to town. What a bully good time they were having, he thought, as he slashed alongside Uncle Jerry through a timothy field that took him almost to the chin. Only one thing worried him, and that was Cady's proximity. The day the Judge had taken Mary away from him the slugger had sworn vengeance against the whole Skibbons family. "I'll get even with ye, ye kid snatchers; if it takes till doomsday to do it!" he had declared. Skibby hoped he wouldn't try to "start something" just now.

The day was chock full of the good things the Waymans had planned for their entertainment. The kiddies went fishing and wading in the creek; they had a long ride on old Puddin', Mary sitting in between Skibby and Jake; they slid innumerable times down a dizzy haystack. They did a hundred other things, and the best of it was that everything they did was absolutely new to them.

It Beats Coney.

"Talk about Luna Park! W'y, dis yere place has got it skinned a mile!" little Jake declared.

Skibby and Mary slept in the same room that night, Skibby in an old fashioned bed so big that he thought he'd never touch bottom and Mary in a tiny trundle bed that Mrs. Wayman fixed for her.

Mary was fast asleep as soon as she touched the pillow. Skibby lay awake for a while thinking over the rumor that had so excited him. Three thousand dollars! That would be enough to send Mary to college when she got to be a big girl. If it were put on interest it would buy her clothes and pay for her music and dancing lessons and most everything else the Skibbonses had planned for her. He got to thinking of Cady again. What was the slugger's purpose in coming out to Emoryville just at this time? Did he believe there was some way to "job" Mary out of her money?

He raised himself in bed to take a last look at Mary, to see if she was all right for the night. Mrs. Wayman had rolled the trundle bed close to the window. The air, laden with clover bloom, came in with the moonlight which flooded the room. Mary was sound asleep and Skibby lay back with a sigh of comfort. Once in the night something stirred him vaguely, bringing him half out of his sleep.

The sun was shining through the window when he wakened in the morning. He tumbled forward and peered over at the trundle bed.

Mary was gone!

His first thought was that Mrs. Wayman had slipped in and got her. Then he saw her clothes on the chair by the bed. At the instant there was a gentle knock at the door and Mrs. Wayman asked if they had had sleep enough. It was eight o'clock, she said.

"Where's Mary?" Skibby called.

"Mary?" Isn't she in her bed?" Mrs. Wayman asked in surprise.

Skibby came out of bed with a bound. A great fear struck him with staggering force.

"Her clothes is here, but she ain't!" he cried in a voice that sounded strange in his own ears. "Ain't ye seen her dis mornin'? Mebbe Mr. Wayman"——

"What's that?" Uncle Jerry called, coming from the sitting room. He had been up for two hours.

"Mary not in bed!" he ejaculated.

He came directly into the room. Skibby was bent over the screen by Mary's bed. The wire had been cut from the outside and the hook that fastened within had been slipped from its staple.

"See dat!" Skibby whispered. His face was white as chalk and he sat limply on the edge of the trundle bed.

"It's Cady," he said, after a pregnant moment. "Let's get to Maine's 'phone as quick as we can. We've got to head 'im off. Mebbe he stole her away in de night. He's got a good start. Oh, Lordy, Lordy!"

His groan roused Uncle Jerry. "There, now, brace up, my lad," he said brusquely. "A man can't get very far away with a little girl like Mary and nobody notice 'em. You're right about Maine's. You run over there as fast as you can—your legs are better than mine—and 'phone to the Judge and your parents. They'll set things in motion in the city. I'll hitch up the colt and go right over to Emoryville myself."

Little Jake was up by that time and he insisted on going with Skibby. Mrs. Wayman was to rouse the nearest neighbors who had no 'phone and start the men on a search of the surrounding country.

Everything was hurry, hustle and confusion. What Skibby feared more than anything else was that Cady might harm Mary—that it might be his intention to make way with her. He was a desperate man, and when drunk was oblivious to the consequences of his misdeeds. Incited by the vengeance which he had sworn there was nothing of which he was not capable.

Skibby and Jake ran across the fields to Maine's. They weren't thinking now of the clover and timothy, nor of the red winged blackbirds that eyed them curiously from the fence.

In a half hour Skibby had notified Judge Dugane of what had happened, and the Judge himself took the word to headquarters. The Skibbonses, frantic at the news, were soon on their way to Uncle Jerry's. With everything done that was possible over the 'phone, the boys hurried back to the farmhouse and joined the farmers who had gathered and who were already beginning their search in a well directed, organized manner.

Whoever had lifted the sleeping child through the window had left no trace of himself. The ground across which he must have walked to reach the room was a solid, thick turf that showed no mark.

Skibby examined it time and again. Did Cady take to the fields with Mary or had he chosen the open road? If the latter he would likely have entered and departed by the front gate, since there was a substantial wire fence around the yard. Just inside the gate was a small patch of gravel between two bordering dahlia beds. It occurred to Skibby that Cady might have stepped across the beds to avoid making a noise on the gravel. He examined the beds carefully. At the edge of one was a deep heel mark and two inches of a narrow sole. When the print was made the toe of the shoe had evidently caught on the adjacent sod, permitting the heel to sink deep into the soft earth of the bed.

Print of a Woman's Shoe.

The flash of hope which the discovery gave Skibby was immediately dissipated when he realized that the print was made by a woman's shoe! Likely enough Mrs. Wayman herself had made it. He called her from the house where she was giving directions and showed her the print.

"Of course it couldn't be mine," she said emphatically. "I've never worn them high, narrow heels."

The men who examined it were not much impressed. Some of the neighbor women must have made it, they thought, that very morning, perhaps. A score of them had come through the yard since the alarm was given. That didn't explain to Skibby's satisfaction, however, why one of them should have gone to the trouble of leaving the path and leaping the dahlia bed!

While the farmers were going out by squads in different directions he and Jake moved slowly toward Emoryville, examining every foot of the road. They hadn't gone more than a half mile when they met Uncle Jerry. The colt, which he seldom attempted to drive, was covered with lather.

"Cady couldn't have stolen her," he said, halting and taking the boys in with him. "He got drunk within an hour after he came to Emoryville, and they put him in the lock-up, where he's been ever since. I saw him myself."

"Hully Gee! I'm glad o' dat!" Skibby cried in vast relief. Better in anybody's hands than in Cady's!

"It turns everything topsy-turvy again," Uncle Jerry went on. "If Cady didn't take her, who did?"

That was the question which now confronted them and they went back to the house vainly threshing their brains for the answer to it.

"From what the Marshal told me, Cady must have begun to booze about an hour after we met him on the road yesterday," Uncle Jerry said. "It's mighty queer that he gave them no trouble when they arrested him. Usually it takes about every able bodied man in Emoryville to jug him when he gets on one of his sprees. It looks mighty queer to me!"

Mrs. Wayman had learned one important thing during their absence. Mary's coat, which was thought to have been left on the chair with the rest of her clothes, was gone. Mrs. Wayman remembered that she had hung it over the foot of the bed within reach of the window. In the covers of the bed she found a tiny round pebble, one of a dozen or more Skibby had picked up for Mary the evening before and put into her pockets for "marbles." Mary's abductor had evidently reached the coat, pulled it up about her and the pebbles had slipped from a pocket.

While Uncle Jerry was unhitching the colt Skibby and Jake started down the road, this time in a direction opposite Emoryville. If the coat had not been kept folded straight about Mary, they argued, there was a chance that still more pebbles had slipped from its pockets. Twenty yards down the road Jake spied another of the tiny white stones that was completely foreign to the yellow dust in which it lay. Further on Skibby discovered another. There followed a discouragingly long stretch that yielded nothing till they widened their search to the side fence, where in the high grass three more of the pebbles lay.

The grass had been trampled. It was plain that some one had climbed the fence there. Caught on a splinter of the topmost rail was a bangle that had been torn from a bracelet. One side was plain. On the other was inlaid a "royal flush."

Skibby's gray eyes goggled at sight of it. "Jake, I knows who's got Mary now. Let's hurry," he said huskily.

There was an oat field on the other side, and they had no trouble following the trail, which was marked by frequent wisps of broken grain and by occasional prints of high heels. The trail led directly to a small weather beaten house that was far back from any road. The place seemed deserted when the boys advanced and knocked.

"Oh, Tibby, Tibby!" a well known voice called out in answer.

They rushed around to the side. Mary was beating frantically against the door, which was locked. They got an ax from the woodshed in the rear and forced an entrance.

"It was my auntie!" Mary sobbed. "She comed in the dark and got me. You won't let her have me, will you, Tibby?"

They learned from her that the aunt had locked the house only a few minutes before and hurried away.

"Her nerve fizzled out, dat's wot!" Skibby declared. "I knows it was her when I picks dis lollyhob off dat fence. She was all de time sportin' dis gamblin' jewlry over on the commons. Jake, I'll have to carry Mary home, and you hike on ahead and tell Uncle Jerry all about it and den you 'phone de Jedge to have de cops peelin' fer de Cady woman. Tell de Jedge to 'phone Emoryville to hold Cady dere. Hike out now; I'll come as soon as I can."

There was a great reunion a half hour later, when the Skibbonses arrived at Uncle Jerry's.

Mrs. Cady made a clean breast of the whole affair the next week on the witness stand. After learning that Mary was at Wayman's Cady had sent her a special delivery letter apprising her of the fact and arranging for her to come out and get Mary away to the farmhouse, which he knew was temporarily unoccupied. He was to direct suspicion to himself till she could get the child away, when they were to demand a ransom based on the newly discovered wealth which was Mary's. Skibby was right about her nerve "fizzling out" at the last moment. The fact that it had fizzled cost her and her husband three years apiece.

Uncle Jerry declared he expected to have the Skibbonses out often enough to prove that kidnapping didn't always accompany his hospitality.

REAL TRAGEDY FOR THE BOY

NOT all the tragic and comic turns that take place in a theatre are enacted on the stage or behind the scenes. A good many of them are played through with tremendous reality right out in the auditorium, even as far away from the footlights as the top gallery.

One of these little side issues formed a feature of the entertainment for those who sat in next to the back row of seats in the upper balcony at a popular priced performance of a French problem play. When the doors were opened to admit the public to that part of the theatre one Saturday afternoon one of the first persons to rush in and buy a ticket was a boy about eleven years old. He was a bright, wholesome looking little chap, and as he went pelting up the long flight of stairs even his long tailed brown coat seemed to catch a whiff of the excitement that danced in his big brown eyes and flapped and swished round his thin legs merrily.

He was already seated when the woman who had bought the seat next to his came puffing up to the top floor. She looked at him in surprise as she sat down beside him, and her first thought was, "What in the name of heaven does that child expect to get out of a play like this?"

Once she was on the point of putting the question to him point blank, but his eyes were already fixed on the drop curtain with an eager expectancy that discouraged impertinence, and she finally ceased to speculate on the incongruity of his presence or even to think of him at all. At the end of the second act, however, she was forced to recall him. His arm, which had been resting lightly against hers all the time, although she had scarcely noticed it, passed nearer and his hand clasped hers timidly.

"Will you please tell me ma'am," he said, "if this is the wild animals?"

The question went straight to the woman's bump of humor, and at the first instant this unconscious and unrivalled criticism of the actors who had been disporting themselves so strenuously brought a shriek of laughter to her lips. But just then her eyes caught his and her throat closed with an ache that cut off laughter. Such pitiful eyes as they were. The glad sparkle was drowned in tears, and the smiling face of the early afternoon was the picture of despair. The woman squeezed his hand sympathetically.

"Why, no," she said, "this is a French society play. What did you think it was?"

Then the story came out. At another theatre in the same block a troupe of trained animals was giving a daily performance. The boy had been promised the money and an afternoon off to go and see them. The last matinee came and the promise was made good. The boy had been obliged to go alone, and was sure he could find the place. But in spite of his self-reliance he had made a mistake, and instead of the trained animals he had struck the familiar French triangle.

His disappointment was too deep to put into words, but his face, voice and drooping figure told the story. The woman tried to strike some kind of a bargain with the ushers or the box office in his behalf, but it was too late to set the little fellow right, and as she, too, was reduced to carfare home, she was obliged to return and report non-success. As the curtain went up on the third act he gulped down a sob audibly.

"Do I have to stay till it is out?" he asked.

"No," she told him, "you may go now if you like."

He hurried away as fast as his spindle legs could carry him, and somehow the woman's heart went with him, and the woes of the heroine seemed hollow and forced after that.

ONE LONESOME LAD.

THE boy sat cuddled so close to the woman in gray that everybody was sure he belonged to her, so when he unconsciously dug his muddy shoes into the linen skirt of his left hand neighbor she leaned over and said to the woman in gray:—

"Pardon me, madam; will you kindly make your little boy square himself around? He is soiling my skirt with his muddy shoes."

The woman in gray blushed a little and nudged the boy away.

"My boy?" she said. "My goodness! he doesn't belong to me."

The boy squirmed uneasily. He was such a little fellow that he could not begin to touch his feet to the floor, so he stuck them out in front of him like pegs to hang things on and looked at them deprecatingly.

"I am sorry I got your dress dirty," he said to the woman on his left. "I hope it will brush off."

The timidity in his voice took a short cut to the woman's heart, and she smiled upon him kindly.

"Oh, it doesn't matter," she said. Then, as his eyes were still fastened upon hers, she added:—"Are you going up town alone?"

"Yes, ma'am," he said. "I always go alone. There isn't anybody to go with me. Father is dead and mother is dead. I live with Aunt Bessy, in Brooklyn, but she says Aunt Clara ought to help do something for me, so once or twice a week, when she gets tired out and wants to go some place to get rested up, she packs me off over here to stay all day with Aunt Clara. I am going up there now. Sometimes I don't find Aunt Clara at home, but I hope she will be home to-day, because it looks like it is going to rain, and I don't like to hang around in the street in the rain."

The woman felt something break inside her throat, and she said, "You are a very little boy to be knocked about this way," rather unsteadily.

"Oh, I don't mind," he said. "I never get lost. But I get lonesome sometimes on the long trips, and when I see anybody that I think I would like to belong to I scrooge up close to her so I can make believe that I am really her little boy. This morning I was playing that I belonged to the lady on the other side of me, and I got so int'sted that I forgot all about my feet. That is why I got your dress dirty."

The woman put her arm around the tiny chap and "scrooged" him up so close that she hurt him, and every other woman who had heard his artless confidence glared at her green eyed and looked as if she would not only let him wipe his shoes on her very best dress, but would feel like spanking him if he did!

BOOKS EVERY GIRL SHOULD READ

SOME Hints as to the Library That Will Amuse, Instruct and Improve.

"SOME books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts, others to be read, but not curiously, and some few to be read wholly and with diligence and attention."

This quotation from Bacon's essay on "Studies" might well be written in the flyleaf of that most delightful little volume, which should be conspicuous on every study table, entitled "Books I Have Read."

Just as soon as a girl commences to be interested in the world of books she should provide herself with a copy of "Books I Have Read," and from the day of purchase should inscribe carefully the name of every book she reads and should take the trouble to jot down a few personal observations and any quotations from the story that may seem to her worth remembering.

There is no limit to the good and the pleasure she will derive from this practice, commenced while still a schoolgirl and kept up through her life. The writing of the quotations will strengthen her memory wonderfully, while to the fact of being able to turn conveniently to a compact little volume for some desired bit of poetry or well expressed thought many a celebrated preacher, writer and public speaker owes his or her fame. These books are to be bought at the stationers' neatly bound in leather, with cleverly arranged spacings inside for every entry.

And now at last the long vacation is here. Three whole delightful months just to be lazy in, with perhaps not a single duty to be performed at any definite time all day. After the eight months of solid work at school the days stretch out seemingly each forty-eight hours—long hours filled to the brim with leisure to do with what she will. This is the picture in the mind of every girl on commencement day, and a blissful vista it is, especially following upon the last hard weeks of examinations and windings up in all departments.

NO matter what form of sport or pure fun is being looked forward to most, however, there will be many hours left each week when, too hot for exercise, reading will be the chief pastime. Fortunate indeed at this time is the girl who has resource to a well stocked library where she can find for the asking reading books that will appeal to any mood or contain whatever information it is desired to know. In almost every small village there is to-day a public library where the old standard volumes are to be found, even if the newest novels have not yet found their way to its shelves. Luckily it is these very old standard works or the semi-classics which are just what a girl is or should be looking for, and unless the entire summer is to be spent far from any township where there is an available public or private library there is no reason why considerable profit may not be combined with the keen pleasure of reading.

There are many "modern" novels and romances that are well worth the reading, and it is a good plan when occupied with a long biography or historical work to give the mind a short rest every few days by letting it dwell on some pretty love tale or some charmingly told romance that contains, besides the serial story, descriptions of country or human nature or is told in such exquisite style that the book stands a trifle apart from the ordinary raft of hastily written works and contains bits that deserve to be remembered. There are many of these novels or books to be tasted to be found in every library, and even if they do not chance to have been written in the present year, or even in the last decade, still remain novels of the time.

THERE will be plenty of opportunity later on in life to keep pace with the novels of the day, but now is the time to become acquainted with the heroes and heroines of literary fame with whom every cultured woman is supposed to be familiar. In after life it will be desperately hard, practically impossible, in fact, to catch up with the standard works, those which have to be chewed and digested, and every book of trash that is read now is just so much time lost toward a splendid goal. There is no accomplishment more appreciated than that of being "well read," nor is there any resource so great as that of books once one has read sufficient to have learned to know what to wish to read next. No study opens up a wider range, for, once on the right track, every book suggests another and starts a new interest.

A girl in her early teens wants, first of all, to acquire an idea of the style of each well known writer, and an excellent plan for one summer is to take a list containing one or two works from the pen of the most celebrated authors and to read just as many on this list as possible or as can be found in the nearest library. If there is no library available the Tauchnitz edition of all the standard works, paper bound and costing but a quarter or fifty cents a volume, is opening up a glorious field for book lovers hitherto hampered by too little means to indulge their appetite for good literature.

A girl who has not yet really begun to read and has not even had much opportunity to study feels sadly helpless when turned suddenly loose in a room lined with well filled book shelves and told to select for her summer reading whatever she desires. Let her turn first to the editions of Dickens, Scott, Thackeray and George Eliot. She hears them spoken of so often and wants to know all about them. "David Copperfield," "Dombey & Son," "The Old Curiosity Shop," "A Tale of Two Cities," all show the characteristic style of Dickens, and also picture London of his day realistically. "Vanity Fair" is the most famous of Thackeray's works, and of George Eliot's "Silas Marner" must surely be read, whatever else is passed over. Of Scott's works "Ivanhoe," "Kenilworth" and "The Talisman" are the most familiarly spoken of.

FOR a picture of early days in our own country "Hugh Wynne," by Weir Mitchell, should be on the list and for really standard works by American authors "The Marble Faun" and "The House of Seven Gables," by Hawthorne and the "Sketch Book," by Washington Irving, should also be included. But one must not stop there with either of these great men. All the short stories by Hawthorne, "The Great Stone Face" especially, are so well worth reading, and for Washington Irving, "The Alhambra" gives a fascinating bit of Spain and the keenest desire to go and visit without delay the wonderful old castle fortress.

There must be one or two biographies on the summer reading list. The "Life of Scott," by Lockhart, his son-in-law, is in six volumes, but so charmingly told that one cannot tire of it. Among biographies a girl who is looking for inspiration should not fail to procure the "Life of Alice Freeman Palmer," written by her husband. This is the woman who at twenty-six years old was president of Wellesley College, and the story of how she overcame every difficulty in life by sheer force of will, and, although hampered by tremendous obstacles, finally reached the highest mental heights, is a wonderful lesson.

Kipling's "Jungle Books" and among his short stories "The Brushwood Boys" and "They" should be read. "Kim" is longer, but decidedly worth while.

"Treasure Island" and "The Black Arrow," by Robert Louis Stevenson, are on every list, and the older girls should read some of his essays, beginning with "Virginibus Puerisque."

Charles Kingsley is best known, perhaps, through "Water Babies," "Hypatia" and "Westward Ho!" all widely different styles of story. "A Man Without a Country," by Edward Everett Hale, should certainly be read. "Lorna Doone," by Blackmoor, is to be found in the smallest library. "Cranford" is a delightful bit of English village life by Mrs. Gaskell. "Pride and Prejudice," by Jane Austen, is world famous, and "Jane Eyre," by Charlotte Brontë, is practically a classic. Among books that give good historical pictures Bulwer Lytton's works are intensely interesting. "The Last Days of Pompeii" and "Harold" being, perhaps, best of all.

For a story of France "The Adventures of François," by Weir Mitchell, the author of "Hugh Wynne," is eas yand profitable reading.

For very light novels which give at the same time delightful and true pictures of the countries in which their stories are laid the works of the Williamsons stand pre-eminent. "The Lightning Conductor," telling of a motor trip through France; "The Princess Passes," describing a walking tour through the glorious mountains of Switzerland; "The Chaperon," a story of a vacation spent in a motor boat in the canals of Holland, and "Set in Silver," a motor tour through England, all arouse an almost unquenchable longing to go at once and do likewise.

A BOOK for the girl who has been lately to Paris or hopes to go there soon is "A Wanderer in Paris," by Melot. If there is any chance for a visit to the Passion Play at Oberammergau and a stay in the Tyrolean or Bavarian Alps, "Quits," by Baroness Tauphoeus, written in the stilted language of the early nineteenth century, yet containing exceptionally good descriptions of the Passion Play and really beautiful impressions of the Alpine scenery, is quite delightful.

For the quiet, thoughtful moods "Sesame and Lilies" and "Crown of Wild Olive," by Ruskin, and a book of Emerson's essays are sure to give pleasure. The "Stones of Venice" and Seven Lamps of Architecture" are also read by all who claim to love and appreciate Ruskin. These are books to be "chewed and digested" mentally.

But there must surely be some poetry interspersed through the reading hours. Poetry is as necessary to the mind as are flowers to the eye. "A Child's Garden of Verses," by Eugene Field, is charming reading; "Snow Bound," by Whittier; "Enoch Arden," by Tennyson; "Endymion," by Keats; "The Holy Grail," by Lowell, and by Longfellow, "Hiawatha," "Miles Standish" and "Evangeline" should all be familiar to the youngest of us. Most of the shorter poems among the classics will be studied in school courses, but if the beauties of the countryside during the months of spring and summer are to be fully appreciated a volume of Wordsworth should be kept close at hand.

Among nature books "Wild Animals I Have Known," by Ernest Ingersoll, and "Friends Worth Knowing," by Ernest Thompson Seton, are wholly delightful. "Little Brothers of the Air," by Olive Miller, opens up new wonders in the study of bird life.

"How to Know the Wild Flowers," by Mrs. Dana, should be in every summer home.

If a girl is interested in the wonders of the starry heavens there is a little book, "Astronomy for Everyday Readers," by B. J. Hopkins, that gives very briefly and in simplest language a gist of the possibilities in the study of astronomy. "The Easy Guide to the Constellations," by the Rev. James Gale, is an excellent pocket handbook to buy after reading the "Astronomy."

When pausing undecided before the novel shelf for a story that can be quickly read and will offer beyond the mere interest of the moment something that is worth while any one of the following books will be found worth reading, even if not essential to the education. This list contains works that have survived the ordinary life of "best sellers" because either of charm of style or story, good historical data or faithful pictures of the country where the scene is laid. All are worthy of being "tasted," some "swallowed" and a few might even "be read wholly and with diligence and attention." They are, of course, only a few of those books that have survived the censure of time; nor are they all, strictly speaking, novels:—

"The Dawn of a To-Morrow," Mrs. Burnett; "The Land of the Blue Flower," Mrs. Burnett; "The Little White Bird," Barrie; "The Little Minister," Barrie; "The Kentucky Cardinal," James Lane Allen; "The Masters Violin," Myrtle Reed; "The Gentleman from Indiana," Booth Tarkington; "Monsieur Beaucaire," Booth Tarkington; "The Lady of the Decoration," Frances Little; "Breath of the Gods," Sidney McCall; "If I Were King," Justin McCarthy; "When Knighthood Was in Flower," Charles Major; "The City of Beautiful Nonsense," Thurston; "Ramona," Helen Hunt Jackson; "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," "Dog of Flanders," Ouida; "Call of the Wild," Jack London; "The Virginian," Owen Wister; "Richard Carvel," Winston Churchill; "Ben-Hur," Lew Wallace; "Barabbas," Marie Corelli. And for a charming little allegory "The Blue Bird," by Maeterlinck, which can be had in translation but which is infinitely superior in the original French as "L'Oiseau Bleu."

This year of all others Mark Twain must not be forgotten. "The Prince and the Pauper," "Tom Sawyer," "Huckleberry Finn" and one of his earliest works, "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc," are varied examples of the styles of Samuel Clemens, world famous as a humorist, world honored and now so deeply mourned as a man.

New Idea in Girls' Camps.

INSTEAD of spending all their summer vacation resting and having a good time many schoolgirls have formed themselves into a sort of first aid company and are combining practical lessons in how to care for the sick and wounded with other womanly occupations which will make them more useful members of society.

The idea originated in Europe, where regular organizations are banded together for the purpose of studying these practical lessons. The plan is only in its infancy here, and whatever is done is done by a group of girls themselves under the leadership of an older person, without any reference to the work other bands may be doing.

School camps are ideal for this work, and already many of the girls who are living in the mountains or at the seashore in a semi-roughing it fashion have included first aid classes in their summer curriculum. Their school camps have taken on a semblance of the army camp, and stretchers, improvised of shutters or rails, are not an uncommon sight at these school camps. Girls are being taught not only how to make and handle stretchers, but how to care for, to feed and to cook for their fellow campers who are ill.

Cooking of the simplest kind is one of the most important of the practical courses, and even without the modern conveniences with which kitchens are now provided the youthful chefs manage to prepare delicious dainties for delicate appetites. They also learn how to cook simple fare and how to utilize substitutes in cases of emergency where it is impossible to replenish the larder at a moment's notice.

Dressmaking is another of the homely arts which these girls are taught, and some of their becoming uniforms are made at the camp under the direction of a competent teacher. The girls wear dark blue serge Peter Thompson suits, with short skirts and bloomers, and underneath they wear combination suits to make the laundry work as light as possible. On state occasions—perhaps when a distinguished visitor calls or there is a review by some other camp head—the girls are permitted to appear in fresh white duck costumes made in the same sailor style. No other clothing is necessary, except a formal dress for travelling when the camp breaks up in the autumn.

For climbing, marching or field work stout boots with heavy leggings are put on and the head is protected by a soft round felt or Panama hat. In the nature study work, which is one of the most interesting features of the life, the girls take long walks in the mountains and study the birds, animals and plants at close range. They start out early in the morning, groups of eight or ten being commanded by a teacher, and in all their day's work they observe the strictest military discipline.

With such outdoor work there is little need of other physical exercise, although classes in physical culture are included in the course, so that the girls will know how to keep themselves in good condition after the freedom of the camp life has given way to a more conventional routine. The girls enjoy the class work more than anything else, and the success of the first season promises a much greater number of similar camps next year, with many more girls in the classes.

Tracking, signalling, hunting, making camp fires and cooking over them, laying out and planning camps are some of the more unusual lessons taught these youthful soldier girls, and when they have had a few weeks of the outdoor life there is not much in its way that they cannot do quite as well as their brothers.

REST SLIPPERS.

ATTRACTIVE looking "rest" slippers for the girl whose feet trouble her are of mule shape in Persian or Paisley patterned soft but firmly woven silk.

For feet that are very sore or greatly swollen the most comfortable slippers are the low cut strap affairs, resembling sandals, made of fine kid and equipped with thin, flexible soles.

There are also heelless slippers of satin which will fold up and may be carried in a shopping bag of ordinary dimensions, and less expensive replicas of the same model can be made of suede, which affords rather more support to the feet.

If a girl wishes to have rest slippers to match her various negligees she may have them made of the same materials, and if she cares for still more elaborate footgear of a similar type she may embroider pongee, braid fine flexible kid or hand paint satin tops, the pattern for which may be procured from the cobbler who is to attach them to soles.

SOCIAL AMENITIES FOR THE SCHOOL GIRL

TO be a good sport a gracious winner, a graceful loser—this is a rare, but much to be prized, quality. To play all games well and to play them for the game's sake and not just for the glory of the victory is a worthy ambition for all. Even if it is not possible to become an expert at any one form of sport she who understands and lives up to the etiquette of sport will be sought as a partner far more frequently than the girl who perhaps plays a better game but never forgives or forgets a misplay on the part of her partner.

There is no game worth playing for the winning only. It is the actual play that is delightful, the actual exercise that is healthful, and though it is always pleasanter to win than to be defeated, no game ever invented is worth losing one's temper over. Even when playing for a prize or a cup in a tournament it must be kept steadily in mind that whatever the reward it cannot be priceless and that the glory will be but of short duration. In fact, a victor who throughout her play has shown an impatient temper and too keen a desire to win at all costs is not accorded very much glory by the spectators.

It is really far more difficult to acquire a perfect self-control than proficiency at any game, and self-control is a much appreciated quality these days. That the hardest part of self-control is to keep still is an apt saying that might be learned by heart to advantage.

To play just for the game's sake, however, must not be carried out to the point of lack of ambition.

Nothing so irritates a partner, or an opponent either, for that matter, as one who fools through a game, making it impossible for any of the participants to play up to their best. It is all very well for a girl to say she can play just as well when she talks and giggles and when she plays very rapidly. But this is the most idle of boasts, for it is an impossibility for any one to do anything really well unless the attention is entirely concentrated upon the feat of the moment.

There is another point to be remembered in connection with any form of sport or exercise, and that is that constant, often fatiguing practice is required to attain proficiency, but that the satisfaction of being able to do the thing well is worth any amount of hard, unremitting work. Anything worth doing at all is worth doing well, and in sport as well as book learning there is no easy path to perfection. All must work, and though some may have more skill in one direction than others, any girl can play any game well if she have but the courage to keep at it through the first dull stages.

The average modern girl loves exercise of all kinds, and to its influence is due three-quarters of her charm and of her good strong constitution. The strenuous life carried out in moderation, although this sounds like a contradiction, is really an excellent standard to live up to in the summer time. For the hottest days there is swimming, with a horseback ride in the cool of the evening. Long tramps through the woods and steep mountain climbs are delightful once one has mastered the art of walking (and to be a good walker or to become fond of steep climbs takes practice, just as much as does either tennis or golf).

The popular game of the moment is tennis, and there is no game better worth learning to play well. It is a much more congenial exercise than any other, save riding, perhaps, and there are fewer expenses connected with it than with any other fashionable sport—an important consideration for many a girl. It is indeed the greatest mistake to idle away all the long hours of summer, for the vacation time is meant for a storing up of health and vigor, and this is not to be obtained by whiling whole days away in a hammock with only a novel as diversion.

To become a good sport—that is, to play every game well in every sense of the word—this is an aim worth spending many hours and much exercise of self-control in reaching.

BOXES FOR SILKEN HOSE.

DAINTY satin and moire covered boxes made to hold one or several pairs of silk stockings are intended to enclose these useful gifts which young girls find so acceptable. The boxes cannot be bought separately, and therefore are an important part of the gift.

They are square, with the outside showing a covering of pale blue, mauve, pink or yellow moire, and the edges are bound with a fancy silk cord to match. Inside is disclosed a soft wadded lining of silk or satin to match the outside, and when the cover is lifted a delicate perfume is emitted.

Half a dozen pairs of fine silk stockings make a handsome birthday gift for a young girl. They may be in different colors or all alike, in which case the box is of the same shade, and the present is infinitely more attractive when offered in this way. If one wanted to have the gift bear a more personal mark, then the box cover could be decorated with the recipient's monogram done in gilt, or some flower could be painted across the top. These boxes make useful receptacles for silk stockings afterward, and one need not look through a drawerful to find the desired shade when the color of the box tells where to search.

Gifts for a Masculine Traveller

A GIRL who wants to make a most useful gift for a man who is just starting off on a European trip (or for that matter to travel anywhere) will find the exact thing in a case for ties, handkerchiefs and gloves or a razor case.

If she wishes to be very generous to him she can give him both and make them to match. Either of these may be made by the giver herself or bought if she has not the time for the work; but, of course, a gift always means more if one has taken the trouble to make it. The cases that one can buy are generally made of leather and will probably wear longer than the home made ones, but the latter are softer and will take less space, a very important point in travelling.

The case for ties, handkerchiefs and gloves is made in the shape of a packet bill folder, but larger. The material may be either a pretty cretonne or a heavy brocade silk or satin; but if a silk material is used it must be lined with taffeta or linen, which increases the work of making it. Using brocade will also greatly increase the expense, but of course it is much handsomer. A piece of the material must be cut twenty-three inches long and fifteen inches wide. This is hemmed across one end, and five inches of that end is turned up to form the front of the pockets.

A piece six inches long is cut for each side, hemmed across the top, pressed into four accordeon pleats and sewed to the front, across four inches of the bottom and up five inches more at the back, all the edges being neatly turned in. The rest of the main piece, which comes over the top and fastens in front, must be hemmed. Then fit three straight pieces into the outward turning pleats and sew them down the side and across the bottom. These form the divisions between the pockets. Last make two buttonholes or loops and sew buttons for them to fasten down the front flap.

The razor case is simpler and very easy to make. It is a flat piece of material with a smaller piece sewed on and both stitched together in several straight lines, forming little tight pockets into which the razors can be slipped. The size depends on the number of razors its prospective owner likes to carry with him; it may be made for two or any larger number. On one side, where the ends of the razors come, there must be an extra width of the under side to fold over, and on one end, along the side of the razors, is a flap with rounded corners to fasten when it is rolled up. A ribbon or a strap with a buckle should be sewed on the back to go around it after it is rolled. The edges may be hemmed and, where the two pieces come together, turned in and stitched, but the easiest way to finish the edge is to bind it all around with ribbon or braid.

FAREWELL STATIONERY.

A DELICATELY suggestive as well as acceptable farewell present is a box of correspondence paper. For foreign use there are gray white sheets accompanied by gray or metal blue tissue lined envelopes, of pure white with envelopes lined with clan plaid and of various colors with double faced envelopes of a contrasting shade.

Ultra smart is the pale gray dimity stationery having envelopes lined with a darker shade of gray, the French lawn in pale tan and dull blue and the squares of white fabric which fold once into their casings.

For quite small children there are special sizes in dimity and lawn sheets which fit into envelopes of from one and a half to two inches square.

The correct way of presenting a stationery gift is to place it in a cabinet of cretonne, pigskin or silk, which emptied will answer perfectly for handkerchiefs, ribbons and gewgaws and will continually serve to remind the possessor of the donor.

SMALL SUNSHADES.

AS hat brims grow wider sunshades become smaller. This is noticeably the case with young girls' parasols of white, brown, pale pink or blue linen, with hemstitched or embroidered borders and Directoire handles; of plain taffetas mounted upon bamboo polished to simulate old ivory, and of chiffon frilled white lace on shallow, oblong frames of silvered metal. Many inches smaller than these conventional sunshades are the satin, silk or lace covered marquise carriage parasols, which have folding handles of mother of pearl, and those which form a fan when only partially furled and close so compactly that they may be swung from the wri-

"SOME CRANKS I HAVE MET"—THOMAS A. EDISON

A Chat with the Wizard of Menlo Park About the Impossible and Ridiculous Devices on Which He Is Invited to Pass Judgment.

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"THIS is great weather for cranks; they incubate in the summer time, you know."

The curtains were all pulled down in the long, high ceilinged library and electric fans purred in different parts of the room, but Thomas A. Edison pressed his hand to his brow and gave a little half sigh, half puff, as if extremely warm, when he made this remark. Then he pointed to a large wire mail basket in one corner of his desk.

"Within the next two months," he said, "that will be almost full every morning of letters giving me ideas which will revolutionize the world. All the strange things that have occurred to strange humanity, in all parts of the country, during these incubating months I will hear about. I will be offered in each case the opportunity of a lifetime to win fame and fortune. All in the world I will have to do is to work out the idea. Easy, simple—according to my correspondents; a mere matter of a few hours—what's the harvest of this ideal hot weather I shall reap.

"I cannot afford the time to let them in for a talk any more. I had to stop their visits some time ago. I found that they really took up fifty per cent of my time. But one in all the hundreds I have seen had anything that at all approached the practical. The rest were all alike, acted alike, looked alike.

"My crank was always cadaverous, he had long hair and invariably some eccentricity—dissymmetry of the central office as a rule.

"Throughout the year I average ten letters a month on perpetual motion alone, and in the last three years I have received five thousand letters from airship and aeroplane inventors trying to get me to work out their impossible ideas. In every case and on whatever idea the letter is always an elaborate one, a screed that has taken several hours of manual labor, at least, to produce. Instead of spending the time that way my crank might have gone to work with a jackknife and some glue and with half the effort demonstrated to his own satisfaction the impossibility of his scheme. He always seems to want to get something with a lead pencil. Invariably he wants somebody else to do the work for him.

"Oh, yes, I read all the letters. I read very fast. For instance, I can read a novel in two hours and then tell my wife more about it than she knows after she has read it all day. And, say, here's something occurs to me.

"The real egg of Columbus of education is learning to read properly. We really leave out the most important thing in a common school education. We teach children to read like this:—'On May the 5th the wagon was sent to Morristown, N. J.'"

Mr. Edison held a large catalogue before him in approved fourth reader fashion. Each word he slowly and painstakingly articulated. Then with a gesture of impatience he tossed the book to one side.

One Had a Good Idea.

"A single glance at a line would have been sufficient to inform the reader about what happened to the wagon on May 5. The art of reading a whole line at once is easy to acquire. It should be taught in the public schools. Then children would read with pleasure and would teach themselves rapidly as they grow older. You might almost call me a crank on this subject. But I have more than an idea.

"As I say, I never saw but one crank who really had anything worth anything. He had a mechanical movement that was really wonderful. But I couldn't make any use of it. The rest of them had the kind of junk that lumbers up the patent office. I think that I have been inflicted with every kind of perpetual motion scheme ever dreamed of. In the minds of the inventors there was never any doubt of the solution of that problem. A wheel here"—Mr. Edison made as large a circle as his right arm would allow—"and a little hub over there and there you are. Easy, isn't it?" The inventor spread out his hands, over a little shrug of his shoulders to accentuate, if possible, the extreme simplicity of the whole thing.

"They utilize water, air, oil, wood, stone, almost anything you can think of for bases. They solve the question by means of ball bearings; they apparently overcome all friction; they arrive at conclusions that allow a certain amount of friction; they get around a big obstacle in hundreds of adroit ways—on paper. Not one of them is any good. It is but a waste of time to listen to them or to read about them. But what am I going to do?

"They come at me with all sorts of ideas for the utilization of power they claim to be able to get power for in ocean waves. One fellow sent me a special delivery letter wanting to make an appointment to show me how he could make a dynamo run a motor. After the motor was stared he proposed running the dynamo with it and thus get power for nothing. All sorts of magnetic engines, wireless inventions, or, better, ideas, and various new forms of chemical processes are eagerly brought to me to be worked out. There's nothing in any of them. One somewhat advertised attempt, that of using centrifugal force as a motive power for an airship, is laughable. Centrifugal force is a state. The inventor might just as well put a mince pie in his craft and expect to propel it as the wheel with which he says he can develop his wonderful force.

"But he is a confident chap, the crank. You can't say much or do much to shake him of the firm belief that he has accomplished something marvellous. A man called on me some time ago from Bogota. He was the representative of an inventor there who had equipped him with a five thousand dollar letter of credit and sent him up here to astonish people with a belt tightening device, which he believed was revolutionary. It was my painful duty to inform this agent that since the earliest memory of man this same device had been in general use. It took a long while, however, for him to be convinced and give up his efforts and return to Bogota.

"That is what becomes of a good many of the cranks I have met. They go back to Bogota, figuratively. I suppose when they get there they set to work thinking up new ideas, laying plans for other invasions of real workers' time. Some of them, however, get to the ears of men with money, and, given the fact that their idea is so far practical that its model may be made to do a certain showy piece of work, eventually see the radio this or electro that or the magnetic something else, whatever they call it, company really in existence. If they happen to get hold of the real first class promoter, or farmers' friend, they will at least have a gaudy collection of literature and engraved stock certificates to paste in their scrapbook when the final blow-up comes. This has got to come, you know, because their inventions or ideas are not at all practical in the first place and can't under any circumstances be worked out successfully.

My Crank Was Always Cadaverous, He Had Long Hair and Invariably Some Eccentricity

Wall Street Easy.

"The easy marks in Wall street are their special prey. I can't include in that class a lot of the older heads of banking houses or brokerage firms, but you would be surprised at the number of men engaged in high finance there who barely escape it. It is generally the newcomer to whom they make a plea and who takes the chance with them of acquiring a fortune. This newcomer is the transient of Wall street. He has made a stake in some other part of the country and is here to play the big game with the big players. Very few of his sort ever win. And only one phase of the poetic justice of his 'cleaning' is the inventor crank.

"The farmers' friends make much capital out of my crank, especially if his invention is very radical. They manufacture one or two machines that will look good and that with some assistance will work a little, and they flood the country with literature advertising this great achievement, what it is going to mean to the world, what it is going to mean to those who get in on the ground floor, then giving simple but explicit directions for sending money through the mail. These people sail within a thirty-second of an inch of Sing Sing most of the time and some of them slip and get there.

"This sort of business will always be, more or less. Post Office authorities can minimize it, but they can't absolutely stop it. Every young man must have a certain amount of experience with things of this character. All the government can do is to see that he gets it in the least expensive way.

"It took me forty—no, thirty—no, twenty-five years to get my experience. I got into all kinds of trouble because I paid no attention to business.

"The only way I know of telling the good from the bad in the matter of inventions advertised for sale is to insist on thorough tests. These are in many cases easily simulated. Wonderful sources of power may be really hidden batteries and electrical connections. It is very often difficult, extremely difficult, to recognize an old element in a new dress. It is very readily taken for a new element.

"I have a friend who takes a little financial interest in every invention of a possible practical nature that is brought to his notice. He wins an average of once in ten times. What he loses in the other nine times does not amount to his winnings, so I think his is a pretty good plan. Of course he is careful in looking out for himself in way of contracts and things like that, and then he wouldn't take a flyer on a perpetual motion solution. He gets as expert advice as possible on all occasions too.

"But the general public does not scatter its eggs like this friend of mine. A man who can half way prove his dream can get out gilt edged stock certificates and sell them by the hundreds. The backer of the crank's invention, if he be not a very clever promoter and versed in all the ways of putting the article on the market in the most attractive style is certain to lose all his investment in very quick order. The mere fact that he is willing to take a chance at another man's game argues for his easiness in the eyes of the money hunting man with an idea.

"The only real work being done is by the professional inventors of the country and by the engineers in charge of various projects. In fact, in the engineers' clubs in the great cities of the United States you may find all the men, outside of the chemical and electrical inventors, who are doing all the big work being done in this country. There's nothing in the world that can beat New England Yankees inventing small automatic machines. This genius is born in them. In a great many ways I consider them the most remarkable inventors in the world.

"I don't believe I've ever had many cranks come to me from that part of the country. They make men of good sound sense up there. The authors of the letters that I'm going to begin to get as soon as this incubating season is over I can't say as much of. I think they have exaggerated kinks in some of the folds of their brains. I am just as sure as anything that I'm going to get the same old windmill storage power idea that I have received every fall as long as I can remember."

"From what part of the country do the most cranks come?" I asked, as the inventor motioned for the boy to turn on an extra electric fan.

"Kansas," he replied. "They seem to flourish with the grasshoppers."

MONEY TALKS.

ARE you depositing confidence in the hearts of your fellow men?

Are you straining your credit of patience with your friends?

Do you pay the world a reasonable rental for the space you occupy?

Are you providing a sinking fund of kindness to liquidate offences against your brother men?

Are you strengthening the tie that binds yourself to your loved ones?

Do your actions create a feeling of confidence and optimism?

Can you draw upon the credence of your friends without precipitating a panic of distrust?

Have you any good deeds out at compound interest?

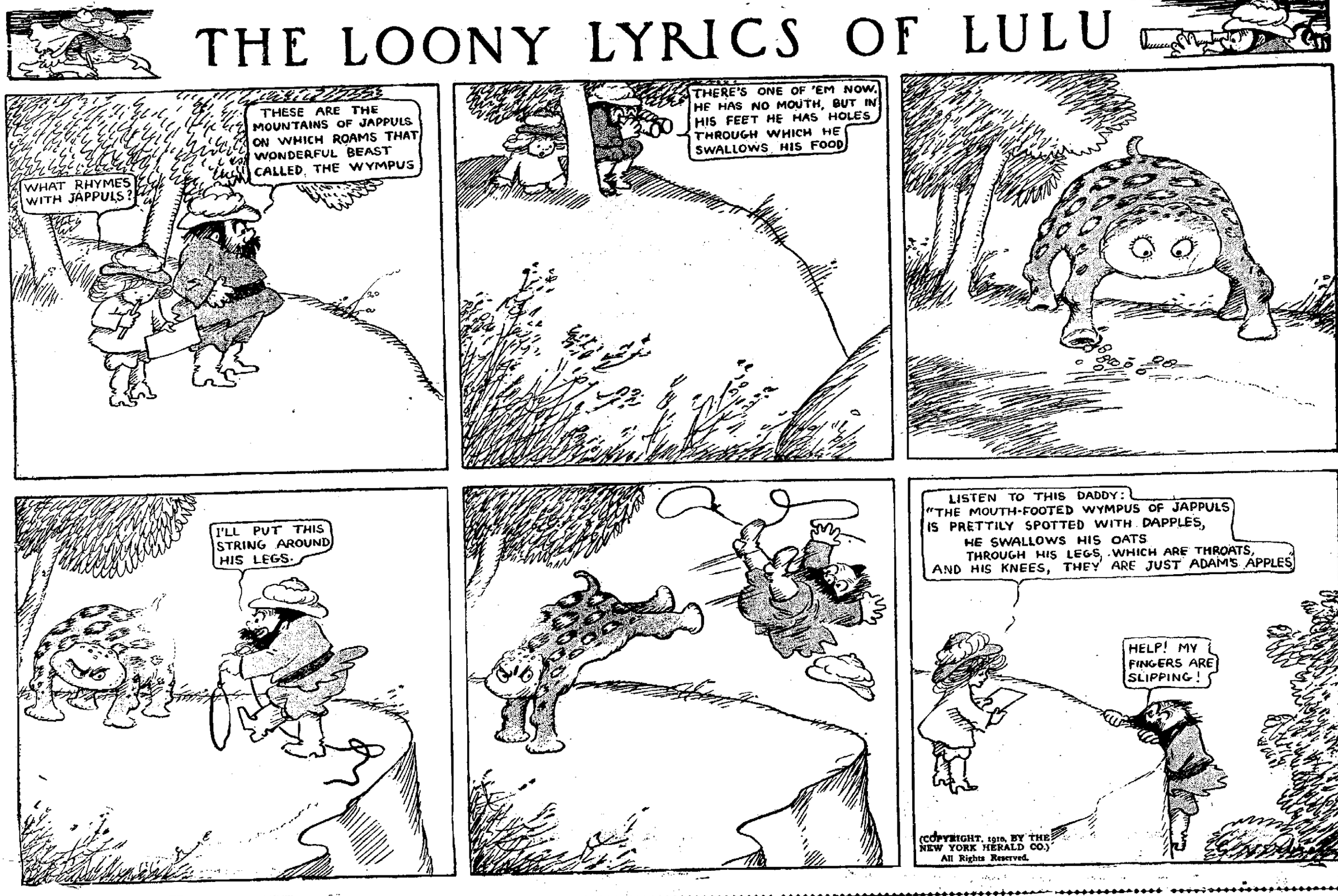
Does your check of honor ever come back marked "No funds?"

Are you building up a reserve fund of health for the red blood stringency of old age?

Do your friends "bank" on you?

Is your word as good as your bonding company?

THE LOONY LYRICS OF LULU


THESE ARE THE MOUNTAINS OF JAPPULS ON WHICH ROAMS THAT WONDERFUL BEAST CALLED THE WYMPUS
WHAT RHYMES WITH JAPPULS?
THERE'S ONE OF 'EM NOW. HE HAS NO MOUTH, BUT IN HIS FEET HE HAS HOLES THROUGH WHICH HE SWALLOWS HIS FOOD
I'LL PUT THIS STRING AROUND HIS LEGS.
LISTEN TO THIS DADDY: "THE MOUTH-FOOTED WYMPUS OF JAPPULS IS PRETTILY SPOTTED WITH DAPPLES, HE SWALLOWS HIS OATS THROUGH HIS LEGS, WHICH ARE THROATS, AND HIS KNEES, THEY ARE JUST ADAM'S APPLES
HELP! MY FINGERS ARE SLIPPING!
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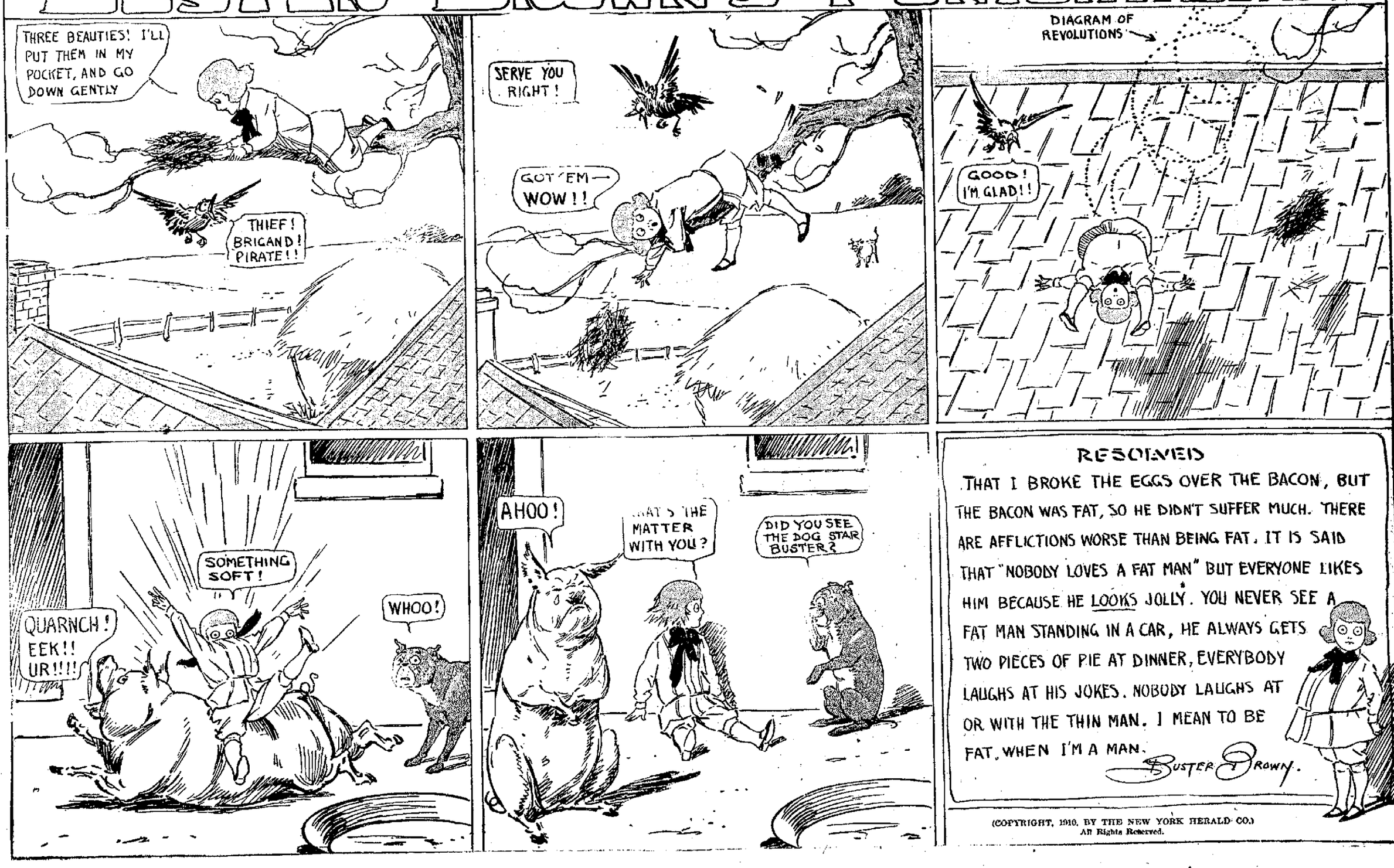
BUSTER BROWN'S PUNISHMENT.


THREE BEAUTIES! I'LL PUT THEM IN MY POCKET, AND GO DOWN GENTLY
THIEF! BRIGAND! PIRATE!!
SERVE YOU RIGHT!
GOT 'EM— WOW!!
DIAGRAM OF REVOLUTIONS
GOOD! I'M GLAD!!
SOMETHING SOFT!
QUARNCH! EEK!! UR!!!!
WHOO!
AHOO!
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?
DID YOU SEE THE DOG STAR BUSTER?
RESOLVED
THAT I BROKE THE EGGS OVER THE BACON, BUT THE BACON WAS FAT, SO HE DIDN'T SUFFER MUCH. THERE ARE AFFLICTIONS WORSE THAN BEING FAT. IT IS SAID THAT "NOBODY LOVES A FAT MAN" BUT EVERYONE LIKES HIM BECAUSE HE LOOKS JOLLY. YOU NEVER SEE A FAT MAN STANDING IN A CAR, HE ALWAYS GETS TWO PIECES OF PIE AT DINNER, EVERYBODY LAUGHS AT HIS JOKES. NOBODY LAUGHS AT OR WITH THE THIN MAN. I MEAN TO BE FAT, WHEN I'M A MAN.
BUSTER BROWN.
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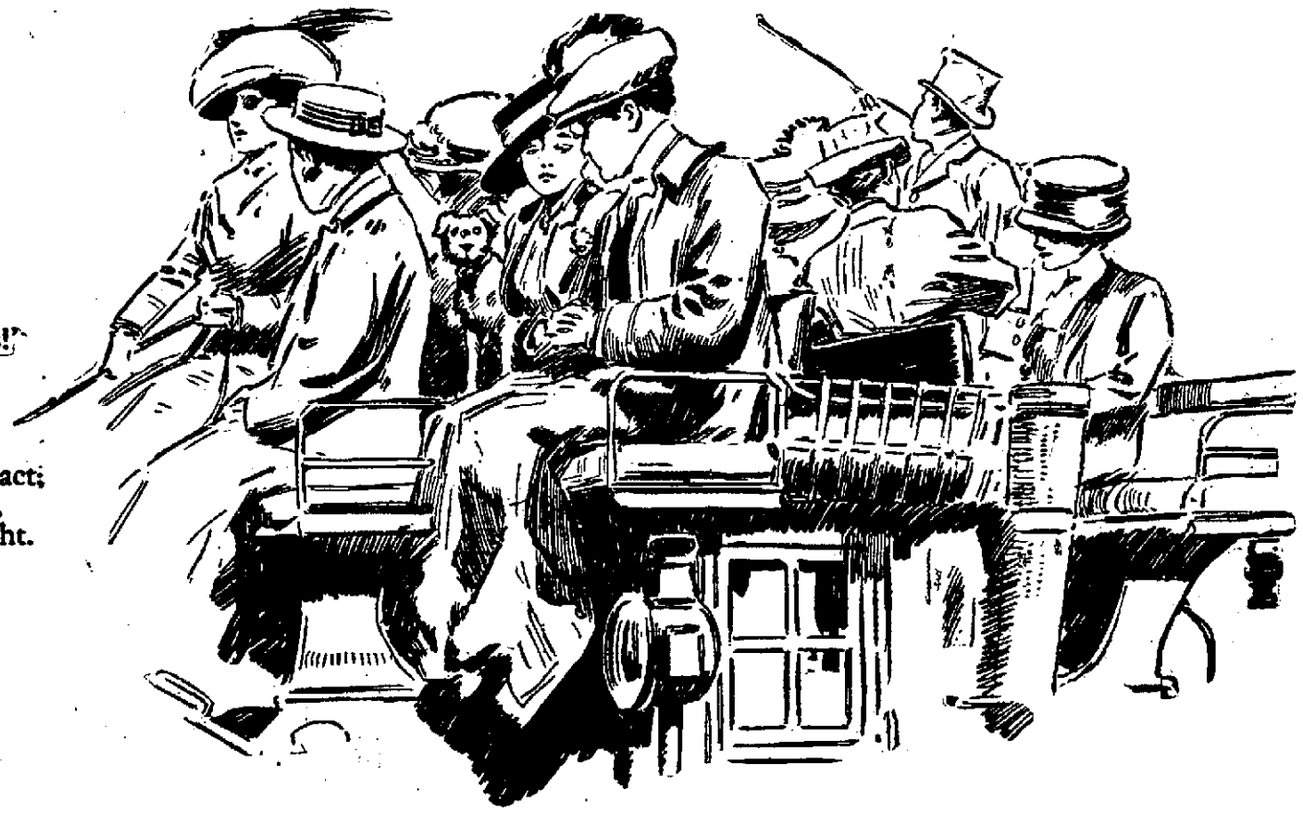
THE WIDOW WISE

Verses by Paul West Drawings by W. H. Loomis

1.—The idol of the ladies and the season's greatest rage
Was Cecil Clare, the actor, the Adonis of the stage.
His style, his voice, his grace, his hair, his soulful dreamy eyes
Had turned ten thousand heads before he met the Widow Wise.



2.—'Twas on a coaching party they were introduced, one day,
And Cecil Clare was captured by the Widow's charming way.
At lunch he brought her ices; but no ice could quench the sighs
That bubbled from his glowing heart whene'er he met her eyes.

3.—Well, Cupid, in these modern days, moves rapidly, you know,
And ere they'd reached the town again upon their tally-ho
The actor had declared his love and dared her hand to press,
And she had said "How sudden!" but at last had whispered "Yes!"

4.—Now, famous as was Cecil, 'twas a most astounding fact
The Widow Wise, by some odd chance, had never seen him act;
So she looked with expectation to the season's opening night,
When she should see her love appear within the calcium's light.

5.—At last the day momentous came. Said Cecil, "Dear, to-night,
In every scene, your visage fair shall guide my work aright."
"Good luck!" the Widow answered; "I'll be there to cheer your heart,"
And in a box she sat to see her hero play his part.

6.—The piece was one that dealt with love, and Cecil had to play
The sort of role in which he could his talents best display;
And when he wooed the heroine with kisses, hugs and sighs,
The whole house thought "How beautiful!"—except the Widow Wise!

7.—Each time she saw her Cecil kiss the leading lady fair
Her poor heart sank, her eyes grew green, she shivered with despair;
And when she caught her Cecil's glance she turned her head away,
And, rushing home, she wrote this note, which he received next day:—

8.—"Dear Cecil:—All is over now. Perhaps I wrong you quite.
No doubt you just were acting in those scenes of love to-night;
But when I take a husband, let me here and now advise,
I'LL BE HIS LEADING LADY, TOO.
Sincerely,
WIDOW WISE."

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FRIENDS and RIVALS

BY GEORGE H. FORD

POLLY BROWN did it."

"Don't believe it."

"Yes, he did. We saw him." The individual at whose head these and a multitude of similar exclamations were hurled was a lad who at the moment was seated on the gate-post in front of a pretty cottage in the village of Browntown, industriously engaged in whittling.

He was surrounded by half a dozen or more smaller and younger boys whose costumes varied, from the country boy's accepted summer style of a cotton shirt, a pair of butternut trousers held by one suspender, and bare feet, to that of a well-dressed and booted city lad.

In one respect at least these boys were alike,—the hair of all was soaking wet. Proof positive that they had just returned from swimming.

Ned Saunders, for so your whittler was named, was a city boy and not a product of Browntown, but he had spent so many of the summers of his short life there,—he was just past fourteen,—that he regarded himself half a native, at any rate, and in fact was so regarded by the villagers.

The whole river on the banks of which Browntown stood was a magnet strong enough to draw any boy; and fishing and swimming formed the principal occupation of all the village lads.

In these sports, especially in swimming, Ned Saunders was an acknowledged leader among the boys. Of course he did not claim to vie with George Brush, who was eighteen years old. But within the limits of a boy's strength even George could not view Ned as anything but an equal.

When we say, however, that Ned was a leader we do not mean that he was the leader of his mates. There was another, the Polly Brown whose name opens our story.

What "Polly" stood for, no one knew. It might be Pollux or Polyphemus or Appolonius. The nickname certainly was not given for any trace of girlishness in his character, for if there ever was a strong, manly, boy he was one.

Born in the village, the son of a boatman, Polly's life had been spent in the open air, and, straight as a lance-shaft and as lithe as a hare, he was a dangerous competitor at any sport, and divided with Ned the swimming honors.

Such were the rivals, both self-respecting boys, who also each respected the prowess of the other. Ned's brain then was continually racked to "stunt" Polly in swimming, and the latter's ingenuities were no less taxed to down Ned.

Up to the day our story opens the accounts were even between them, each one having safely accomplished every task set by his mate.

"Well," said Ned, finally, when the babel of voices had ceased, "what did he do?"

"He went off the cedar pile!" shouted the chorus.

"Jump or dive?" queried Ned.

"Jump."

He inwardly heaved a great sigh of relief, Jumping into the water from a height is one thing and diving is quite another.

Ned, like most boys, had never figured out all the reasons why it was easier to jump than to dive, he only knew that it was, and it was a relief to him to know that if Polly had really set any new "stunt" for him it was a jump and not a dive from the cedar pile.

He turned to Bob Spencer and said: "Now, Bob, tell me honest. Did he jump off the cedars?"

"Yes, he did, Ned, but are you going to try it?"

"I've got to," gravely answered the older boy, "as long as Polly has."

The next morning, just as the first rays of the sun began to lighten the sky, the back door of the Saunders' house was stealthily opened and Ned emerged. Hastily proceeding along the deserted streets he soon reached Smith's Dock. With him he took some twenty-five thin wooden wedges made of old shingles which he had found in the woodshed the day before. Hastily climbing on the pile of logs from which Polly jumped, he inserted the wedges under the logs in such a way that a firm path was made to the very edge of the pile—if you knew just where it was.

Now, there was more than ordinary reason for Ned's taking all these precautions; he intended not only to take up Polly's "dare," but to give good measure and dive instead of jump. But of this he said nothing to his friends. Two hours later Ned answered the bell which summoned him to breakfast.

Breakfast over he strolled out of doors. He was too absorbed to play a game of tennis with his sister and her friend, who was their guest.

So after a stroll about the grounds he wandered out to the street and had barely mounted to his familiar seat on the gate-post when he spied little Spencer and Redney Foster coming down the street together.

to them.

Without a moment's hesitation Ned walked over

"Redney," he said, abruptly, "you are a friend of Polly Brown, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir-ee," responded Redney.

"Well, you're the fellow I want," continued Ned. "Will you come down and be witness if I do it?"

"When?" asked Redney, sarcastically.

"Right now," replied Ned.

"Let her go," assented Redney, with ready slang, and they then started off for Smith's Dock.

A walk of a few minutes brought the three boys to their destination and the two witnesses stationed themselves on the string piece at the outer end, while Ned, after carefully measuring with his eye the distance from the pile of logs to the edge of the crib dock, climbed to the top.

He walked carefully over his pathway, testing it to see that it was undisturbed, and then hailed his waiting companions.

"THE RESCUE"

"All ready down there?"

"Yes,"; "All right," came up from below, and Ned retired to the further end of his path and turned to start. Then, swinging his arms two or three times, he leaped into the air, in a graceful curve cleared the edge of the pier, and, with both arms extended well over his head, took the water like an arrow.

The instant he felt the coolness of the water, out went his legs and arms to stop his downward rush. A few strokes and he emerged on the surface, and, amid thunders of applause from Bobby Spencer and a rather perfunctory hand-clap from Redney, swam quickly to and clambered upon the dock.

Polly, who, strangely enough, had come around the dock in a boat just in time to see him jump, called heartily, "That was a great dive, Ned. I guess we're square now."

"Don't you think we are something more than 'square'?" replied Ned, ignoring Polly's attempt at being friendly.

Polly's resentment rose like a flash, and he walked over to Ned and said: "I'll show you right now that you can't and never could 'stunt' me. But if I am hurt remember it's your fault and not mine. I nearly rolled off those loose logs at the top, the last time I jumped"; and Polly began to pull off his few garments.

Ned watched this proceeding with varied emotions. Polly's warning troubled him, and he thought of the advantage his solid path had given him in a good firm footing. He knew he had not been fair about this, and now Polly would go up there ignorant of it, and over those rolling logs—Ned shuddered. He must tell him. But how could he stand the ridicule of the boys. Polly might, but they never would forgive him. On the other hand suppose Polly should slip and fall. He glanced down at the jagged rocks with which the old crib was filled. He must tell him.

Polly was by this time at the foot of the inclined way which led to the top of the pile. Ned hastened after him and called, "Polly, don't try it. It's too risky."

"Much obliged for your kind advice," replied the lad, without pausing in his climb nor deigning to glance back.

"Polly," continued Ned, "hold on, will you. I don't want you to try it. I'll take back the dare. Come on down."

"I will stop him," he thought, as he began to climb the pile, "if I have to fight him for it."

But alas! As his head rose above the pile his first glance showed Polly running across the insecure logs right at the edge.

Ned's lips opened to shout a warning, but ere he could utter the words Polly was gone, leaving no trace of his presence behind, save, at the very edge, one cedar log, rocking ominously on its uneven base.

The group of boys watching from below had noticed the loose logs, and, relieved to see him pass safely beyond them, watched with absorbed interest his progress through the air.

They saw his head and arms turn down and at the same time his legs straighten out and begin to swing upward more and more slowly till his whole figure was in perfect line and flying downward to the rapidly nearing water.

A burst of applause greeted this clever performance but was quickly hushed as they noticed that the diver's legs were slowly passing the perpendicular.

They understood his efforts to control them, throwing back his head, following his back, drawing his arms back, but nothing availed, and slowly, but without a check, his feet went farther and farther from a straight line.

Then they noticed the agonized and helpless face, the final struggle, loss of control, and "splash"; he struck the water on his shoulders and back and disappeared.

They waited silently for him to come up—a second—two; he did not appear. Faces began to grow red, then white, till Jack Griffith broke silence with, "He's fetchin' bottom to fool us."

"No, he isn't, he's drowned!" exclaimed Ned, as he rushed to the edge of the dock.

He had heard of many rescues of drowning men and boys, and had witnessed the resuscitation of one such case, and he knew that if he kept his head, with George Brush hastening to the rescue in the skiff, Polly might be saved.

"Here, Ned! I think I can see him on the bottom," shouted George to Ned, as the latter was pulling off his shoes.

"Where?" cried Ned.

"Right there," the latter replied, and in a moment Ned had plunged straight for the bottom.

Stretched out flat on the rocky bottom lay that lithe form he knew so well. Horrified as he was at the sight he struck out wildly for it. That minute and a half seemed an hour to Ned. He never could well remember just what he did, but the first thing he can recall was seeing George Brush's face over the edge of the boat, and feeling his arm clutched, and being drawn into the boat, where he fell helpless and tense on the seat at the stern.

A few deep-drawn breaths of the fresh summer air revived Ned wonderfully, and he looked up and saw first Polly, laid across the middle thwart of the boat, resting on his chest, with his head and arms dangling on one side and his legs on the other, and beyond him George pulling his hardest to the dock, which they soon reached.

Here together they lifted out the lad as gently as possible and laid him first on his face, while George, kneeling astride, pressed firmly on his shoulder-blades and back to expel the water from his chest, under which he placed a tightly-rolled coat. Then, turning him on his back, he endeavored to induce respiration."

Ned, under George's direction, had already dispatched Bobby for Dr. Watt, whose house was near at hand, and had set Foster to chafing Polly's legs, and thus they worked for nearly ten minutes.

What's that? The flutter of an eyelid, another, a tinge of red on that deathly cheek, a faint sigh, and, as Ned lifted his hands, a long-drawn breath, hurrying footsteps near and the doctor's cheery voice. "Bravely done, my boy; you've saved him," and Ned, past the limit of his endurance, fell like a log in a dead faint.

Returning consciousness found Ned in his own white bed at home with a vague remembrance of being carried and of riding in a carriage, but with a very real throbbing headache and a soreness of body that he was at a loss, for a while to account for.

Gradually, however, the whole exciting experience of the morning came back to him.

His first question was: "How is Polly, mother?"

"Alive, dear, thanks to your skill and courage. And now, not another word about it. The doctor says you must be quiet."

It was all very well to be dubbed a "hero," and a "noble son," and all that, but that little performance of his in the early hours of that morning was certainly neither noble nor heroic. It was, he admitted to himself, "low down" and "sneaky," and he went to sleep with a firm determination to tell Polly all about it as soon as he saw him.

No evil effects developing in the morning. Ned was released from confinement and strolled in to breakfast with all the airs which he felt his present dignity required.

Ned had called with numerous messages to Polly, who was improving daily. At last, one evening, Mrs. Brown told him that as Polly wished to see him, they thought he might do so the next morning if Ned would come up about eleven o'clock.

He was promptly on hand, and was ushered up to the sickroom by the nurse.

There was his friend, propped up on his pillows, with an eager smile of welcome on his pale face.

"Hello, Ned, I'm mighty glad they let you up. I've been awfully lonely," said Polly. "Sit down."

Ned took the chair which the nurse placed for him at the bedside.

"How is your back now, Polly? Does it pain you much?" he asked.

"Not half so much as it did when old Farmer Haskins got through with us the day he caught us riding his old mare. Do you remember?"

"Do I!" replied Ned, put at his ease at once by this assurance of Polly's interest in earthly affairs, "I should say I did!"

"Polly," said Ned, after an interval of silence, "have you ever done anything so mean and sneaky that you were ashamed to tell of it?"

"No, I never have," answered Polly. "I'm mightily ashamed of some things I've done, but I'd just as soon tell about them. Have you, Ned?"

"Yes," said Ned, "I have, once—"

"When was that? or don't you want to tell?"

"I'll tell you some time when—well—" with a side glance at the nurse who sat reading by the window—"when you get well," stammered Ned.

"Oh, I'll run away if you boys have secrets to talk about," laughed the nurse, jumping up; "only don't get too interested, because Master Saunders will have to go in half an hour," and she retired.

"I want to tell you this thing, Polly," said Ned, when they were alone, "because—well, because I've been waiting to tell you; because—well, because I want you to know."

This was certainly a rambling preamble, but Ned did not know just how to start the confession he was about to make.

"Happen since I've been sick?" asked Polly.

"No—o, not since; in fact, Polly, it was just before. It was something I did to you. Oh, Polly! I'm so sorry I did it. It's all my fault that you hurt your back. I didn't mean it; I really didn't; and I tried to stop you, Polly, but you would do it. I want to tell you all about it and I will, so listen"; and Ned doggedly went over the whole story, and at its conclusion sat with averted face waiting the burst of anger which, from his knowledge of his friend's character, he felt he had every reason to expect.

Not a word came to his ears, however, and when Ned at last turned to look, Polly sat with hand outstretched to his unhappy friend.

Ned seized on it, and gave it such a squeeze that its owner winced, and in spite of the big lump in his throat Ned managed to gulp out, "Thank you, Polly."

"That's all right, Ned," and then they were interrupted by the nurse, who announced that time was up and abruptly bustled Ned off home, lighter hearted than he had been for many a day.

That evening Ned sought out his father as he was enjoying his quiet evening cigar alone on the veranda after dinner.

"Father," said he; "do you remember that you asked me some time ago what I wanted for my birthday present?"

"Yes, my boy, I do," responded Mr. Saunders; "and you modestly asked for a new breech-loading shot-gun."

"Well, sir, I would very much like to know if you had decided to give it to me," proceeded Ned.

"Now, Ned," said his father, "this is altogether too eager. Your birthday does not arrive until next Monday."

"No, father," persisted the boy; "that is not what I mean at all. I saw Polly to-day and I told him about the whole matter, just as I did to you last night, and he was so kind and generous, and so forgiving, that I thought as I had been so hateful to him I should like to do something for him. Now, he has no gun at all, and whenever we go shooting he has to borrow one from somebody, and I thought that if you meant to give me a new gun, I should like it better if you would give it to me to give to Polly."

"But, Ned, what will you do?"

"I'll do very well. I can use my old single barrel still, and it is not so much of a nuisance after all when one is used to it. Please let me have my way about it, father; that is," he added, "if you did mean me to have the new gun."

"Very well, Ned; it shall be as you wish, and I'll order the gun to-night from New York. How would you like it marked?"

"I hadn't thought of that, but I will, and let you know in a little while," answered his son joyfully, as he started to go upstairs. "Thank you so very, very much."

Retiring to his bedroom he closed the door, emerging an hour later with a slip of papers which he handed to his father, saying, "That is what I should like, sir, if I may. Only it might be engraved better than that."

Mr. Saunders smiled as he read this legend laboriously traced on the slip of paper:

POLLY BROWN,
from NED SAUNDERS,
Aug. 4, 1906.

"I think I can understand this, Ned, but you have made a mistake about the date. Your birthday will be a reminder to Polly of our making up to-day."

"All right, Ned, but don't you tell Polly, and we will make it a surprise. I want to do something for him myself. We will have it all shipped by express to arrive Monday morning."

Ned could scarcely wait for Monday to come, so excited was he at the thought of the "surprise party," as he termed it, he was preparing for his friend.

On Sunday, Polly was pronounced fit to sit up, and the next day, in honor of Ned's birthday, he was to be allowed to come down-stairs.

It must be confessed that Ned, on his birthday morning, when he looked over the gifts laid out for him in the breakfast room, did feel as if he was making a pretty big sacrifice.

His mother's present and his sister's, and those of an aunt or two, who still remembered to send him a necktie or a pair of gloves, were there, but his father's gift, always the great prize of these occasions, was, of course, absent, and the boy felt for a minute rather like a martyr to duty.

This feeling, however, was only momentary, and after thanking them all he hurried through breakfast and ran off to the Browns.

He found Polly down-stairs at last, and after receiving his and Mrs. Brown's congratulations, they sat down to a game of checkers. Ned was usually the master at this game, but this time was disastrously beaten through his inability to attend to his play.

Several times he started up at the sound of approaching wheels, only to find that they were not attached to the vehicle he was so anxious to see; but at last, when his patience was almost exhausted, up drove the expressman and stopped at the door.

"Wonder what he's got?" queried Polly. "Come for the nurse's trunk, though, I suppose."

"Probably that's it," answered Ned, with wonderfully assumed calmness, considering his state of mind. "But, Polly, he seems to be taking something off. It's a long box and there's another, a square one."

"What in the world can it be," said Polly. "Suppose you call mother, Ned. Mr. Slocum will want his book signed."

Ned, choking with excitement, summoned Mrs. Brown from her housework and resumed his seat as she opened the door to Slocum.

"Morn', Mis' Brown," said the latter, as he stood on the door-step wiping his brow with his red bandanna handkerchief, for the morning was a warm one: "I got two boxes hardware from New York for ye."

Ned volunteered to bring the boxes into the sitting-room, and did so, while Mrs. Brown went to get the ax and hammer.

"What do you think it is, Polly?" asked Ned. "We must all guess, you know."

"I'll tell you what I'm afraid it is, Ned," replied Polly, solemnly.

"What?"

"Crutches. Doctor Watt said I might have to use them for a while, you know."

"Crutches, nothing," responded Ned savagely, relapsing into slang under the pressure. "There is something heavy in both boxes. I guess it must be an electric fan. You know in those hot nights how you needed one. Perhaps they sent for it."

"If you will only hurry, we'll soon find out," urged Polly. "I am almost dying with curiosity."

"Take it easy, pardner, I'm almost ready with the long one. There, off she comes. Whatever it is, it is all wrapped up in paper. I'll move it over and you can unpack it yourself now, while I open the other one."

He attacked the other box with seeming fury, under cover of which he slyly watched Polly as he carefully laid back the paper coverings and at length lifted out the flannel case containing, Ned well knew what.

"Why, Ned!" exclaimed Polly, a little anxiously, "come here! This can't be for me. I think it's a gun, it feels like it."

"What?" responded his "innocent" companion. "Let me heft it. Why, it is, Polly, sure as you are born!"

"It can't be for me," said Polly. "I presume there are plenty of P. Browns in this world."

"Let's have a look at it, anyway," cried Ned. "We can have that satisfaction. Slide off the case, Polly."

Off it came and disclosed a beautiful double-barreled, breech-loading shot-gun, with pistol-grip and safety-guard, all silver-mounted and inscribed on the side of the lock in letter and device inlaid with gold:

Polly Brown, from Ned Saunders,
Aug. 4, 1906.

"Ned," cried Polly, "what does this mean?"

"It means, Polly, that I had a new gun given me, and I just couldn't bear to part with my old one yet, so I had the new one marked for you."

"Oh, Ned, how could you! But I can't take it, Ned, I can't indeed. You wanted a new one so much. You really must take it back!"

"Impossible, old fellow. It's marked now, and wouldn't shoot for any one out you."

"But, Ned, the date, August 4th, what does that mean? Why, that was last—I see now," he went on, after a pause, "what you mean and I'll keep the gun, Ned, and always remember. But it shall shoot for you, Ned, and we will use it together every day this autumn, if," he added, mournfully, "we can ever afford to buy shells for it."

"Father has settled that part of it. The square box is full of shells. That is his present to you. He is a brick, isn't he, Polly?"

"He has been very kind to me, Ned, and some day, when I grow up, I hope in some way to repay him. I'll have to hurry up and get well, for I cannot stand it long to have that gun and not fire it. But, Ned, what in the world is this?" for Polly while talking had been fumbling in the gun box and now drew forth a second flannel case. "It's another. Open it Ned, quick, quick! Oh, hoo-ray! hoo-ray!" he shouted as Ned tore off the enveloping flannel and disclosed a second gun, the counterpart of the first in all save the inscription, which read:

Edwin Saunders, from his Father,
August 10th, 1906.

Ned stood still for a few minutes gazing at the gun, which he held at arm's length, and speechless with delight, and rather sobered by this new token of his father's generosity.

"A brick! Ned, you said he was a 'brick.' I think he is a whole diamond mine. Hurry up and open the other box and let us feast our eyes on it all."

Duly opened, the second box was found to contain not only ammunition in abundance, but two fine cartridge-belts and two corduroy shoot-ing-jackets, lined with blanketing, and proof against cold and storm, and with pockets everywhere of all sizes desired by a sportsman.

Two happier boys Browntown never held than Ned and Polly that morning as they sat and fondled their new weapons and chattered away making plans for the future, so that, by the time Mrs. Brown came in to say that "Ned must run home to dinner as it was one o'clock," they had already, in spirit, become mighty Nimrods, and had even planned a hunting-trip to the Far West.

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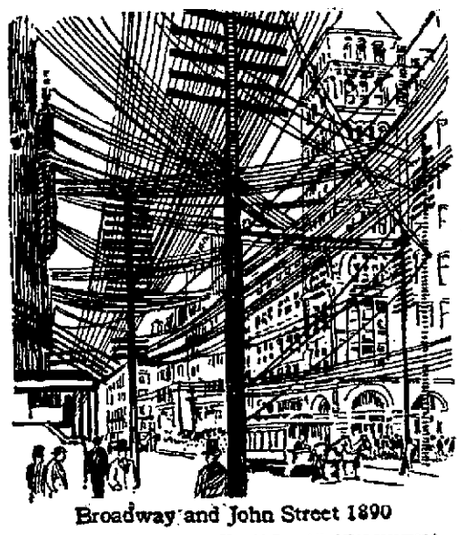
NEXT WEEK IN QUEST OF THE IDEAL BY FLORIDA PIER

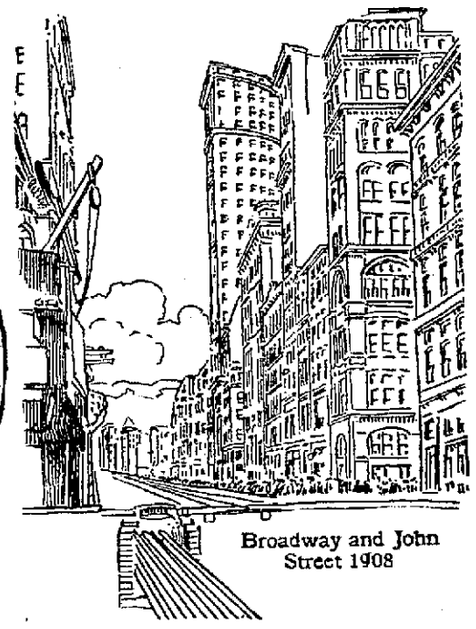
NEW YORK'S ORGY OF TELEPHONES

1,250,000 Conversations a Day Is the Record of the Work Done by the System, Which Embraces One-Twentieth of All the Ten Million Telephones in the World



Broadway and John Street 1890

Typical Lineman



Broadway and John Street 1908

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NEW YORK, Saturday.

ONE-TWENTIETH of all the ten million telephones in the world are in New York city, which is another way of saying that the organization of business and social life in and around this city is of such close knit fibre as to demand a telephone service larger than all the forty-five million inhabitants of England have at their command, twice as large as is possessed in London, six times as large as that to be found in Paris, four times as large as is to be found in Berlin.

Not only does New York's telephone service present these remarkable numerical contrasts to foreign systems, but it is so much more efficient in the speed and smoothness of its workings that delegates have been sent to this country within the last six months from France, and within recent periods also from Japan, England and other countries, to learn its inner workings and then to export it wholesale to Europe and Asia as the most efficient system that is to be found.

These things speak more loudly than any ordinary statistics possibly could do, and they add force to the not generally understood fact that the telephone industry in America is second only to the steel industry in size and importance. Most miracles are worked quietly, as the oak grows. This one has come since 1875.

In that day it was unnecessary to consult telephone directories. One called the name of the subscriber into the single central office, and the number of telephone users was so small that no operator had the least difficulty in remembering which was which. It was like the pigeon holes in a country post office. Little by little the list grew till in order to avoid [illegible] es each subscriber got a number and the list [illegible] tiny power [illegible] ritten out by the operator and hung at her [illegible] you a[illegible] ere it easily could be referred to. One day a subscriber wanted to know if Mr. So and So had a telephone, and suggested that the list should be printed for the benefit of telephone users. It appeared later in the for m of a list of about two hundred and fifty names.

That was a little more than thirty years ago. Today that page of cardboard, bearing a list the smallness of which would make the average country village of to-day ashamed of itself, has grown to a bulky quarterly, published to the extent of two million copies a year, a half million copies to each of the four editions, using one thousand tons of paper to an edition, requiring five hundred men to deliver it, consulted daily by one and a half million persons, and keeping twenty-five persons busy every day in the year in the work of revising and reprinting. The volumes of an edition stacked would tower to the heavens a distance of six miles. It probably is the most generally consulted book to be found in New York.

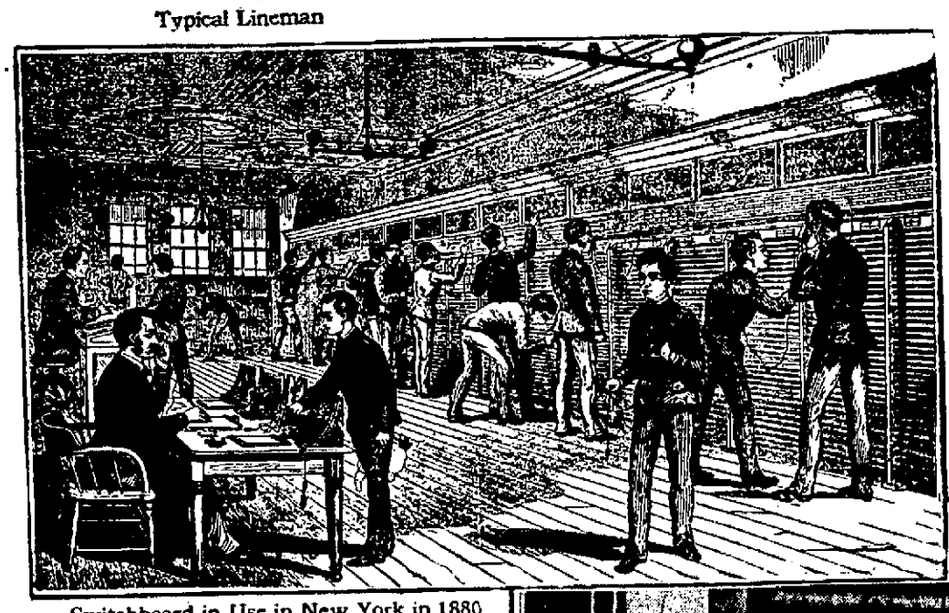
These figures are not merely novel and interesting; they are of stupendous significance in any estimate of what the modern telephone system means to New York to-day. To the uncurious it is sufficient to know that wherever they may chance to be there is the telephone also; but let such a one when he places the receiver to his ear at eleven o'clock in the morning reflect that added to his own small voice there is tingling back and forth and all around him an incredible uproar of words, contributed by 180,000 persons talking to 180,000 other persons—180,000 conversations—which begin, close and are replaced by others at the rate of fifty to every second that flies.

Let such a one further consider that in the course of the day there will be 1,250,000 of these calls—that number of persons talking to as many other persons—and that this army is making use of 808,000 miles of underground telephone wire; that by the year 1928 these figures probably will have been multiplied by two—then let him attempt to conceive within his mind the operation of such a system, if he can.

America Far Aread.

America has led in many forms of industry, but never, perhaps, so pre-eminently as in this. It has, of course, been the result of a certain demand which has been made relentlessly, as the result of a relentless necessity; a demand which, in New York especially, where time is of unusual value, has been in many respects unique. Here, above all other places, the demand has been for speed—speed that should work with the lightning accuracy of an automatic gun. At first it was the minutes that counted. Then it was the seconds, and now when any new device is found whereby a single second can be saved in the obtaining of a given result it is considered a victory indeed. The demand for such an economy of effort is steady; the effort to meet it corresponds. New York has in that sense evolved her own miracle. She has fiercely demanded gifts of the gods until they gave.

The brunt of the struggle has, of course, fallen on the men on the firing line, who have grappled with the problem face to face. At first they had to meet a discouraging scepticism, and in 1875 the indifferent public labelled the telephone a rich man's toy and went its way unearing. One reason for this was that the instruments used were crude, weak and clumsy, while the expense was so prohibitive that only a few of the largest firms could afford the device at all. The grounded circuit and the iron wire were in use at that time. The iron made a poor conductor, the grounded circuit worse. The line invariably took up all the stray currents it found wandering friendless along the way, and hospitably carried them into the receiver along with its own current. The result was a medley of sound and a general roar of a great deal of everything, which one could hear with very little difficulty. In short, the telephone, though audible, was not a convenience; it was an inconvenience, to be used in cases of emergency when nothing else would do. Cynics sneered at the men of faith who were putting their money into it when returns seemed so remote. They said it was not practicable, as if it had been an airship or any other debatable scientific pet.



Switchboard in Use in New York in 1880

But finally the difficulty was overcome and the metallic circuit was introduced by the use of two wires instead of one. In this way a wire took the place of the ground as a return conductor, and the result was beyond all that had been hoped. Copper was used and the sounds were carried clear cut and distinct.

This marked the transition of the telephone to the class of really desirable luxuries, for the price was still prohibitive and was to remain so for many years to come. In spite of this, however, the number of subscribers increased, so much so that the telephone wires stretched overhead in the streets were becoming a nuisance. The result was the passage of the subway laws, in 1888, requiring the telephone company to put the wires under ground. The public didn't pretend to say how this little job was to be done, but it was very explicit about the fact that a way must be found.

Novices in Training at a Dummy Switchboard

As no effective form of cable had been discovered at that time the telephone company was in a quandary. It was clear that it would have to invent its own cable, to which end experiments were conducted with various materials. Rubber insulation worked no better than a house with transparent walls. Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Smith were always overhearing each other and inviting each other to get off the line, and there was trouble for every one, from the telephone company to the public. An attempt was made to insulate the wires with oil. It failed. So did everything else till some one thought of thin, very dry paper. It worked. Twelve thousand small wires, each no thicker than a pin, were placed in a cable, each of them wrapped carefully with this seemingly useless material, and so the second difficulty between the telephone company and the exacting New York public was solved.

The Wires Under Ground.

Those most determined in that day that the telephone company should string the wires under ground could themselves have had no conception of what an evil they were avoiding. Had not the problem been solved then, once and for all, by this city—had the wires been strung as many as were needed—New York streets to-day would be nothing but tunnels, roofed with a network of wire so thick that arc lights would be required to penetrate the blackness at midday. Photographs taken of some business streets as late as 1890 indicate the situation as it was with great clearness. It is probable that failure to find a way to put the wires under ground would have necessitated the forbidding of the telephone wire and therefore of the telephone.

But the end was not yet. The telephones of that day had what were known as local batteries. A battery had to be installed with each telephone instrument, a device still in common use in the small towns, especially of the Middle West. It was necessary with this instrument to "ring up" by turning a little bell handle fixed in the side of the case and to "ring off" when through. This necessity has been done away with by the "common battery" system, and now the term "ring off" remains with us only as an expressive weapon against the loquacious. With the common battery the instrument rings up automatically when the receiver is removed from the hook, lighting a small electric bulb in front of the operator, and extinguishing the same when the subscriber is through.

When the idea of the automatic telephone first came in high hopes were expressed that it could be carried to its logical conclusion and operators dispensed with altogether. The automatic system, however, has not been found practicable for large cities, though several cities in this country do use it. The great trouble with it lies in the loss of valuable time—a commodity far too precious in New York to be tampered with. The New York system has been made so nearly automatic that there is practically nothing for the operator to do on ordinary calls but to make the connections; but, nevertheless, she is there if needed, with quick fingers and quicker mind. The New York system is known as a semi-automatic system and is thought to combine the best points of the two ideas.

Still, in spite of the improvements made and the reduction of expense in operation, the list of subscribers remained a small one. One thing still made trouble. That was the "flat rate." The flat rate system charged a certain yearly amount for the use of a telephone and then allowed the subscriber as many calls as he wanted. This was very profitable for places of business and firms that had large use for a telephone. It meant that no matter what price they paid they were still getting their service at a rate ridiculously low in proportion to its cost and value. Owing to the steadily increasing number of such places and the general growth of business the demands on the system became such that rates had to be raised to a figure almost prohibitive to the man of ordinary means. The burden of the arrangement fell on the small dealer and private householder. It resulted in a deadlock that did much to prevent any rapid growth in the use of telephones for many years. Again the New York public rose up in wrath. It asked, Why, wherefore and how long?

"Right now!" said the telephone company obediently, as it cut the Gordian knot and introduced the "message rate system" instead. By this plan so much was paid by the subscriber for so many calls. For all calls over that amount he paid so much extra. Reduced rates were given on large contracts, but the burden was on the whole fairly distributed, so that the one remaining bar to a general use of the telephone in New York was at last removed.

An Orgy of Telephones.

What followed was from the point of view of the public an orgy of telephones—from the point of view of the telephone company a delirium of work. The situation was worse than unprecedented; it was utterly unforeseen. Not the wildest visionaries of them had dreamed of anything like the extent of the demand which now swamped the telephone company like a tidal wave. The worst of it was that as fast as instruments could be supplied the demand passed them again by a leap and a bound. This came simply from the consequent increase of business done in the city. It was as though some great dam had suddenly burst. The telephone had been the one thing needful. New York rose like a young giant freed from a long and restless slumber and ready for his race. It was a spectacle the sheer romance of which was little appreciated at the time, for it is always the near view that spoils the vision.

A Part of the Gramercy Exchange

To provide as far as possible for future requirements relations were early entered into between the telephone men and the various architects and contractors of the city so that they would be enabled to wire apartment houses and other buildings when they were erected, thus saving a great deal of expensive work at a later date when telephones should be demanded. To provide as much as possible for the convenience of subscribers, special contracts were made with the telegraph companies for the delivery of messages by telephone prior to their delivery by messenger boy, and now any subscriber can send a message the same way and have the charge put on his telephone bill at the end of the month.

There is a sense in which the telephone may be said to have made the skyscraper. Without telephones the traffic in the elevators and hallways of very high buildings would become so extensive that the revenue producing floor area would be reduced till the buildings became unprofitable. The telephone also probably is instrumental in reducing crowds in the streets. There are 750 miles of telephone wires and room for 3,000 telephones in the Hudson Terminal Building alone, and corresponding amounts in buildings of lesser area, as 680 miles for a possible 2,000 telephones in the Metropolitan Life Building, 450 miles of wire for 1,800 telephones in the City Investing Building, 250 miles for 1,600 telephones in the Broad Exchange and 230 miles for 1,300 telephones in the Singer Building.

In the Cortlandt Exchange, which has 8,000 lines connecting 14,000 telephones and is one of the busiest exchanges in the city, 210 girls operate the switchboards, and it is estimated that in New York and vicinity there are 185 exchanges, 20,000 trunk lines and nearly a half million telephones.

Efficiency has come to such a point that the average time required for an operator to receive calls and repeat them to the calling subscriber is 7.5 seconds. The average time used in making connections and start ringing is 13.5 seconds. Subscribers answer the call on an average in 10.5, and the time required to disconnect the line after the conversation is completed is 3.8 seconds.

Some interesting charts have been prepared by plotting to show graphically the run of business. In downtown sections the number of calls springs from six hundred at a single central office at eight o'clock in the morning to twenty-four hundred at nine o'clock, eighty-four hundred at ten o'clock and ten thousand two hundred at eleven o'clock. From eleven to twelve, just before the opening of the Stock Exchange, is "the peak of the load." There is a lull during luncheon hour, another rise and then a sudden drop. In residence sections the busiest period is from ten to eleven in the morning, and a dwindling average through the afternoon. The hours of the operators are arranged on a sliding scale to meet these peculiar conditions, so that the full force of the office can be thrown into action at certain hours.

A close system of espionage was soon instituted over all lines, so that any habitual fault on the part of the operator could be instantly traced and complaints thus brought home to the one responsible. Any operator who now practises rudeness, holds conversations against the rules or otherwise infringes upon the fierce demand of the public for a quick and perfect service is in this way quickly brought to book. It has become a hard and fast rule of the company system, in fact, that no complaint, however small, shall be allowed to go uninvestigated.

Some years ago the general apparatus had been rendered highly efficient, so that by 1895 the demand was rather for improved service and skilled operators than for better telephones. Improvements had been adopted as fast as they came in. Older and more clumsy forms of switchboards gave way one by one to types more improved. Here and there a new device would come in and save a second, and even though some other device might have been installed a few months before at great expense, as the latest thing out, it would be ruthlessly cast off and the better put in its place.

Perfecting the System.

The lack of wide manufacturing facilities at first caused some embarrassment, but this was presently remedied, till after the first big demand telephones began arriving in New York by the carload and trainload. Here arose the necessity for a set of specially trained experts to put in instruments, to make and lay cables, to inspect telephones and to operate the switchboards. Again the implacable public had its way. "More telephones!" it cried. "Quick; be quick! Don't expect us to wait a month to have a telephone installed or a cable laid—we want it now." The result was the establishment of a system of training schools on the part of the company which are by no means the least wonderful part of its system. The inspectors' school teaches the novices who are to examine telephones and keep them in order. The cable workers' school teaches another set of men all about their difficult underground work from A to Z. And so it is with other schools, the most interesting and elaborate of which is the operators' school. It deserves mention if only because it is so perfectly typical of the thoroughgoing way in which the whole plan is carried out.

In the early days boys were used as operators, but the public wouldn't stand for it. The public angrily protested that the boys were rude, impatient and slow. They demanded something else. Some genius said, "Try girls." It was done and the public hasn't said a word since.

Of course every one has the telephone habit nowadays, but nevertheless there are few who cannot remember that involuntary start of wonder with which they first greeted that small, disembodied feminine voice which came from empty space with the cool, matter of fact request, "Number, please!" It was a voice without visible personality behind it, and as such incongruous.

But little by little we have grown accustomed to that pleasant vocal spectre, as to all the other miracles of yesterday, and the haunting charm of that "Number, please!" has degenerated from a thing of beauty into part and parcel of the soulless instrument. Its source remains hidden behind a veil few persons now feel the curiosity to draw aside. No longer does the vaudeville artist sing sentimental ditties to the maid of the telephone, no longer is the goddess distinguishable from the machine.

Of this secret maid, whose age is between seventeen and twenty-three, whose appearance is so pleasing that in spite of the protests of her employers she is almost sure to get married in three years from the time she begins her duties—of this on the whole delectable personality the public knows nothing and cares less so long as service is promptly and rightly given.

At work in large, airy buildings, almost as secluded from the outside world as the average nunnery, with ample opportunities to rest from the strain of their work, with well stocked reading rooms, with tea and coffee served to them free of charge by their employers at all hours, with reasonably good pay, and with experienced, kindly women to superintend their work while they are novices, the telephone girls lead a life that is not without its points of charm. No masculine intruder mars the peace of those retreats, and the life there moves with a quiet rhythm that makes it a thing to be sought by any girl who must earn her living. The employment is particularly suited to girls who have a home but are constrained to add somewhat to the family income.

The school is a miniature exchange, and the practice and theory of the work are thoroughly taught. The central idea of the training is to teach the operator that she must never allow herself to become annoyed or confused, and, above all, that she must do all things after a certain set form, by prescribed, habitual motions, in a certain natural order. No mistakes are allowed to go uncorrected, and before a girl is sent to regular exchange she has become so thoroughly [illegible] never knows the dif[illegible]

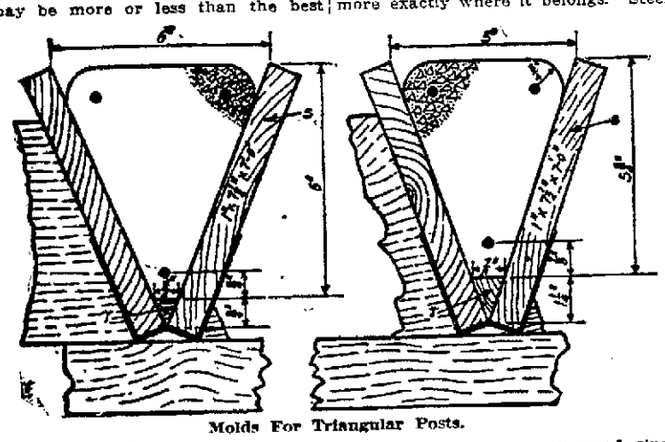
NEWS AND VIEWS OF THE FARMER

USING CONCRETE FENCE POSTS ON THE FARM

UNDER ORDINARY CIRCUMSTANCES CONCRETE FENCE POSTS WILL LAST FOREVER—NEITHER WEATHER NOR FIRE INJURES THEM—EASILY MADE AT HOME

Concrete—cement, sand, gravel, and water combined in proper proportions—has become one of the leading building materials of the day. It is used by the Government, by railroads, by farmers in hundreds of ways, either alone or reenforced; and has been found to produce good fence posts. Its moderate cost, its durability, the ease with which it is handled, the wide distribution of the sand, gravel, and stone of which it is composed, commend it to the consideration of all.

As a material for fence posts concrete has been found to possess but few of the disadvantages of wood, to have practically all of its advantages, and to be superior in some respects to timber. Of course, the first cost may be more or less than the best



Molds For Triangular Posts.

wooden posts, but that depends on local conditions—the timber supply, the deposits of sand, gravel, and rock, and the skill of the workman. If manufactured as usual and cured for three months concrete posts are as good as the best wooden posts. After three years wooden posts possess only 1-3 to 1-2 of their original strength, whereas concrete grows stronger with age and needs no repairs as neither weather nor fire injures it. Under ordinary circumstances concrete posts will last forever; and even if in the course of years a few should be broken by unusual strain, it is cheaper to replace them than to replace an entire fence of decayed posts with a material with the same lack of durability.

Concrete posts are attractive in appearance because of their uniform size and color, and can be made either square, triangular, or round, either straight or tapering towards the top. They can be purchased from dealers or made at home.

Hollow posts require about four pounds less of concrete than solid posts which considerably reduces the cost.

Molds for concrete line posts are made of both steel and wood, and are built for single posts, or in "sets" or "gangs.". In deciding the size of the top and bottom of the post, and consequently of the mold, one should take into consideration the nature of the ground in which the post will be set. A very loose soil requires a post with larger ends and wider sides or a greater length for deeper setting in the ground.

The purchaser will find many patented steel molds on the market. It is advisable to buy a form simple in its general shape, for in such a mold the reenforcing can be placed more exactly where it belongs. Steel has some advantages over wood, since it is lighter, less cumbersome to handle, and gives the post a neater finish and any shape desired. Where the appearance is important, steel molds are to be preferred to wooden.

Wooden molds good enough for ordinary demands are very easily made. White pine is the best wood for this purpose, but at the same time it is the most expensive. Cheaper kinds of lumber, which are easy to work with, may be used. Molds made of 2-inch planks, dressed on both sides, form neater posts, but lighter lumber may be used, if the forms are well braced.

In imitation of the manner in which tree trunks grow, concrete posts are usually made tapering in size from butt to top. While this method may add a little to the appearance of the post and effect a slight saving in concrete, this saving is largely offset by the additional cost of the carpenter's work and the lumber used in making the molds. Theoretically, the tapering post has a better design than the one with straight sides, but for ordinary use one is as good as the other.

In making these molds, dressed lumber, planed from the rough, should be used. The proper dimensions for rough timber are 1 or 2 inches thick and 4, 6, 8, 10, or 12 inches wide; for dressed lumber they are 7-8 or 1 5-8 inches thick and 3 5-8, 5 5-8, 7 1-2, 9 1-2, or 11 1-2 inches wide.

Mold and Cores for Hollow Concrete Fence Posts.

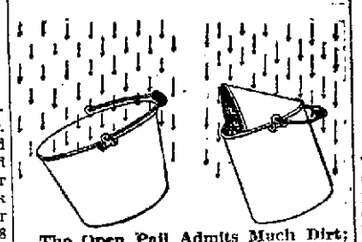
Concrete has a tendency to stick to either steel or wood. In order to yield a smooth finish to the post, it is customary to give the inside of the molds a coating of oil. Soft soap or crude oils used sparingly serve the purpose well. Too much oil will destroy the setting qualities of the cement and will give a face roughened with pocmarks. A small amount of oil, poured into a pail of water and applied with a mop or stiff broom in scrubbing out the molds after they have been used five or ten times, or as often as necessary, will prevent the concrete from sticking.

Concrete and steel render valuable assistance to each other in the support of heavy burdens. On a solid foundation, loaded from above and thus under direct pressure, a concrete column will withstand the strain of an enormous load. A much smaller load so placed as to cause stretching or bending toward one side of the same column may cause it to snap off, for concrete is strong, but brittle. On the other hand, steel is tough and elastic. In the form of rods or wire, steel withstands massive loads that tend to stretch it, and thus displays a kind of strength directly opposite to that of the plain concrete column. In modern construction these two valuable properties of concrete and steel are utilized by combining them in what is called reenforced concrete. With steel properly buried in the concrete, the column withstands not only the load which might otherwise snap it, but one many times larger and even though it is applied at any place along its length.

Reenforcement, therefore, is steel in the form of bars, rods, or wires, buried in concrete to take up and withstand the strains which tend to stretch or to bend the concrete. A concrete fence post is merely a small concrete column. Reenforced, it easily stands the strain from usage in a fence line.

SANITARY MILK PAILS.

The utensils are a very important part of the dairyman's equipment. The cans and pails should be well built, with seams well flushed with solder, or, better still, no seams at all. All utensils require the most careful



The Open Pail Admits Much Dirt; the Covered Pail Keeps it Out.

attention in regard to cleaning and sterilizing. They should be thoroughly washed and subjected to live steam or boiling water, then inverted in pure air.

It is important that the water used in cleaning be pure, as contagious diseases have frequently originated from water used in washing.

Some form of small-top or covered milk pail is very important in milking.

The advantage of the covered pail over the ordinary open pail in keeping dirt out of the milk may be readily seen. W. A. Stocking, Jr., made tests with open and covered pails in a stable where but little care was given to cleanliness, and found that milk drawn in the open pail contained an average of 3r439,200 bacteria per cubic centimeter, while that drawn in the covered pail contained an average of only 103,600.

WATER IN THE DESERT.

In the desert of Chili there is said to be a considerable amount of brackish water, but no water that either human beings or stock can drink. Science has come to the aid of that rainless section of the country in the form of an ingenious desert waterworks, consisting of a series of frames containing 20,000 square feet of glass.

The panes of glass are arranged in the shape of a V, and under each pane is a shallow pan containing brackish water. The heat of the sun evaporates the water, which condenses upon the sloping glass, and, made pure by this operation, it runs down into little channels at the bottom of the V and is carried away into the main canal. Nearly a thousand gallons of fresh water are collected daily by this means.

PROPER DRAINAGE.

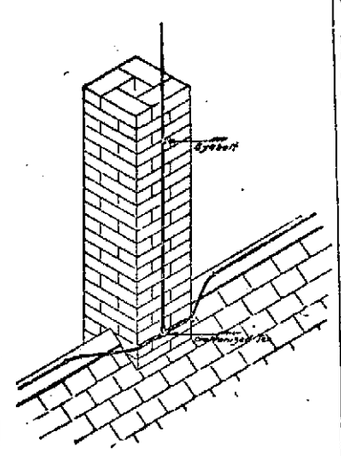
Drainage prevents loss of crops and labor from stagnant water; permits air to circulate more freely through the soil, carrying with it fertilizing properties, making a warmer soil that can be cultivated early, for dry soil works easier than wet, roots go down deeper in it and get a greater supply of plant food, and more moisture in a dry season prevents baking and cracking.

PROTECT FARM BUILDINGS FROM LIGHTNING

EVERY EFFORT SHOULD BE MADE TO GUARD AGAINST LOSS OF LIFE AND PROPERTY ON THE FARM FROM DESTRUCTIVE LIGHTNING STROKES

By Alfred J. Henry.

If the phenomenon of lightning were better understood, perhaps the enormous toll it exacts in life and property would be less. Carefully compiled statistics show that in the United States between 700 and 800 persons are killed annually and twice



Method of Running Horizontal Conductor Around a Chimney or Cupola.

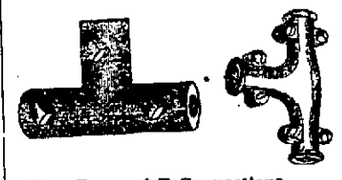
that number injured by lightning. This great loss of life falls largely upon the people who live away from the great centers of population. So, too, the greater part of the annual loss of property is chargeable to farm buildings and their contents and live stock in the field. Light and power electrical-transmission lines also suffer from the vagaries of lightning, but the great multiplication of these lines in recent times has stimulated the development of means of protection, so that nowadays the electric power plants and lines are better protected from lightning than are farm buildings.

The ordinary farm building is not difficult to protect from lightning flashes in the great majority of cases. While absolute protection cannot be secured unless the building be inclosed in a network of wires, it is believed that a building with a properly installed system of lightning conductors will fare better than one without such a system in case a discharge of the most violent type should fall upon it.

Whether or not to install lightning conductors on one's property is a question, after all, of individual judgment. If the property is insured against loss by lightning there would be little incentive toward incurring additional expense for lightning conductors. In case of an isolated farm building standing apart from trees it would seem that the conservative course would be to erect an inexpensive system of lightning conductors.

Any farmer can construct a comparatively inexpensive yet effective lightning conductor with materials that can be purchased from the larger electric supply houses.

The earth connections require great care in their construction. The essential thing is to reach permanently moist earth in the shortest distance from the main conductors. The ground ends of the vertical wires should be coiled in a spiral having a diameter of about a foot. These spirals should be buried in moist earth at whatever depth the later is found. If there are no down rain spouts on the building the ground connection should be placed in the line of the drip from the roof, since the latter has a tendency to keep the earth moist. This



Two Types of T Connections.

construction has the advantage of an unbroken run of wire from the ground to the roof of the building. When the main conductors run from the roof of the building to the base only there is often trouble in making a perfect joint between them and the materials used for ground wires.

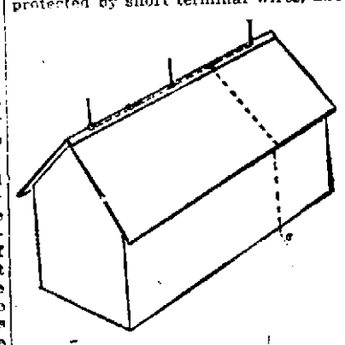
One method is to take a galvanized water pipe, say an inch and a quarter in diameter, and drive it into the ground at the foot of the main conductors. Secure a cap for the top of the pipe and bore a hole through it so that the conducting wire can be passed through; then insert the wire into the iron pipe, fill the interstices with powdered charcoal, and place the cap on the pipe. The hole in the cap should be large enough to permit the conducting wire to pass easily through and at the same time allow water to pass down the wire into the interior of the pipe.

A metallic roof properly connected to the earth affords a reasonably good protection to the building from lightning. In suburban districts where frame buildings with tin roofs prevail there is little destruction by lightning; most of the buildings have down rain spouts, which serve to conduct the discharge to the earth. In the case of an isolated building with a tin roof care should be taken to see that the down rain spouts are connected with the ground. It will not do to stop them within a few inches of the ground; there should be an unbroken metallic path from the ridge of the roof into the ground.

In providing a ground wire to connect the lower end of a rain spout with moist earth, a wire cable or a piece of galvanized pipe may be used. The vital points of the connection are two: first, to reach the moist earth, and, second, to secure a perfect metallic joint between the down spout and the earth conductor. If a wire is used it should be flattened out at the end in the form of a tape and then bolted and soldered to the rain spout. This form of a joint is not very durable, since the tin is apt to oxidize unless it is kept well painted.

In the case of a building with a metal roof, but no down spouts, it is desirable, in order to obtain protection from lightning, to run a wire conductor from each of the four corners of the roof to the earth. If the overhang of the roof is excessive, a hole should be bored through it to let the wire pass close to the wall of the building.

All objects on a building higher than the ridge of the roof should be protected by short terminal wires, and



Method of Placing Lightning Rods on a Building Having No Chimney or Cupola.

the latter should be joined to the other conductor provided the distance is not over 10 or 15 feet. If the distance is greater it would be better to run a conductor direct to the ground, the usual precautions as to reaching permanently moist earth being observed.

THE "TYPHOID" OR HOUSE FLY

NO SINGLE FACTOR LENDS GREATER AID TO THE SPREAD OF DISEASE THAN THIS COMMON PEST

The change of the name of the most common of all household pests from "house fly" to "typhoid fly", as suggested by Dr. L. O. Howard, is considered very appropriate and desirable, inasmuch as it is established by abundant evidence that the fly is now largely responsible for the spread of that dreaded disease, typhoid fever.

The house fly is connected with the dissemination of intestinal diseases other than typhoid fever. Dr. Jackson of New York points out that the immunity from diarrhea of breast-fed babies and the frequency of its occurrence among artificially fed babies indicates strongly the food as a medium of transmission, and further states that in his extended study of this problem along the water front of New Yory City he found that the prevalence of these diseases among children and adults corresponded to the prevalence of flies.

In Bulletin No. 78 of the Bureau of Entomology, United States Department of Agriculture, which should be read by every person in the United States, Dr. Howard cites among other interesting data that Dr. G. N. Rober estimates that the decrease in the vital assets of the country through typhoid fever in a single year is more than $350,000,000.00. Dr. Howard says that the house fly as an important agent in the spread of this disease is responsible for a considerable portion of this decrease in the vital assets. As an agency in the spread of other intestinal diseases it must be charged with a great addition to this sum. Yet it is allowed to breed unrestricted all over the United States.

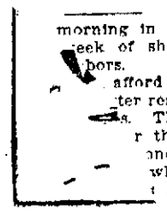
On account of their omnipresence the task of getting rid or house flies would seem too great. Fortunately the matter is much simpler than we might expect. It simply means a proper care in the disposal of their preferred larval food, horse manure, and the maintenance of proper sanitary conditions around the house and vicinity. In cities, and especially in towns and villages where sewerage systems are absent and where adequate means of sewerage disposal are rarely present, such conditions should be governed through an ordinance by the Boards of Health or other designated officials.

Little will be accomplished by a few persons in a town or community in preventing them gaining access to their breeding places, if some neglect this duty, for a single pile of horse manure allowed to stand in the open will serve to furnish flies for a whole neighborhood. The greatest good will, therefore, result from the combined efforts of all persons keeping stables in a community in either having the manure removed from the stables and vicinity twice a week or keeping the manure in a screened portion of the stable, treating it after each addition with air-slaked lime. Dr. Howard has shown how the presence of flies in a neighborhood of the city of Washington was materially reduced by such treatment of the manure from a horse stable nearby. The task of combating the pest in rural districts and around farm houses is largely an individual one and its presence in large numbers or to a limited extent will depend upon the sanitary conditions that are maintained around the house and barn. It is good farming practice to remove the fresh manure from the barns to the fields at least twice a week and if this is done and other sources of breeding material are protected the pest will be largely mitigated around the home.

It cannot be too strongly urged that the surroundings of the house, barns and other outbuildings be kept as sanitary as possible and that lime be used freely everywhere. The farmer's wife and all other house keepers should take extra precaution to keep all eatables protected from flies. Too often it will be seen that the parlor is kept dark and screened from flies while they may be present in great numbers in the kitchen or dining-room crawling over all food being prepared for consumption. Screens should be freely used to prevent the flies gaining access to the home; also strict sanitary measures employed in disposing of waste material.

HEAD OF A PRIZE WINNING RAMBOUILLET

L FENCE PHILOSOPHY.



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NOTES OF THE POULTRY YARD.

Change the house of the ducks and sow the unused premises with rye or barley.

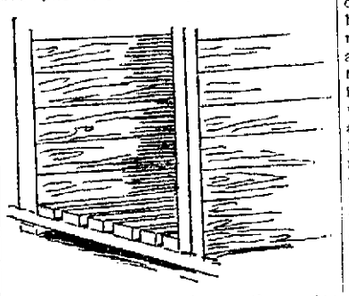
To fatten ducks do not allow them to have access to a swimming pool as the exercise of swimming keeps them down.

Never sprinkle wood ashes on the floor of the chicken house as it causes foot trouble.

The surplus cockerels are beginning to eat their heads off? Sell them.

KEEP THE STALL DRY.

This device shows how a dry stall may be managed successfully; 2x4's are put one inch apart, forming a



second floor. This keeps the water drained away all of the time. The floor of the barn should be sloped in such a way that the water runs backward, and is soaked up in the manure and bedding that is pushed off the standing floor. In this way the horses are never stained.

Remember that the Emerald Gem melon should be picked as soon as it will separate easily from the stem and kept in the house a couple of days before using. If allowed to ripen on the vines it will acquire a mawkish flavor.

A spoiled fruit is told by the swelled cans and a weak brain by a swelled head.

RAISE MORE LIVESTOCK.

The man who plants legumes solely to turn under will, in the majority of cases, get tired of it after a few years because of the cost in seed, labor and rent of land. He who grows legumes and sells the tops for hay is pumping the mineral elements out of his land in a most reckless manner and there will come a time of reckoning after a while. The writer is proud of the fact that he belongs to the class of men who plant legumes, make hay of the top, extract the food values by passing the hay through first-class farm animals, returning more than three-fourths of the manurial value and practically all the humus back to the soil, and during the progress of the game trapping enough nitrogen from the air to far more than balance the small amount of phosphorous and potash the young animals sold remove from the farm. This, my friends, is sane farming, proven such in many lands and under various conditions.

Southern farmers have discovered that meadow larks destroy immense numbers of the cotton boll weevil and efforts will be made to propogate this species of bird on a large scale.

If the cabbage grow so fast that they are inclined to burst, tip the heads over far enough to sever a portion of the roots. Keep close watch of them, and if this does not check the trouble, use them. A head that has burst soon becomes wothless.

A GOOD DRINKING PAN.

This is a way of locating a pan of water for fowls to drink from without having it upset and spilled. Two new

laths should he driven into the ground several inches and a new pan wired to the laths as shown, by boring a hole in opposite sides of the pan through the rim.

THE BUTTER DRIER.

There cannot be a doubt of the value of the mechanical butter drier. There are churns that allow of driers being inserted instead of the beaters.

The drier consists of a circular box lined with some porous and easily washed material, and when it is revolved with the butter in it the water rushes out as a result of centrifugal force and the produce is left dry.

This utensil obviates a good deal of the unnecessary working of the butter which is so much to be desired in hot weather and it leaves the sample drier than the worker could have done.

METHODS OF DRYING OFF A COW

INDIVIDUAL COWS ARE SO VASTLY DIFFERENT THAT NO ONE METHOD CAN BE APPLIED TO ALL

Some cows dry off only too readily gradually diminishing their yield comparatively early in the milking period. In these cases the difficulty lies in keeping them in milk long enough to pay their way but there are others that keep up their flow of milk so long that they are exceedingly troublesome to put dry.

Sometimes they milk from calving to calving and seem never the worse for it but there are always risks. When the udder has been kept in work all the time it is particularly subject to external influences so that there is the possibility of inflammation with the fresh flow of milk at calving.

Besides a cow cannot do full justice to her calf if her energies are spent in milk production. Finally a cow that has been dried for a reasonable time makes a better springing than one that has been milked up to calving time.

It is universally conceded that every cow should have about six weeks' rest from milking before calving. The difficulty is how to secure the rest with free milking cows. On this point there is a great diversity of opinion. As a matter of fact the constitution of cows differ and what would put one cow dry would fail with others.

On the principle that the yield of milk is stimulated by the actual process of milking, one step should be to milk the cow that is to be put dry only as often as is absolutely necessary to prevent overstocking. This may be done once a day at first and with gradually widening intervals, as the supply falls off. The difficulty is to define what is overstocking.

Different men hold different opinions with the result that many a cow has got a caked udder and lost one or two quarters. Another difference on the subject is whether the cow should be milked clean out at the periodical milking or whether it would be advisable to merely relieve the overstocking, but to leave a good deal of the milk.

Advocates of leaving some of the milk point to the fact that when dairy cows are not properly stripped by careless milkers they fall off in their milk yield.

On the other hand it is well known that milk in the udder is re-absorbed and is often a cause of udder troubles. There are more cases of caked udders on farms where stripping is neglected than where the cows are milked clean out. On the whole it seems to be the only safe course to have long and gradually increasing intervals between the milkings, but to milk out clean each time.

While attention to the udder is important we must not forget that the food has a great effect in milk production. We must take the cow off pasture, if in the summer, or high feeding if in the winter and keep her on a restricted diet of hay and oats straw with a moderate supply of water. A good dose of Epsom salts has a drying effect but it might be dangerous with an in-calf cow.

A well-known dairyman, speaking of drying off his cows, says: "Sixty days before calving I withdraw the greater part of the grain or nitrogenous part of the ration, and put the cow on hay, corn stover and silage which will generally cause a decrease in the milk flow, and she will go dry in a few weeks. I feed a wide but full ration while dry. During the last week previous to calving I feed one pound per day of old process oil meal, and continue the ration for a week after calving, after which I increase the grain till I give a standard ration, as I may have found that individual cow to do best on.

BEWARE THE BULL.

In spite of the repeated warnings of the press in the handling of bulls more deaths are reported from goring by these animals this year than ever before. A fairly safe way is to blindfold a vicious bull when he is being led. To lead a bull by a rope without a nose-stick is always inviting disaster. A woman was recently killed by a bull. She tried to blind the animal with a hat pin but was not successful.

A gasoline engine sometimes balks but so does a horse. You can find out what's the matter with the engine but no one has ever yet discovered the workings of the mind of a balky horse.

MARKETING APPLES.

A man can earn $5.00 a day, or even more, by sorting his apples for market.

After the apples have been sorted it is bad policy to put the little ones in the bottom of the boxes.

Apples in the same box should be as nearly the same size as possible.

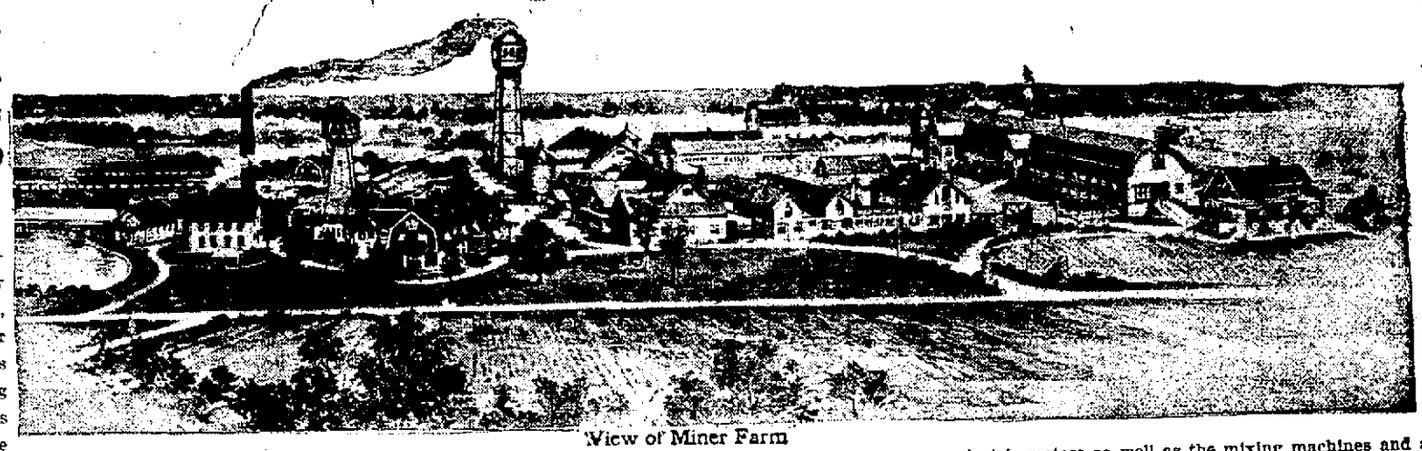
If the big and little apples are packed separately they will bring more money than if mixed together with the biggest fruit on top.

A well made binder or mower ought to last ten years. But rain and sun above and dampness on the ground beneath will destroy the unsheltered machine in

UP ON THE ELECTRIC FARM

Home Made Egg Beater

WHERE the Mysterious Power, Intelligently Harnessed, Milks the Cows, Shears the Sheep, Pulls the Stumps, Pumps the Water and Does All the Other Drudgery That Made Farming Never a Joy



View of Miner Farm

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PROCURING adequate hired help for the farm is no longer a serious problem for M. H. Miner, at Chasey, N. Y., now that his new hired man, Electricity, milks the cows, cuts the hay and fodder, pumps the water, separates and churns the milk, turns the grindstone and does all the other drudgery on the place.

"Where in the world do you get electricity from so far away from the city?" I asked.

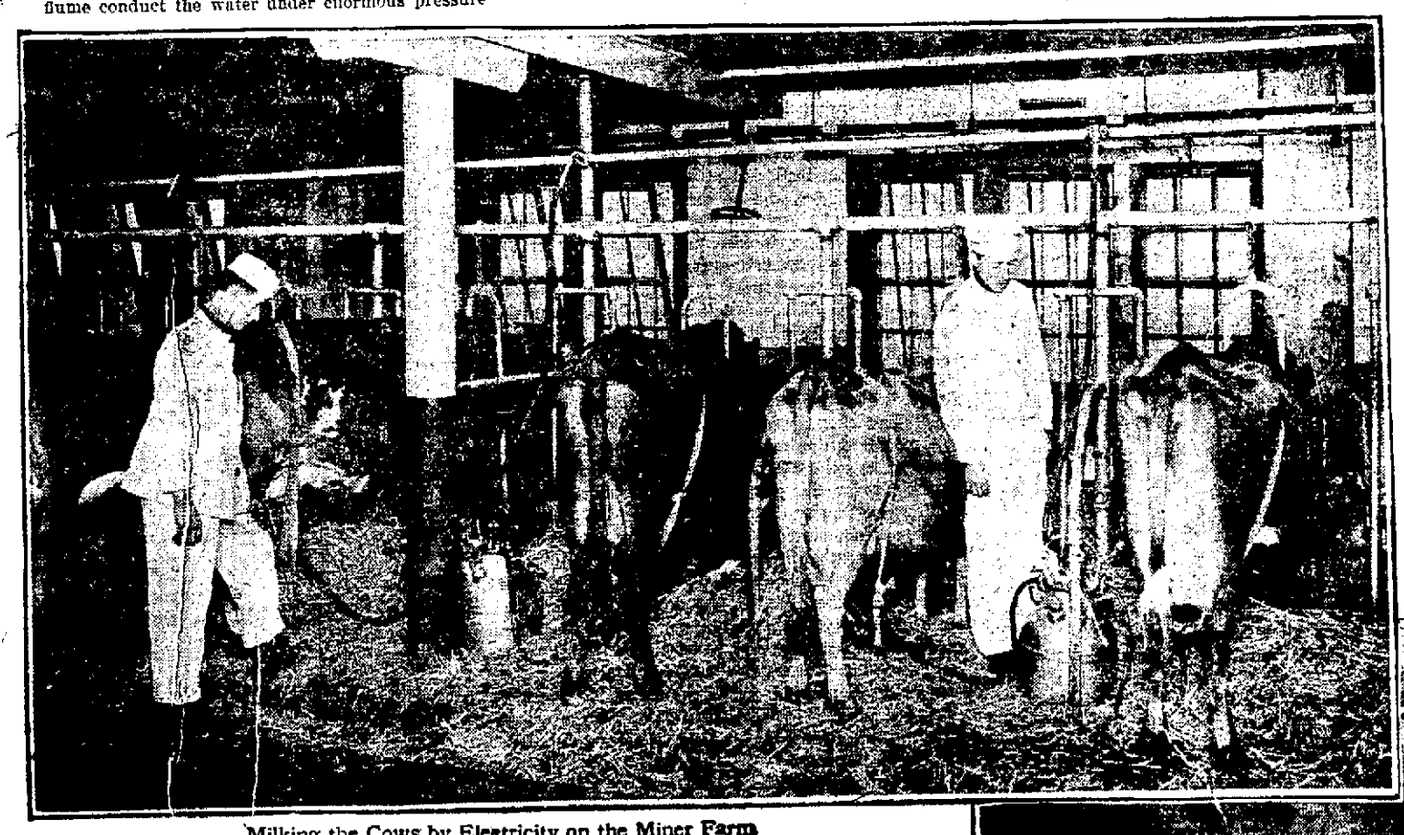
"We have harnessed two streams on the farm," laughed the foreman. "One does not have to live in the city these days to have all the comforts and conveniences of electricity."

The Miner farm comprises five thousand acres, of which twelve hundred acres are under cultivation and a like number used for pasturage, so it is easily seen that the item of procuring plenty of farm labor for so large an estate was a constant source of trouble, to say nothing of the enormous expense involved.

The old Miner homestead itself is now a beautiful park, where elk, deer and buffalo enjoy their large paddocks and where a specialty is made of the finest stock, the best Durham and Guernsey cattle and the finest Percheron and Belgian horses. Choice fowls are bred and there is a large fish hatchery which supplies ponds and fine streams with vast schools of brook trout.

Three years ago, when help was so very scarce, Mr. Miner conceived the idea of harnessing the water power which ran to waste through his estate. So successful was the installation that the plant has been added to from time to time until to-day it is the best equipped and most novel application of electricity to be found in the entire world.

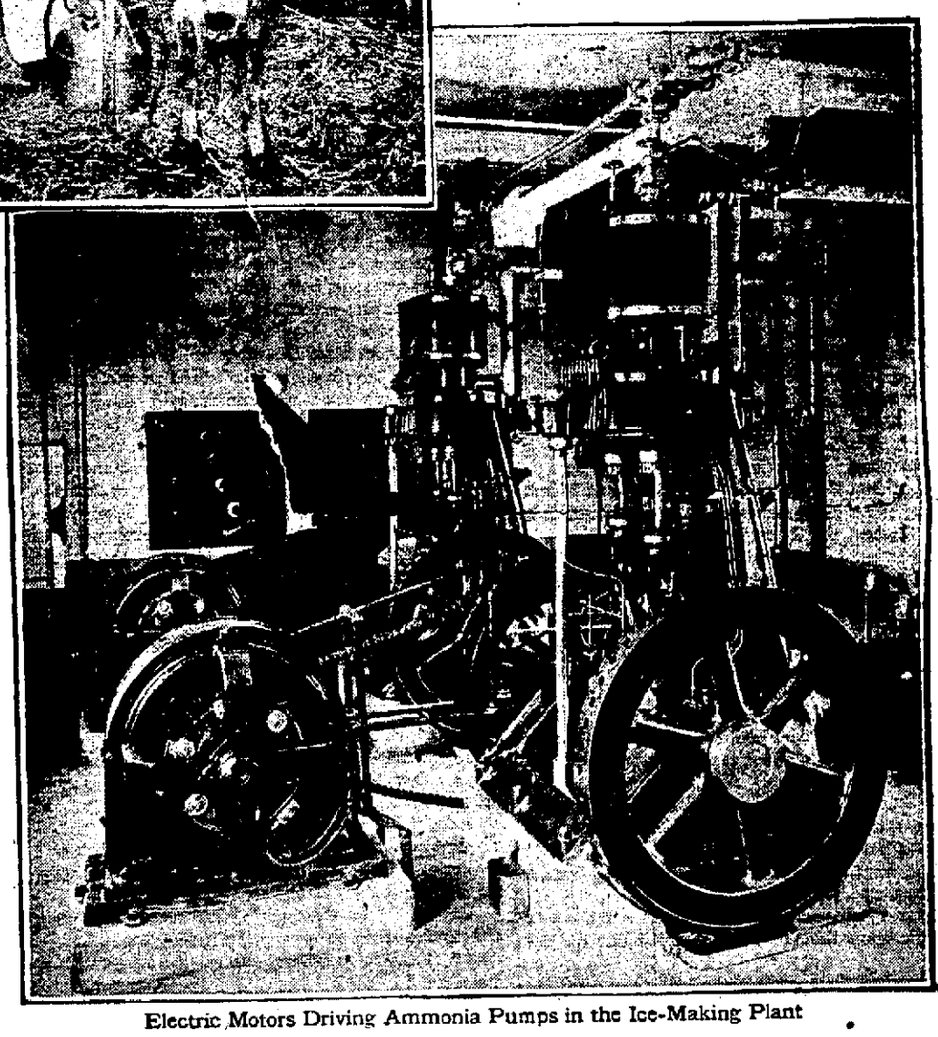
Three concrete dams were built across the Tracy Brook stream, giving a reservoir area of 250 acres. A concrete penstock 670 feet long carries this water from the lower dam to a tiny power house under a nineteen foot head, where it is hurled against the blades of two powerful turbine water wheels. To each of the water wheel shafts is fastened the armature of an electric generator producing sixty horse power of electricity at 220 volts pressure. The power of these sixty horses is transmitted over a slender copper wire 1¼ miles to the distributing station in the main group of farm buildings.



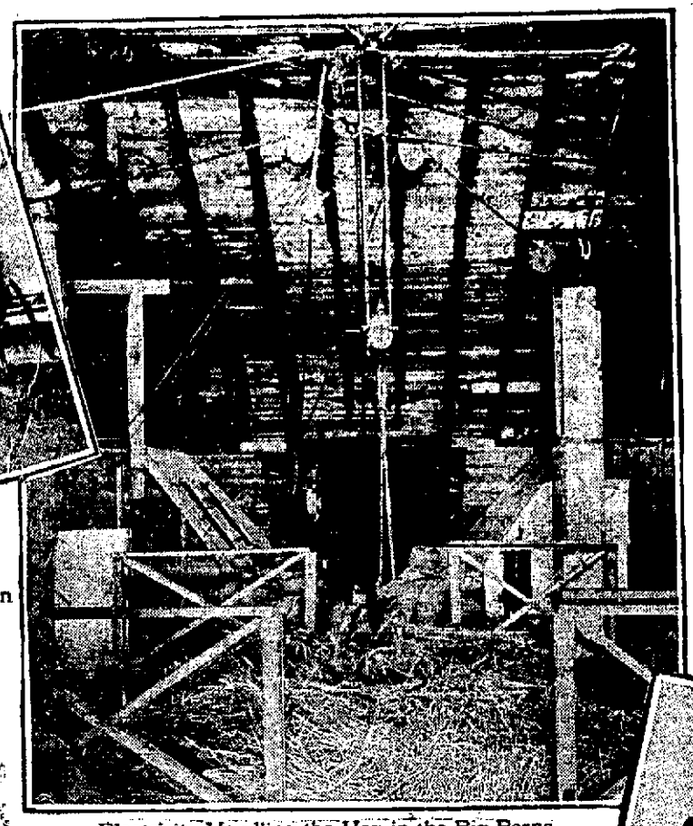
Milking the Cows by Electricity on the Miner Farm

Imagine, if you can, sixty horses running away and conceive of this enormous power being subdivided and applied to the farm machinery. At the pressure of a button there is light in every building and even in the yards. A turn of a switch and a mysterious farm genie stands ready to turn the separator, milk the cows or do any of the hard work about the farm buildings.

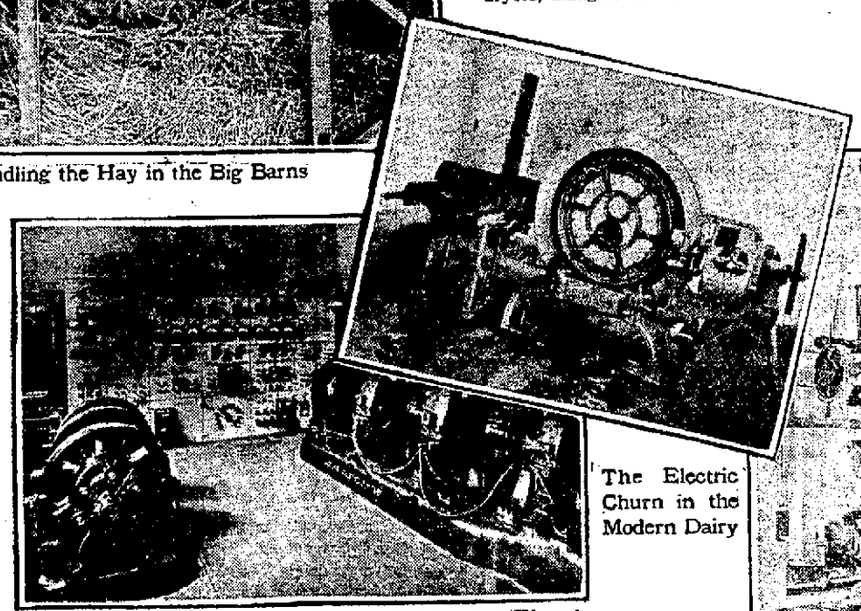
The Electrified Laundry, Showing Motor Driven Washing Machine and Centrifugal Dryers



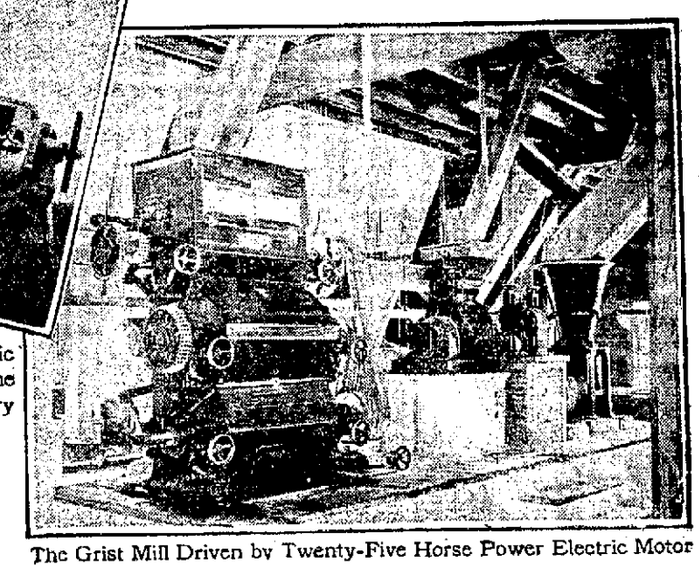
Electric Motors Driving Ammonia Pumps in the Ice-Making Plant



Electricity Handling the Hay in the Big Barns



Interior of the Farm Power Station Where the Electric Current Is Divided and Sent Out to the Various Buildings to Do Work



The Grist Mill Driven by Twenty-Five Horse Power Electric Motor

to the water wheels, which in turn drive the powerful electric generators. Two hundred electrical horse power is conducted two and three-quarter miles from this power station over copper wires to the same little central station. These power houses are made almost automatic and require little if any attention. Powerful governors control the water gates and quickly shut them down in case of any accident to the machinery. The machines are all self-oiling and self-regulating.

From the central distribution station the current is subdivided and sent out along underground wires to the various farm buildings, where it is put to work. In this station are located the electrical apparatus for controlling the mysterious current and a large storage battery to supply electricity in case any accident should happen to the generating machinery. This battery is merely a storage reservoir for electricity for future use.

In the main dairy barn a ten horse power motor unloads and handles the hay, taking care of a large load of heavy clover in less than five minutes. On the main floor of this barn is a feed cutting machine, driven by a smaller motor, which chops the fodder for the cattle, and in the main dairy section a one and one-half horse power motor operates the vacuum pump for the milking machine.

There are five of these milking machines, and it is a delightful sight for those who admire cleanliness and sanitation to see these devices milking ten cows at once. The suction is applied by the vacuum pump, and an automatic valve imitates to perfection the act of hand milking. The milk does not for an instant come in contact with the open air. From the rubber discs and tubes it flows directly to the reservoir in each device, which in turn is sealed against contact with the stable air. After this milk is tested in the milk room it is run through the motor driven separator and the cream is taken to the butter making section, where it is ripened before being churned by electric power. Near the dairy is the electric ice making plant and refrigerator, with a capacity of twenty tons of ice every twenty-four hours, the ammonia and brine pumps being operated by electricity.

There is a large grist mill on the premises which grinds feed for the stock, and this mill is driven by a twenty-five horse power electric motor. This motor is so arranged that it can be readily mounted on a truck and taken to the fields, where it is used for threshing purposes or cutting wood. There are also numerous motors about the sheep sheds for root cutting and shearing. In the stable electric power is used for clipping and grooming, as well as for lighting. Wherever power is required about the spacious barns there you will find a busy little electric motor doing the work which formerly had to be done by hand. Even the hateful old grindstone, the bane of every farmer boy, is now driven by the tireless energy of electricity.

Cooks and Washes, Too.

The Miner homestead has also been thoroughly electrified, and there you will find electricity cooking the meals, heating the rooms and doing the laundry work. The large electric broilers in the kitchen are a feature of the cooking apparatus. In the basement the laundry has been completely electrified with motor driven washing machines, wringers, centrifugal dryers, mangles and electric flatirons.

One of the novelties of the place is an automatic weather recorder, mounted on top of one of the water towers, which automatically registers in the house the direction and speed of the wind, the temperature and all the other vagaries of the weather. The water for the refrigeration tank and for household use is obtained by a motor driven pump, which forces water into a high tank. Water for fire protection is forced into tanks one hundred feet above the ground by hydraulic rams.

On this farm is also a complete sausage making plant where the pig products of the farm are worked up for the city trade. The meat grinders are run by electric motors as well as the mixing machines and a powerful motor drives a cutting machine which cuts up the bones and gristle into poultry food.

"This plant has been in operation for more than three years," remarked the foreman with just pride, "and the saving in time, labor, insured safety and sanitation cannot be expressed in dollars and cents. We have proven that the farm can be electrified as well as any other industry, and I see no reason why farm labor should be a sore trial any longer when electricity is ready to step in and do the work for its keep.

"Electrical machinery is now made to wear; it will last practically forever if taken care of and the yearly bills for repairs are very slight. In the old days we had traction and stationary engines, a small army of men and horses to do the work on this big farm; to-day those two streams do it without all that old bother and risk. With electricity you can have power where you want it, in any quantity desired, scattered all about the farm, always ready and willing."

The large repair and machine shops on this estate are also electrified. An electric blacksmith forge has just been installed to keep company with the motor driven lathe, boring mill, planer, drills and saws. There are in all twenty-seven electric motors on this farm, aggregating 130 horse power, and such flexibility of power would be entirely out of the question with gasolene or steam.

The electrification of the farm is something new, but the success of electricity when applied to all the other industries warrants the statement that it will also solve the old problem of the farm and result in the production of more farm products at a less cost, and therefore lower the expense of living. Looking into the future one can see in the mind's eye the electric lines stealing out further and further into the country, where the large freight cars will be filled with delicious sanitary farm produce harvested by electricity. Experiments have recently been made in obtaining nitrogenous fertilizer from the air by electricity, and this will also be a great stimulant to bigger and better crops.

LAUGHING BY NOTE.

WHEN the terms for singing lessons had been agreed upon the teacher said, "For fifty cents a week extra I will give you lessons in laughing, too."

"Laughing!" exclaimed the prospective pupil. "What shall I laugh at?"

"Anything—nothing. But you must laugh if you expect to be popular. What is more, you must laugh out loud. The days of ultra-refinement, when merriment could be properly expressed by a smirk and a smile, are happily passed. People laugh heartily nowadays, but at the same time they should laugh musically. That is, they ought to put a few silvery notes into their peals of joy, and those who are wise enough to study laughing do put them there. Unfortunately, laughing teachers are not so well patronized as they should be. As yet the laughter of most people is a series of cacophonous coughs. I heard you laugh a little while ago. It sounded"——

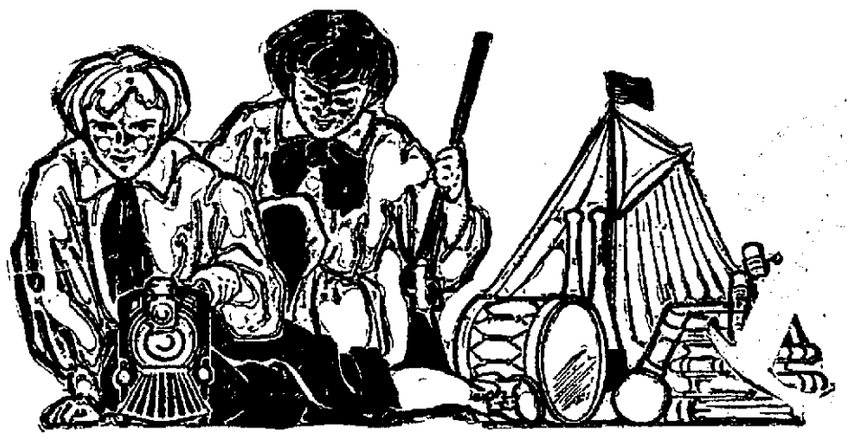
"I know it did," interrupted the prospective pupil, "but I had a good time just the same."

The teacher threw back her head and emitted a merry tintinnabulation of her own.

"There," she said, "you ought to laugh like that. Of course, all laughs cannot sound alike. There is the soprano laugh, the contralto laugh and the mezzo laugh; the laugh 'he-he,' the laugh 'ha-ha' and the laugh 'ho-ho.' The quality of a person's laugh is largely determined by temperament; but, no matter what its natural tone, it can be trained into a thing of beauty. Nowadays all students in singing are advised to look out for their laugh. A few have accepted the suggestion, and in six months from now any girl who aspires to shine socially must laugh in fluent trills. For only fifty cents"——

The prospective pupil shook her head sadly.

"I'd like to," she said, "but I can't afford it. If worst comes to the worst I'll have to swear off laughing altogether."



The SPELL of the SEA

BY

GEORGIANA HOMER.

IT was dawn, and the fisherman's wife was early astir, making ready the little breakfast for her man, for he must catch the out-going tide.

From the window of the low, thatched cottage he could see the water, the turbulent Channel, wind-swept and blue.

There was already coming and going around the dozen brown fishing boats, beached high and awaiting the tide to bear them out on the sea for the day's work. For this hamlet of fishers had no piers or modern ways. With the tide they went forth.

"Haste thou, Marie," said the husband, as he sat before the table in the low-ceiled kitchen, bare but clean. "Hasten, for I must be moving."

Marie brought the bowl of steaming coffee, the long loaf and a crisp fried egg, and sat looking on with pleased pride as they disappeared.

He rose: "A fine day before us, wife."

"God willing," she said, and putting her hands on his shoulders, looked affectionately into his face.

She had come of fisher people, had seen her mother mourn the men out in the tempest, had, herself, known grief, and could never see her strong young husband go out to earn his bread on the treacherous waters without a fear in her heart.

"The little fellow?" said Jacques. "Well, I won't break his sleep; kiss him good-by for his dad, and tell him to be on the sands to welcome me back," and off he went, tightening his red sash, his brown face smiling and bright.

All was ready, and soon Marie saw the boats lifted high upon the wave and carried out on the water.

She watched them go; watched till they were far out, for it was early yet, the day was long, and soon she would waken little Pierre and feed him with the same thankfulness with which she had fed the father. For food was something to thank the good God for it came so hard, and sometimes, when the winter drove the sea into fierce heights, and all were housed with naught to earn and little to eat, then meat was not always to be had, and the evening soup and the morning bread for the wintertime had to be well toiled for through the short fishing season, and at all times must be eaten gratefully.

These thoughts were in the mother's mind as she waited for little Pierre to waken. Pierre, the sturdy and the mischievous, who spent long hours looking out upon the sea and watching the strange, far-off ships go by, for he, too, was to be a fisher just life his father, whom he thought the finest man in the world.

"Well, well,' said Marie at last, after the room had been tidied, the fire freshened, and the table laid for the little man who still slept on; "Well, well, I must take a peep at the laddie." So she crept softly into the other room of the house— there were but two—and lifted a corner of the curtain which shut in the child's bed from the current of air so feared by the peasant.

With a low cry, she tore open the curtains and felt in the tumbled bed. "Where art hiding, Pierre? Come forth, dear, do not tease thy mother."

But no Pierre peeped out with merry eyes, nor crept up from behind to startle "Maman."

Looking hurriedly around, she saw that his clothes so neatly folded over the little chair, were gone; that his wooden sabots, too, were gone, that he must have clothed himself, and stolen out to play, while she had been busied in the kitchen.

Running out, she searched the narrow street and asked the urchins about if they had seen Pierre.

"But, no, madame."

And so she ran down by the sea, that fatal sea which charmed Pierre away from his play and from his mates. She hurried along the sand, sure of finding him breakfastless and sleepy, sunning himself and watching the white-caps.

But Pierre was not there, and quickly the alarm spread. The village was small, and every lane and climbing path were soon searched and nothing, nothing was to be seen of little Pierre. Then, indeed, a.. eyes and thoughts turned toward the ocean, and the stricken mother reached out her hands to the distant boats with a wail for the husband and father sailing away from her in her grief. What could he do? She did not know, but he should be there to help. But the fleet had gone far, and stalwart Jacques was smoking his black pipe and looking silently out on the water, while his mate hummed a song and wondered what would be the catch that day. And beneath a piece of an old sail, out of sight and fast asleep, lay little Pierre. He had crept out of the house before daybreak to carry out a plan he had long nursed, for it was so slow, this growing up, and whenever he had begged to go with his father, the answer had been: "Wait a bit, my boy, you are but six; grow fast and then you can climb into the boat with long legs like dad, and pull in the nets with stout arms like dad, and then you will be a fine fisher boy; none better." And he was dandled on his father's knee an[illegible] told many a story of the perilous ocean. But [illegible] did not satisfy his seafaring heart. He had [illegible]ned the boats come in, and had watched the [illegible] go out, till his head and heart were filled wi[illegible]e so big to go too, that this night he h[illegible] into bed with a fixed determination to sail along with dad the next morning.

Before the village was awake, he had dropped out of the low window, and had run along the beach in his bare feet, carrying his wooden sabots in his hand, for their clatter would have betrayed him. He knew well his father's boat, for it had its own place among its brown companions. To clamber in was not so hard, he had done it before; and full of glee he stowed himself away beneath this bit of cloth under the high seat, and curled up to await the start.

But it was long coming and he was very sleepy, so the first that Pierre knew, he was hearing a splash, spash, and feeling so deliciously rocked, as sometimes in his mother's arms. Slowly he opened his eyes, an dslowly his wits came back to him and lo, he found himself in the very heart of his longed-for adventure.

He was only six, but he had a roaming soul, and to feel that he was going, going somewhere—and that this somewhere was on the sea—the big, big sea!

But, oh, he was hungry! And now he must surprise dad, so he carefully lifted up his head, pushed aside the covering and called joyously: "Good day, my father."

But there was nothing but fright on the father's face as the tiny form crept out and climbed over the ropes coiled on the bottom of the boat.

"Heaven save us, what is this!"

"'T is I, my father, Pierre," and the urchin laughed gleefully at the success of his surprise.

"Oh, thy mother, Pierre thy mother! Oh, what will she do? She will think thee dead— drowned." And the fisherman clasped his little boy and looked back toward the far-off shore. Pierre, frightened and hungry, clung to his father while the two men talked. What should they do? They were well under way, neither of them could afford to lose the day's catch. Money is so much to a poor fisherman; and the tide was not right. They talked the matter over seriously, and decided to go on for the fish, and because the boy's eyes were so frightened and beseeching as it dawned on him that he had done wrong, and that his dear, dear mother was suffering —because of this, and for love of the little lad, the father snuggled him down and sought in his pocket for a bit of bread and cheese to comfort him.

Then they both smiled. The father, because he could not bear that little Pierre should be sad, and the child, because his father's face had cleared, because the bread and cheese were so good, and because the sky was blue and the big waves were dancing, and the boat lifting him high, high up, and then dipping downward as if to let in all the ocean on them.

This was being a fisher-boy, and as he munched his food and lay in his father's arms, he was content.

And so the day went by, and Pierre was never weary of the waves, nor of looking out to see the wonderful big ships, which his father pointed out. They were not like the fishing vessels, but high, and stately, and white, against the sky.

And he wondered where they were bound, and why. He watched the men pull in their nets, and was never a bit afraid of the squirming, glittering fish that struggled vainly in the meshes. For this was life to the boy; the catching of fish, the bringing them homeward—this was the story of the sea he loved, and he cared for no other.

As the boat sped toward home, under full sail and with a brisk wind, it seemed to the impatient heart of the father to stand still, for he knew full well how the mother's heart had sorrowed that day. But to little Pierre the boat flew, and the flapping sails were great brown wings bearing him back to land and taking away from him this one beautiful day. He was not at all glad to see the distant line that meant land, not at all glad to see it grow darker and bigger, and he lost his joy in the dashing waves as he saw his day ending. He pressed close to his father, looking up wonderingly at the eagerness in his father's eyes.

By and by the houses came into view, and by and by they could see a gathering of folk upon the beach—women in short petticoats and white caps, old men and children—the whole village there waiting—waiting to break the news to the home-coming father, while the broken-hearted mother knelt in the village church praying for her child.

As soon as the boat neared the shore, the father stood up as well as he could and lifted the boy high in the air for the people to see, hoping that the mother was among them. At first the little dancing speck was not seen to be a child, but when at last the folk saw that it was Pierre, a great shout of joy went up. The women wept for gladness, and some among them ran to the church. As they entered, they crossed themselves and bowed the knee, then ran straight for the little chapel where poor Marie was kneeling, as she had knelt since noon, for she knew of nothing more she could do for her child but pray. "Marie, Marie, listen; he is given back to thee, given back by the sea, alive and laughing; come, oh, come!"

As the boat came in on the breast of a big wave, the father leaped into the water, thigh deep, and brought the boy to his mother's arms. And there for the little lad who so loved the sea—their sea, that provided them all with bread and shelter—that he must be off even before his time.

was much rejoicing among them, and much pardon

There was no punishment awaiting Pierre, only bountiful forgiveness and love. But when he saw his mother's tear-worn face, and guessed somewhat of the grief he had brought her, he needed no other punishment, for he loved his mother well.

He told her all that was in his heart and whispered: "Never, never, will I so grieve thee again, my mother; I will wait patiently till I am grown."

But she soothed him and said: "Dear lad, if thou so lovest the sea, thou shalt fare forth with thy father on fine days. I will not deny thee, for those that are born to the sea will aye find their own."

A CAT TALE.

By Ellen Manly.

The little old woman to town would go
To buy her a Sunday gown,
But a storm came up, and the wind did blow,
And the rain came pouring down;
And the little old woman, oh, sad to see!
In a terrible fidget and fret was she,—
In a terrible fret was she!

The little old man was cross and cold,
For the chimney smoked, that day,
And never a thing would he do but scold
In the most unmannerly way.
When the little old woman said: "Listen to me!"
He answered her nothing but "fiddle-dee-dee!"
No, nothing but "fiddle-dee-dee!"

Then she whacked the puggy-wug dog, she did,
As asleep on the mat he lay;
And the puggy-wug dog ran off and hid,
And howled in a dismal way,
For a puggy was he of spirit and pride,
And a slight like that he couldn't abide,—
He couldn't, of course, abide.

Then Muffin, the kitten, said, "Deary me!
What a state of affairs is this!
I must purr my very best purr, I see,
Since everything goes amiss!"
So, Muffin, the kitten, she purred and purred
Till, at last, the little old woman she heard—
The little old woman she heard.

And she smiled a smile at the little old man,
And back he smiled again,
And they both agreed on a charming plan
For a walk in the wind and rain.
Then, hand in hand, to the market town
They went to look for the Sunday gown,—
For the coveted Sunday gown.

Then the chimney drew and the room grew hot,
And the puggy-wug dog and the cat
Their old-time quarrels they quite forgot,
And snuggled up close on the mat.
While Muffin, the kitten, she purred and purred,
And there never was trouble again, I've heard,—
No, never again, I've heard!

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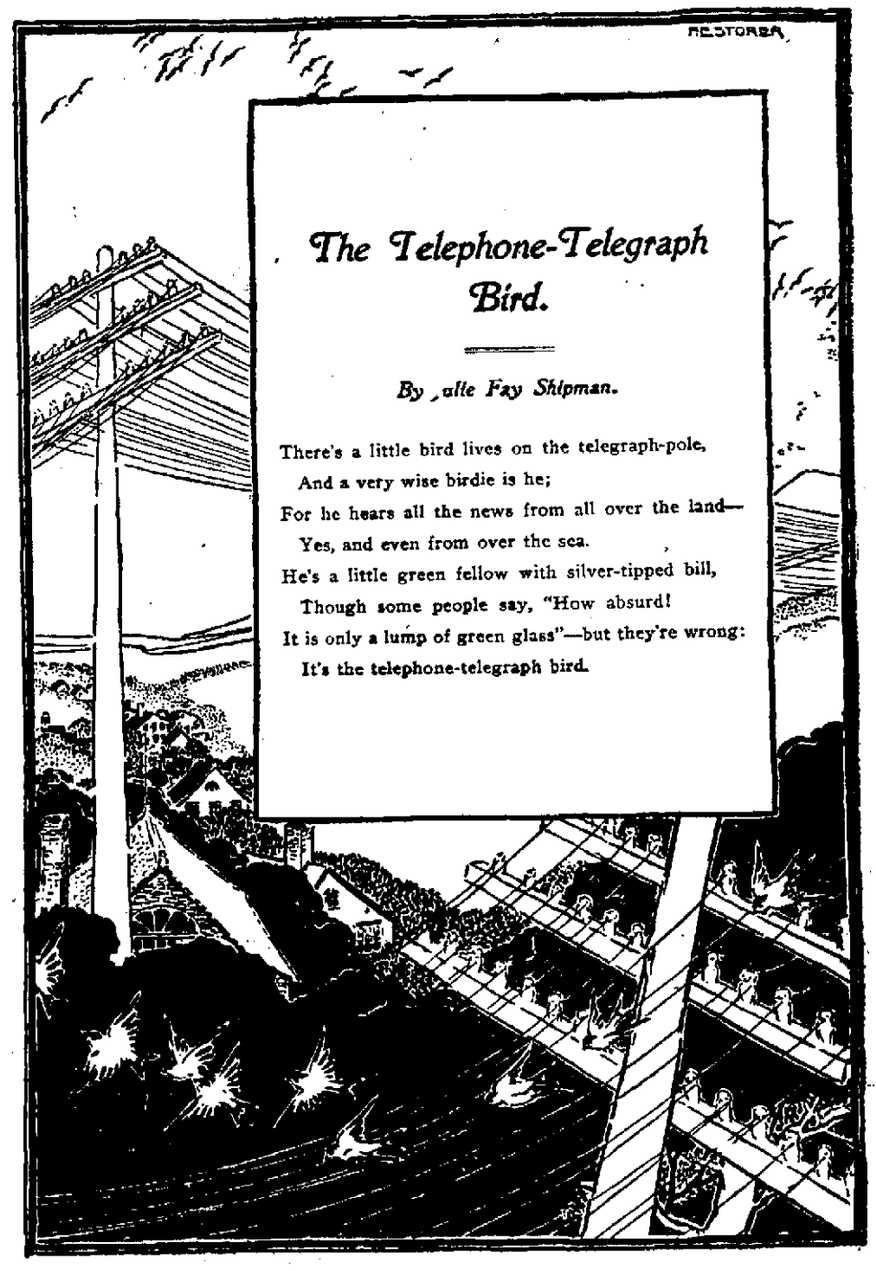

The Telephone-Telegraph Bird.

By Lalle Fay Shipman.

There's a little bird lives on the telegraph-pole,
And a very wise birdie is he;
For he hears all the news from all over the land—
Yes, and even from over the sea.
He's a little green fellow with silver-tipped bill,
Though some people say, "How absurd!
It is only a lump of green glass"—but they're wrong:
It's the telephone-telegraph bird.

He's a fairy, you see, and would stay quite unknown,
And from prying eyes make his escape;
So in order to treasure the secrets he's learned,
He's obliged to turn into this shape.
He has millions of little green brothers like him,
And they all live on telegraph trees;
So, of course, any news that the wires carry on
They can hear and remember with ease.

Now, of course, birthday secrets, surprises, and gifts
To himself he will carefully keep;
And he'll even help out with suggestions and hints
Whispered low in your ear while you sleep.
But if mischief you plan, or do wrong on the sly,
I'd advise you to think of it twice;
For that bird's bound to know and, as sure as can be,
He will tell on you, too, in a trice.

It is strange all the things that they hear and they know,
And these things very often they tell;
For they fly round at night, when you little ones sleep,
And they whisper the things that befell.
If you've told an untruth, or been naughty or rude,
By some means your mama will have heard;
If "a little bird told me," she says when you ask,
It's that telephone-telegraph bird.

I'm afraid there'll be some who won't credit this tale
(Some grown folks are fairy-tale haters),
Who will call the green things on the telegraph-poles
Long names such as glass insulators.
Let them laugh if they will, for we know what we know;
We won't care if they don't take our word;
And a nice little secret we'll have—you and I
And the telephone-telegraph bird.

WHICH HAND IS IT IN?

C. F. L.

SHE THINKS YOU ARE PUZZLED, THIS DEAR LITTLE LASS, BUT FORGETS THAT SHE'S STANDING IN FRONT OF A GLASS!

Whichever side the sun may be,
Look on the other side for me.

At Midday, when the sun rides high,
A short and shrunken dwart am I;

Toward evening, as the sun sinks low,
Longer, and longer still, I grow;

But when Night's tent is pitched, I glide
Into the spreading gloom, and hide